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THE NEW YORKER

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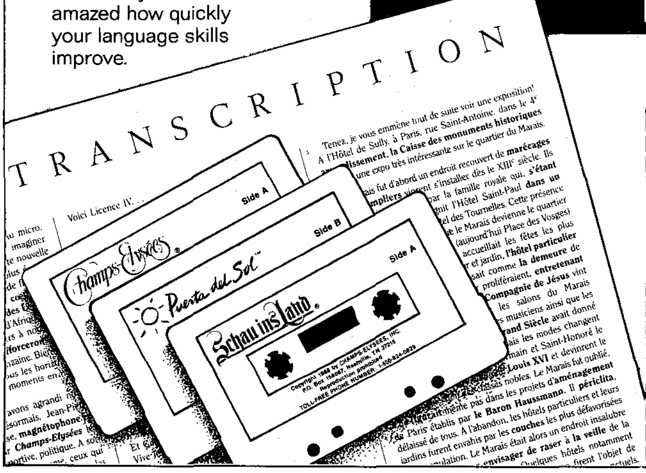

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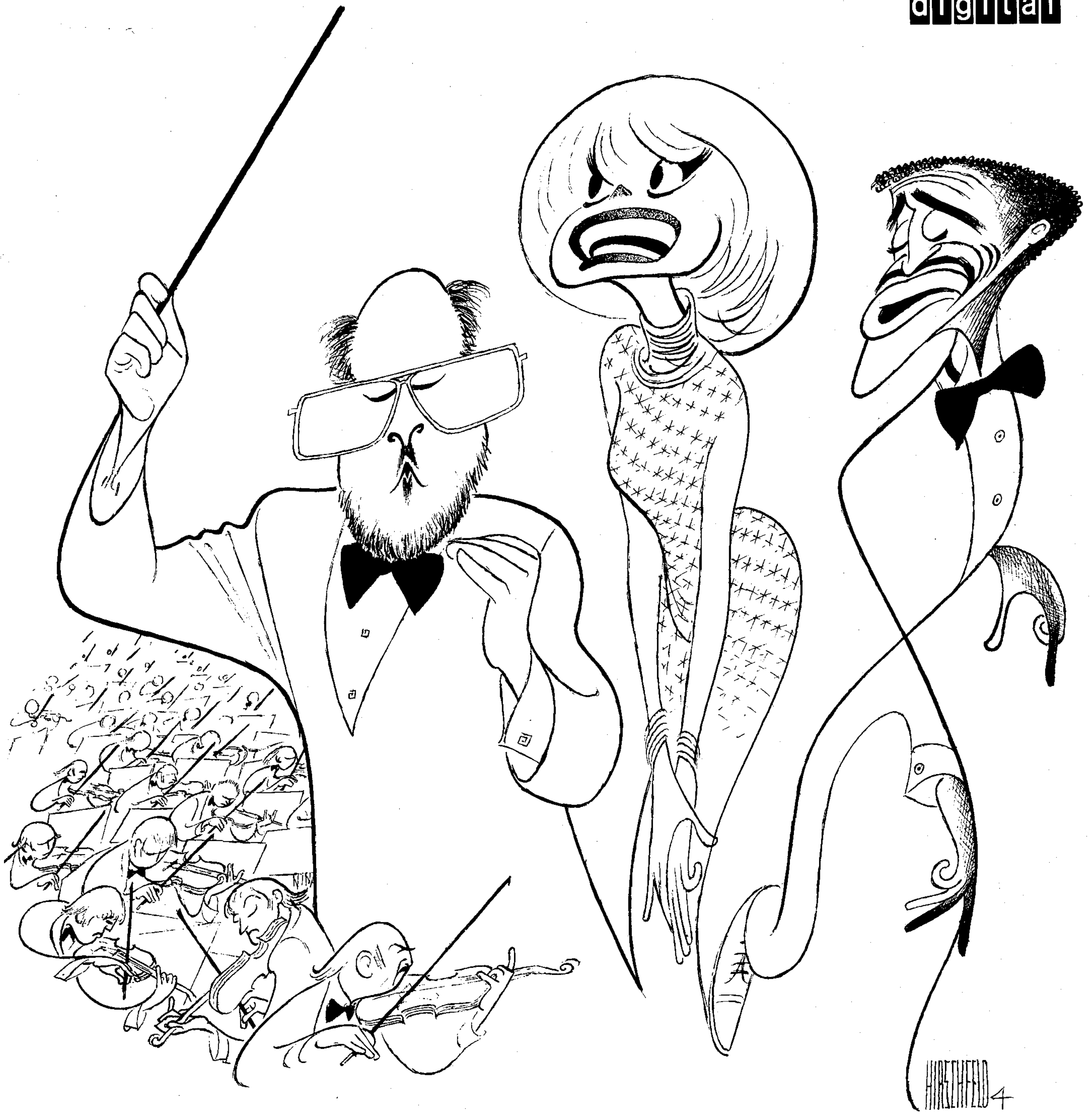

Some enchanted evenings.

This summer, *Evening at Pops* will celebrate its 20th Anniversary on public television with 12 star-studded programs. Carol Channing, Sammy Davis, Jr., Loretta Lynn and Crystal Gayle, Andre Previn, Kathleen Battle, and Barbara Cook are among the headliners performing with John Williams and The Boston Pops Orchestra this season.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

THE last leg of Marathon '89, Ensemble Studio Theatre's annual one-act-play festival, runs from June 21st to July 2nd. The program consists of works by two playwrights never before produced in New York—Michael Erickson ("Water Music") and David Golden ("Big Frogs")—and a play called "Outside the Radio," by Kermit Frazier, whose "Dinah Washington Is Dead" was presented during the 1987 series.

We can't tell you anything more about the plays, because we haven't seen them; but then we wouldn't even if we had. In our experience, the whole point of going to the marathon is not knowing what to expect, and Curt Dempster, the artistic director of E.S.T., generally has pretty good judgment. Our advice is to approach the event openheartedly, looking to see a mixed bag. At the very least, you'll come away with something interesting to think about and to discuss over dinner.

Performances are Tuesdays through Sundays at 8, with Saturday and Sunday matinées at 3. For information, call 247-3405.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedules and ticket information.)

The Loman Family Picnic—Larry Block and Marcia Jean Kurtz in a new play by Donald Margulies. Opens June 20 at 7:30, and will run through July 2. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Twelfth Night—The first of two plays in the New York Shakespeare Festival's free summer series in the Park. The large cast includes John Amos, Stephen Collins, Jeff Goldblum, Gregory Hines, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Michelle Pfeiffer, Fisher Stevens, and Charlaine Woodard. Directed by Harold Guskin. In previews. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

Ubu—Larry Sloan and Doug Wright's adaptation of Alfred Jarry's "Ubu Roi," based on a translation of the play by Jacqueline de la Chaume. Previews through June 24. Opens June 25 at 7. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

NEW THIS SEASON

Aristocrats—Brian Friel's portrait of the family of Judge O'Donnell, of Ballybeg Hall, in Donegal, is witty, ironic, and loving. It is faultlessly performed by Niall Buggy (an astonishing actor, who got his start at the Abbey Theatre), Peter Crombie, John Pankow, Kaiulani Lee, John Christopher Jones, and Margaret Colin, among others, under the direction of Robin Lefèvre. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/8/89.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-0102.)

Arms and the Man—Daniel Gerroll, as Bluntschli—a Swiss mercenary in the Servian Army and repository of most of Shaw's wit—gives distinction to a satisfying production of this satire on war and other matters. He is ably supported by Roma Downey and Christopher Noth, among others, under Frank Hauser's direction. (6/19/89) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Closes July 9.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

Black and Blue—An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (2/6/89, under Dancing.) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

The Cocktail Hour—A dramatist returns home to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more engaging. Under Jack O'Brien's direction, Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor and Keene Curtis do well also. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Cymbeline—Shakespeare's foolish, lyrical play in the clumsiest conceivable production. Even the presence of Joan Cusack cannot save it. Philip Glass has contributed a fine score. (6/12/89) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes June 25.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—The 1989 marathon of one-act plays. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Closes July 2.)

The Heidi Chronicles—Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With a superb cast, led by Joan Allen and Boyd Gaines. (12/26/88) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

I Could Go On Lip-Synching!—This one-man variety show made up of cultural arcana is kind of weird, kind of quirky, and kind of brilliant. Performed by John Epperson and written by him and Justin Ross (who directed), it uses the rhetorical tactics of drag theatre to attack some of the Big Questions, managing not so much to raise lip-synching to an art as to transform aural montage into psychodrama. Certainly this is the strangest show in town. After June 25, Mr. Epperson and the show take a break until July 6. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556.)

Jerome Robbins' Broadway—A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. The evening is an orgy of family entertainment, a display of theatrical arts and crafts, and a canonization of Robbins and his era. Whether the fifties was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (3/13/89, under Dancing.) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Largely New York—It would be a mistake to assume that Bill Irwin's dance-mime extravaganza is fundamentally boring because it lacks words; in fact, it has the best "book" on Broadway. The piece is partly a sendup of theatrical technology, partly a comment on the ills that beset a pluralistic society, and partly a debate about art. Irwin puts onstage all the conflicts, tensions, and antagonisms of modern city life and resolves them by means of an invented language. His solution is unrealistic—it obtains only in a theatre—but what makes the message so uplifting is that to understand it you have to learn a new idiom. (5/15/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

Lend Me a Tenor—The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco, Victor Garber, Tovah Feldshuh, J. Smith-Cameron, Caroline Lagerfelt, Ron Holgate, Jane Connell, and Jeff Brooks make up the splendid cast. (3/13/89) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

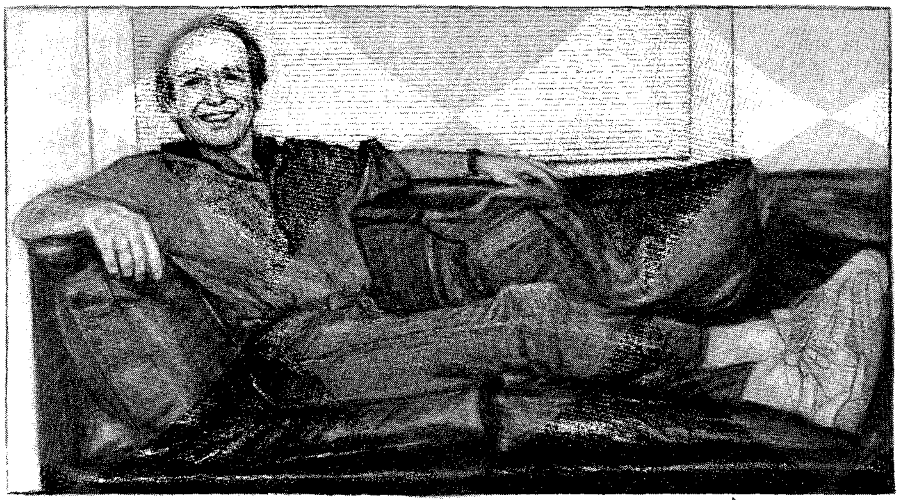
Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's **Mikado.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes June 25.)

The Lisbon Traviata—Terrence McNally's 1985 play about opera queens (revised here, in a superb production by John Tillinger, with a cast that includes Nathan Lane and Anthony Heald) is every bit as bitchy and hilarious, in the first act, as one would expect it to be. The second half, which turns serious, goes a bit haywire ten minutes before the end; still, you won't find much better writing, acting, or direction anywhere off Broadway this season. (6/19/89) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes July 2.)

Metamorphosis—Steven Berkoff's one-act adaptation of the Kafka story, with Mikhail Baryshnikov in the role of Gregor Samsa. Spinach. (3/20/89) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Only Kidding!—Jim Geoghan's comedy about standup comedians, in all their panic and desperation, has the ring of authenticity, and jokes that invariably pay off. (One monologue, about a Greek restaurant, is a knockout.) The characters are an aging Catskills type; a young comedy team, still scrambling for a foothold; a jumpy writer; and a beef-brained manager. All the actors do well, under the lively direction of Larry Arrick. (5/29/89) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Other People's Money—Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. Kevin Conway can seldom have been better or funnier than he is as Bronx-born Lawrence Garfinkle, and Janet Zarish plays his adversary (with a difference). They are ably supported by Scotty Bloch, James Murtaugh, and Arch Johnson. The perfor-



Terrence McNally

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It was taken at the Crown Club yesterday.

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THE THEATRE–Cont'd

mance as a whole is a credit to Gloria Muzio, who directed it. An import from the Hartford Stage Company. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

RUMORS—This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. It is acted to perfection by Christine Baranski, Ron Leibman, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (11/28/88) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

SHIRLEY VALENTINE—Pauline Collins gives a funny, beguiling performance as a Liverpool housewife who, feeling herself engulfed by drab domesticity, flies off to Greece, where she finds a temporary lover and lives happily ever after. Miss Collins is the only actor, and she is backed every inch of the way by Willy Russell, who wrote the play, and by Simon Callow, who directed it. (2/27/89) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

SHOWING OFF—As comedy revues go, this one—written by Douglas Bernstein and Denis Markell—isn't at all bad. The winning performances by Mr. Bernstein, Donna Murphy, Mark Sawyer, and Veanne Cox often make the material seem better than it is, but ultimately they don't make up for the overall smugness of what is essentially life-style comedy. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)

S. J. PERELMAN . . . IN PERSON—Lewis J. Stadlen plays the American author and humorist in this one-man show written by Bob Shanks. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. May close Sunday, June 18.)

A TALE OF TWO CITIES—Everett Quinton's over-the-top one-man version of Dickens' novel has Miss Pross literally hanging from the ceiling. Unfortunately, his performance is more spirited than it is consistently funny. Best is the word "BLOOD" scrawled on the bathroom wall. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

LONG RUNS

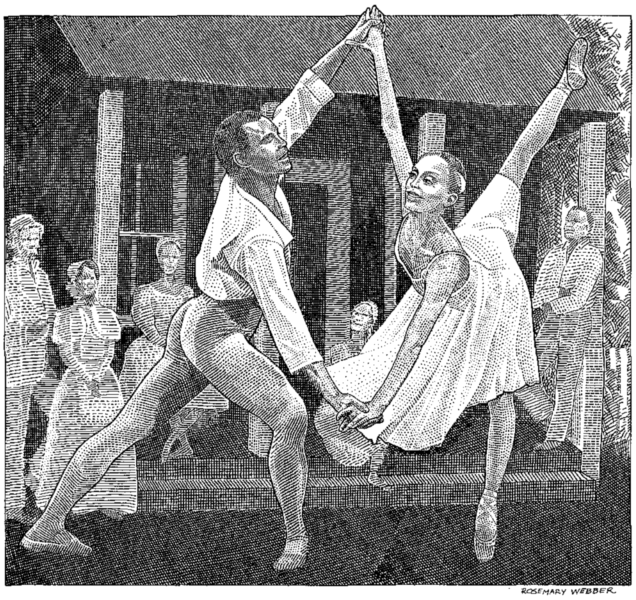
ANYTHING GOES: This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Leslie Uggams, Bill McCutcheon, and Gregg Edelman, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction, and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run recently turned twenty-nine. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1989:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **INTO THE WOODS:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful and funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. The cast includes Nancy Dussault and Chip Zien. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play, with John Rubinstein and B. D. Wong. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **SARAFINA!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Closes July 2.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)

DANCE

JACOB'S PILLOW is a large rock left over from an old farm in a bucolic summer watering hole called Becket, Massachusetts. In 1933, the modern dancer Ted Shawn founded a dance colony next to the rock; its wooden hall, which dates from 1942, contains six hundred and eighteen seats and has hosted every style of dancing. The intimacy of the theatre—where winged creatures of one kind or another fly through to listen to the music and haunt the beams—coupled with the colony's rustic charm, makes for the sort of light-headed magic a collector feels on finding a treasure in an offbeat venue.

Ten years ago, the dancer Liz Thompson became the Pillow's director, and she has given the programming focus and sparkle. This year is her best to date. The first company in residence will be Monnaie Dance Group/Mark Morris (June 27-July 1), which, apart from a Dance Theatre Workshop benefit last month, has scheduled no New York performances in 1989. The repertory includes Morris's dark doll dance, "Lovey"; "Celestial Greetings," a suite to what the choreographer calls "Thai restaurant music"; and a trio to Couperin, "Pièces en Concert," in which Morris himself performs.

Other summer highlights at the Pillow are Edward Villella's Miami City Ballet; Garth Fagan Bucket Dance; and Ris et Danceries, the baroque dance ensemble from France. The Pillow opens formally with a gala on Saturday, June 24th, at noon, showcasing a range of performers, among them the juggler Michael Moschen and Off Center Ballet, the new little company founded by Christopher d'Amboise.



Eddie J. Shellman and Virginia Johnson in "Giselle"

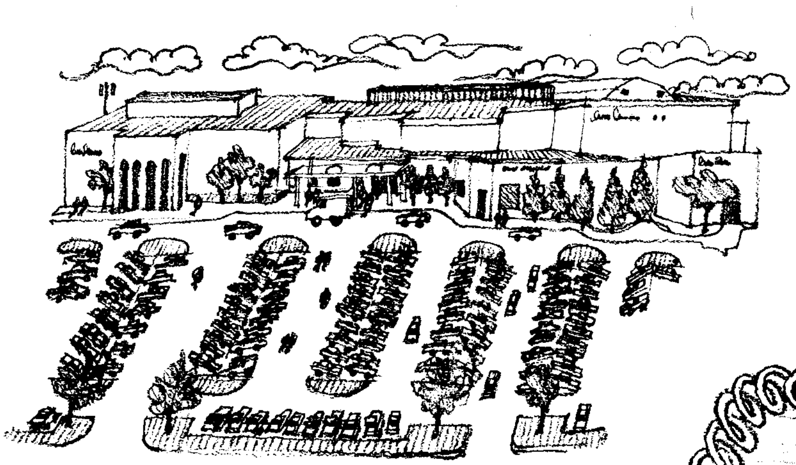
NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Final performances of the season. June 20 at 8: "Apollo," "Ballade," "Sonatas and Interludes," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ June 21 at 8: "Danses Concertantes," "In Memory of . . . ," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ June 22 at 8: "Ballade," "Sonatas and Interludes," "Echo," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ June 23 at 8: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Behind the China Dogs," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ June 24 at 2: "Beethoven Romance," "Mozart Serenade," "Echo," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ June 24 at 8: "Beethoven Romance," "Mozart Serenade," "In the Night," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ June 25 at 1: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Behind the China Dogs," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ June 25 at 7: "Apollo," "In Memory of . . . ," and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

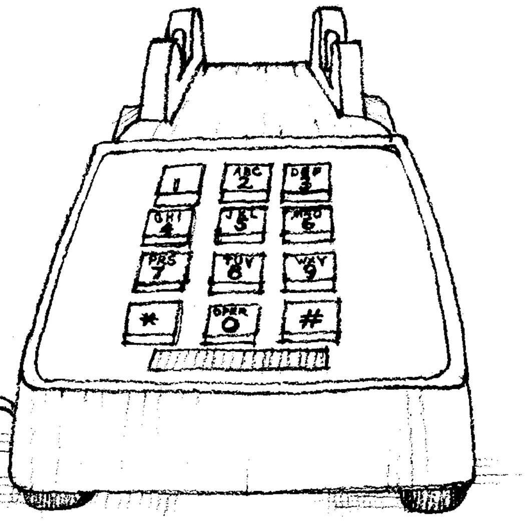
AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—June 19-20 at 8, and June 21 at 2 and 8: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ June 22-23 at 8: "Duets," "The Garden of Villandry," and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ June 24 at 2: "Prodigal Son" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ June 24 at 8: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ June 26 at 8: "Duets," "Some Assembly Required," and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ June 27 at 8: "Quartet," "The Fugue," and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ June 28 at 2: "Bruch Violin Concerto No. 1" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ June 28 at 8: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto" and "La Sylphide." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through July 1.)

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—The opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through July 2. June 21 at 7:30: "Giselle." . . . ¶ June 22 and June 24 at 8, and June 25 at 3: "Allegro Brillante" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ June 23 at 8, and June 24 at 2: "Holberg Suite," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "Voluntaries," and "John Henry." . . . ¶ June 27-28 at 8: "Les Biches," and the New York premières of "Rondo Capriccioso" and "Les Noces." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

PHYLLIS LAMHUT DANCE COMPANY—Presenting three performances of "Man," a new evening-length work that deals with AIDS-related themes. With guest artists Manuel Alum, Ben Hazard, Eleo Pomare, Robert Small, and Clay Taliaferro. The New York Paganini New Music Consort will provide instrumental accompaniment to a score written by Mr. Hazard. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 924-0077. June 22-25 at 8:30.)

PEARL LANG DANCE COMPANY—The group's first New York appearance in more than six years. Ms. Lang will present "Cantigas Ladino," a new solo work; a revival of "Piece for Brass"; and excerpts from "Tehillem" and from "Moonways and Dark Tides." (Florence Gould Hall, French Institute–Alliance Française, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6105. June 23-24 at 8, and June 25 at 3.)





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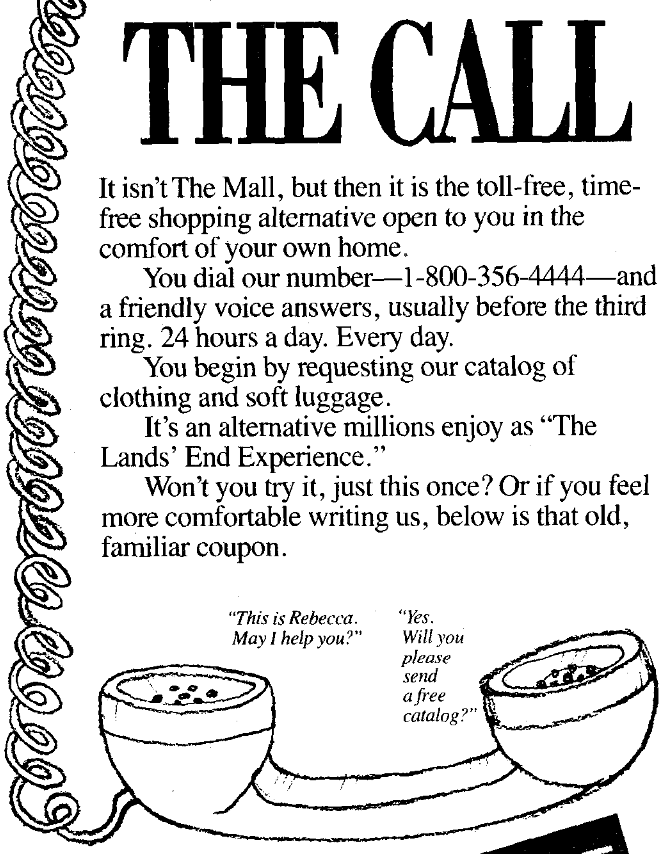
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Phyllis Diller

NIGHT LIFE

IN 1957, a young bop pianist named Toshiko Akiyoshi told this magazine that she was a "slow motion" type of person and that America was just "too fast" for her. Once her education at the Berklee School of Music was complete, she said, she would return to Japan to teach and to linger in those Tokyo coffeehouses where people buy one cup of coffee and sit for hours listening to American jazz records. Fortunately, things didn't happen as Akiyoshi planned. She settled in the United States and had stints with Charlie Mariano and Charles Mingus, among others. On a recent Monday, we found Akiyoshi and her jazz orchestra at Indigo Blues, where they'll return on June 26th to make their joyous noise.

Monday, of course, is a fine night for big bands. As we sat in the bluish neon haze on 46th Street—Indigo Blues resembles the bottom of a swimming pool—bands led by Mel Lewis and by Gil Evans' son, Miles, were heating it up in rooms downtown. Akiyoshi's orchestra fits nicely into their modern tradition, with the added charm that for all the musical finery of the group—the punchy bebop, the strange flute voicings—it basically looks like a bunch of guys who just spent eight hours on a bus. There's a long-haired trombonist in a brown leather jacket who solos as if he were dodging punches, and another with a white, Susan Sontag patch in his hair, whose drowsy expression inspired someone in the audience to whisper, "We should send that guy a cup of coffee."

Akiyoshi, wearing all black except for a silver sash around her waist, trotted back and forth between the piano and the bandstand. At the piano, she sent forth breezy, Bud-Powell-inspired solos. At the bandstand, she cranked her arms and shouted, "Four, two, *one*." Watching her, we thought, Forget slow motion. Here's a person who could direct traffic on any runway.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Thirty-year-olds in love call Mabel Godwin "a *scandal*." Now in her seventies, she remains a singer of racy jazz numbers, a devout chatterer, a wearer of gold lamé suits, and a pianist who perks along quite nicely to the accompaniment of a snare and a standup bass. Ms. Godwin performs Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. On Sundays, cornettist **LEE LORENZ** leads the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band, and on Mondays the Grove Street Stompers do their Dixieland thing. Arthur's is currently decorated for the holidays—Christmas, New Year's, Halloween, and St. Patrick's Day.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The long-gone midtown pleasure dome (1949-65) after which this airy two-tiered operation is named had a midget m.c. named Pee Wee Marquette, caged finches, and, of course, Bird himself; the new room has waiters and waitresses in Reeboks and bow ties, a rainbow-colored Wurlitzer jukebox, neon wading birds, and jazz people of various modern schools. Pianist **MICHAEL WEISS** chairs a trio on June 20, and pianist **LYNN BERNSTEIN** guides another threesome on June 27. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this jazz club there's a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. June 20-25, there will be a double bill featuring R. & B. singer **CHARLES BROWN** and singer-pianist **BILLY PRESTON,** who's responsible for, among other things, the keyboard solo on "Get Back." Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll fundamentalists, Village bopcats, and followers of **MICHAEL FRANKS,** a pop-jazz singer who makes an art of blandness. He'll be here June 24-25. The **ZAWINUL SYNDICATE,** led by keyboardist and former Weather Report headman **JOE ZAWINUL,** claims June 27-28. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, drummers compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. **JOHN HICKS** works the eighty-eight June 19-24, with a little help from bassist **SANTI DEBRIANO. MICHAEL WEISS, JUNIOR COOK,** and **PETER WASHINGTON** heat it up on June 25, and a trio consisting of **GEOFF KEEZER, WALTER BOOKER,** and **JIMMY COBB** takes over as of June 26. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a small, well-upholstered room decorated with quaint Marcel Vertès murals, is a place where time pretty much stands still. Singer and pianist **BOBBY SHORT,** who played here in 1968, liked it, and decided to stay, is in action Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in a bar whose pillars and walls are decorated with Ludwig Bemelmans park scenes (a man and his bulldog, rabbity creatures at play, schoolchildren and a nun), **BARBARA CARROLL** is at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—In the late seventies and early eighties, this dark cave (graffitied walls, a battered pool table, rest rooms for the intrepid only) was the hub of a thriving punk-music scene—Blondie, Talking Heads, the Ramones, and Television were regular attractions. Local rock has since diminished, but while other clubs of the era have fizzled, CB's perseveres, and young hopefuls continue to fill the stage nightly. **LIVE SKULL,** a band that has been jolting downtown audiences with liberated guitar noise since the early eighties, is here on June 23. Music from nine-thirty on Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

The Duplex, 55 Grove St. (255-5438)—A forum for all manner of madness. On June 22, the spirited vocal group Rudy's Jukebox holds forth upstairs. June 23-24 belongs to the standup-comedy trio F.G.M.'s (personal-ad shorthand for Funny Gay Males). In the basement-level bar, show tunes often take a back seat to TV tunes, and even the waitresses and bartenders can't stop strutting their songbird stuff.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish bar, way out on the Western edge of town, where the great potholed boulevards turn to cobblestones, and the world across the Hudson flashes its come-hither signs. The back room has Hibernian sounds on Fridays. June 23 is the property of Altan, a Dublin-based flute-and-fiddle outfit. Sets at nine and eleven.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte*. Bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ,** who spent eleven of his formative years with the Bill Evans trio, leads a foursome June 20-25. **MOSE ALLISON,** a jazz-blues singer and a snappy lyricist, kicks off on June 27. Mondays are set aside for guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** who was known as Rhubarb Red back in the twenties and thirties, when he was an itinerant country picker. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Two things not known to be available in the next world—Chinese food and American jazz—can be found here, under a greenhouse roof giving onto a patch of midtown sky. June 24-25, the piano—a Steinway that sits grandly in the middle of the room—is in the hands of **JOHN COLIANNI,** a wonder kid who broke in not so long ago with Lionel Hampton. June 27-29 belongs to the stride and ragtime flourishes of **JUDY CARMICHAEL.** Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

Indigo Blues, 221 W. 46th St. (221-0033)—A modernist night spot in the basement of the Hotel Edison. There's a glass-brick reception area, an oval blond-wood bar, and other interior-design novelties. **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** who once gave up music for tailoring and then thought better of it, will perform with his trio June 19-20. Coltrane veteran **MC COY TYNER** brings in a trio of his own June 21-22; and trios belonging to **ROLAND HANNA** and **JOEY DE FRANCESCO** perform June 23-25. **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI'S** jazz orchestra stops in on June 26, and pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** who started out pinch-hitting for Bud Powell, gets started on June 27. Music after nine.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An unpretentious second-floor jazz retreat featuring steak, scallops, and bandleaders who say things like "I wanna introduce my drummer first, on account of because he has to go put a quarter in the meter." The stage seats three comfortably, and for the next

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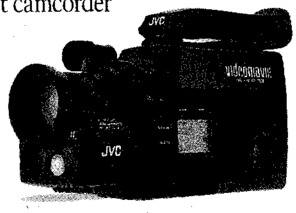

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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

week or so it will be home to trios led by **MIKE RENZI** (June 21), **JOHN PIZZARELLI** (June 22), **RAY ALEXANDER** (June 24), and **JIMMY MADISON** (June 28). On June 26, the quintet crowding in will belong to **JACK SHELDON,** a trumpeter who does things Miles-style and who was once a regular on "The Merv Griffin Show." Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—An Old New York kind of place, with dark-wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass-figurine lamps. The musicians gather around the Steinway that sits in the dining room, next to a brass-railed partition, but chin music is often the dominant sound. June 20-24 is in the hands of pianist **BILLY CHARLAP** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ. PHOEBE LÉGÈRE,** whose assorted talents (she plays piano and accordion, has a voice of impressive size, and does campy variations on a red-hot-mama theme) have made her a favorite in both downtown and uptown spas, will be on view here June 25. The a-cappella group Five Play claims Monday nights. Music from nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—This upstairs music and performance space opened its doors in 1986 and quickly established itself as the headquarters of the downtown music scene. (There wasn't much competition.) In the rear, there's a mini-bar stocked with herbal tea and imported beer; up front is a small stage, occupied by drummer **SUNNY MURRAY** and his outfit on June 20. On June 21, saxophonist **GREG OSBY** performs with Edward Simon and Lonnie Plaxico, among others; **MILT HINTON** and **BOBBY PREVITE** split the duties on June 22, with their respective groups; and **JOHN ZORN'S** Naked City takes over June 23-24. **ODEAN POPE'S** trio performs on June 27, and the **MARTY EHRLICH** quartet will be here on June 28. Music after nine.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your itinerant musician tools around in. The inside features some stuff you probably wouldn't find in a county-line roadhouse—like a wallful of de-luxe Gibson guitars—and some you might expect to find: beer, neon beer signs, and men wearing dozer caps. Most of the music—rock, country, blues—is provided by local talent. **RUTH BROWN,** who has tried to scare up an R. & B. revival with a radio show called "Harlem Hit Parade," and whose room-clearing holler has been put to good use in "Black and Blue," will be here June 19 and June 26, with her tuxedo-clad backing band in tow. Trumpeter-singer-bandleader **WILLIE COLÓN** will perform variations on a salsa theme June 21 and June 28. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Henry VIII and a unicorn on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and singer **ANITA O'DAY** on the bandstand. She had a few hits ("Let Me Off Uptown," "Boogie Blues") with Gene Krupa's band in the forties, and it's a latter-day Krupa band that backs her up here. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A spiffy uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the batting cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A new, shiny, ninety-seat cabaret, sixty-five floors above all the honking and shouting. (It and the neighboring Rainbow Room—same telephone number, same stratospheric prices—are reached by taking a whistling express elevator; some people observe silence on the way up.) On clear nights you can see the lights of Yonkers and Tenafly. **PHYLLIS DILLER,** who's equally at home onstage, on TV, under the klieg lights, and behind the Underwood (she's the author of four books), entertains the troops Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This rock establishment, which recently moved from the East Village to the former temple of excess Studio 54, is still a place where the customer is not always right. The signature feature of the previous address, the giant Big Brother video screen, has been preserved intact. Upstairs in the balcony, there are designated seating areas for industry and non-industry people. **STIFF LITTLE FINGERS,** an Ulster band hatched in the punk days, headlines on June 23; the **WAILERS** and **EEK-A-MOUSE** hold a reggae party on June 25; and Brazilian pop star **GILBERTO GIL** reigns on June 27. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This former luncheonette has a tropical motif—straw huts, bamboo, a fake palm tree, a mosaic of gourds—and perhaps the city's most international booking policy: Brazil, Africa, and the Caribbean are just a few of the places explored. Singer, songwriter, and social commentator **RUBÉN BLADES,** the Renaissance man of Latin music (he's also an actor and litterateur, and holds a master's degree in international law), works three nights beginning June 26. The African dance band **MIKATA** stirs things up on June 23. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A thirty-three-year-old three-ring circus. The ringmaster, a bearded gentleman named Art D'Lugoff, sometimes employs a barker to steer traffic to his multiple entertainments. In the basement, on Mondays after nine, salsa bands play for dancing and listening. **DIZZY GILLESPIE** is the guest soloist on June 26. Tuesdays through Saturdays, **SID CAESAR** resuscitates a few characters from the fifties TV series "Your Show of Shows." . . . ¶ Back upstairs, in the Terrace Bar, where business and conversation are often at boom level, the piano-bass team of **HERMAN FOSTER** and **BOB CRANSHAW** work out June 21-25, followed by **KENNY WERNER** and **RON MC CLURE,** beginning June 27. On Tuesdays, the visiting duo trades sets with **HELLMAN'S ANGELS,** a string trio whose head angel, **DAPHNE HELLMAN,** plays the harp. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserve landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that have a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the late Max Gordon, and that Mr. Gordon, who was a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. June 20-25 belongs to a quartet led by saxophonist **FRANK MORGAN. JOHN HICKS'** quintet (**RALPH MOORE, SANTI DEBRIANO, STEVE JOHNS, ROY HARGROVE**) takes over for a week-long stint beginning June 27. Mondays are in the hands of the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

ZANZIBAR & GRILL, 550 Third Ave., at 36th St. (779-0606)—The logo that appears on glasses, napkins, and matchbooks here—a bongo-playing monkey in fez and shades—embodies this pleasant restaurant-bar's blend of Africana and yuppie cool. The eponymous island is evoked by live palms, Rousseau-style murals, and etched-glass jungle scenes; Murray Hill is evoked by everything else. Guitarist **JACK WILKINS** presides on June 21, and drummer **JIMMY MADISON** propels a group on June 25.

CANAL GENES

The Haughwout Building, an 1857 cast-iron gem on Broadway at Broome Street, is one of New York's most beautiful buildings, and it is full of towels. You can't get on a waiting list to live there; only the towels stay overnight. For years, you could just peer through the grimy windows and see the towels stacked up on tables. Now you can march right inside and buy one.

But the Haughwout's windows are still filthy; the hands are missing from the big outdoor clock; the paint is peeling; the iron beneath the paint is rusting; and the shaft where Mr. Otis installed his first commercial passenger elevator was sealed off during a recent visit, because the elevator was temporarily broken. It's as though the Marciana Library in Venice—the building that inspired the Haughwout Building's architect, John P. Gaynor—were still exerting its influence, now showing us the pleasures of Venetian decay.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

WHO could pass up such a pizza slice of New York as the yearly Feast of St. Anthony of Padua, a two-block stretch of carnevale Italiana that occupies Sullivan Street just below Houston day and night for almost two weeks at the beginning of June. This is a groaning board that could make Alberto Sordi swoon: lo mein, egg rolls, JR's Exquisite Filipino Cuisine, shrimp tempura, éclairs, and foods that are usually served at Oktoberfest. One booth dished out pasta shells; there were also stale calzone, and zeppole that could K.O. a mugger if pitched with a good right arm. What an opportunity to peruse such quaint customary garb as rack after rack of dashikis, pseudo-Navaho jewelry, spandex shorts, fake Gucci watches, and buttons, tank tops, hats, and pullovers bearing Batman's logo. Brass elephants (with their trunks up) were also prominent, as were tribal masks that wouldn't be out of place at Hawaii-Kai, dolls that looked like such illustrious paesani as Pee-wee Herman and Alf, and frames for license plates which read "I Breaka U Face." Games of chance promised rewards of bottles of wine that you'd be ashamed to bring to a toga party, and stuffed facsimiles of the California Raisins. Even the church hawked cheesy bounty, at its wheel-of-fortune stand. Is it any wonder that disenchanted neighbors have come to label this street fair the Feast of Our Lady of St. Bingo and the International Dead Zeppole Festival?

But amid the selling of fake Vuitton luggage and woven good-luck bracelets that have to rot off, the Christian tradition of mercy found its way. A couple stood in front of a booth, sampling wine punch. While they spat out chunks of fruit pulp, a barker badgered them with repeated entreaties of "C'mon, win the lady a prize. Don't be so cheap. Win her a prize." The lady said, "I got my prize," and tugged at her gentleman's T-shirt. Her loved one remained silent. His T-shirt read "I refuse to do a battle of wits with an unarmed opponent."

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY

"A Grasshopper walks into a bar. The bartender says, 'We have a drink named after you.' The grasshopper says, 'You have a drink named *Shlomo?*' " Gilbert Gottfried does this bit with eyes squinched to slits and a mouth that looks as if it has eaten a lemon. In character, this small, rumpled comic—who is in his mid-thirties and whose work is among the most joyously silly and pointed in standup today—is a finger-jabbing old Jewish crank. Plenty of Jewish guys do prickly customers, and Gottfried feeds on the tradition. Like Mel Brooks' Two-Thousand-Year-Old Man, Gottfried's crank goes way back in time and enjoys goosing Gentile pieties. He says that if you flip the pages of the Old Testament in one direction you get Jesus riding a horse and in the other direction a fat lady with a hula hoop. His head tilts forward. "Back then, everyone thought *she* would be the famous one." Events continually elude the crank's control, mortifying him and stoking the insecurity he feels about being socially awkward and misunderstood. In South America, he's in a shop when Hitler enters. The crank signals a photographer, who happens to be there, not to take his picture, but as he does he's captured in a gesture that looks like a *Heil* salute. "That's the shot they *always* use," he whines.

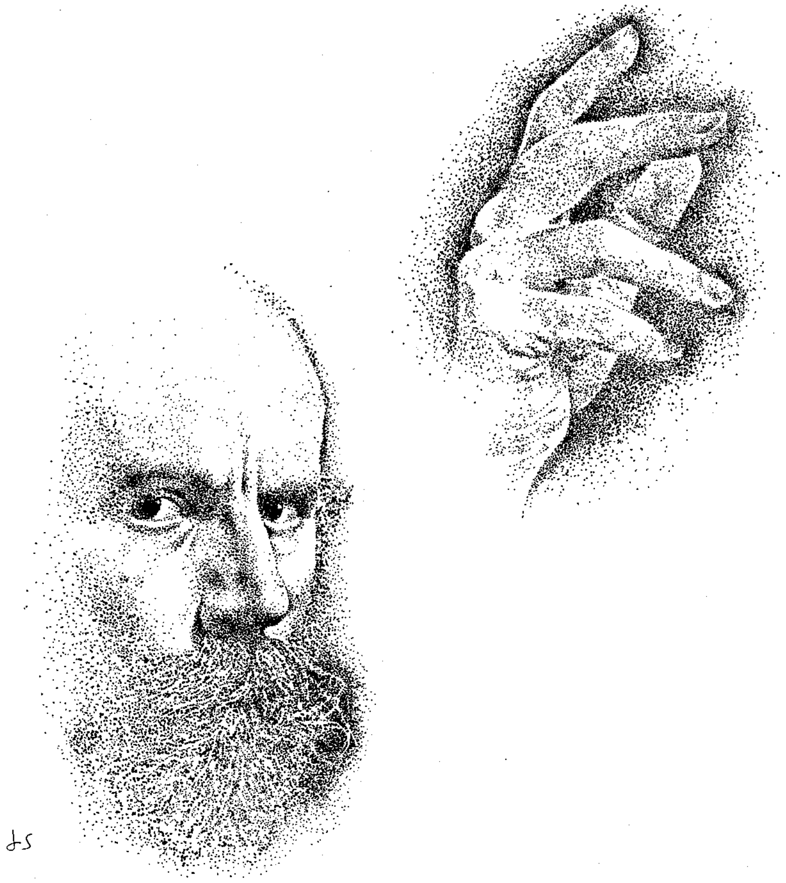
Most ethnic comedians address their own kind, inviting audiences to sink into race jingoism; they get laughs by telling people what they already believe but might be too inhibited to blurt out. Gottfried bucks that formula, dismantling Jewish bullying as smartly as any other kind. His crank goes to Africa. "It's all black," he screeches. "They got in, you can't go anymore." This material doesn't boomerang into anti-Semitism, nor does Gottfried scapegoat other groups. Loyal to mischief, not to any authority, he terrorizes righteousness and hysteria instead of Christians and Jews. The antics erupt June 20th through 22nd, at Caroline's, 89 South Street (233-4900).

"Fête de la Musique"—What is so rare as a day in June, especially when the organizers of the New York International Festival of the Arts give it their attention? The aforementioned organizers have decided to celebrate the first day of summer (June 21) by dousing the city, all day long, in music that is not necessarily French. Jazz bands will play in bank lobbies; a rock-and-roll group composed of L.I.R.R. employees will rock the lobby of Penn Station; the P.S. 92 glee club, decked out in red wigs, will sing numbers from "Cabaret"; the Sylvan Winds, a wind ensemble, will serenade listeners near the fountain at Lincoln Center. Other venues include hospitals, libraries, churches, and department stores. Don't go looking for entertainment on the first day of summer; let it come to you.

"Absent Moon"—A performance piece, by Peter Reed, about the life of Rimbaud. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 279-4200. June 20-24 at 8, and June 25 at 7.)

Jessie Jane Lewis—Two performances in which she dances with her own image on a video screen. Presented by Creative Time. (Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage, Cadman Plaza and Front St., Brooklyn. June 22 at 8. For information, call 619-1955.)

Wow Café—Presenting four evenings (June 20-23) of performance and theatre works by women. (59 E. 4th St. Shows, most nights, at 8 and 10. For reservations, call 460-8067.)



Self-portrait by Lucas Samaras

ART

Riddled with industries, crisscrossed by tracks, ever-laundered by the elements, and wrung dry by wars, Belgium—land of Eurocrats, mollusks, and the humble begonia—is the most careworn country west of Warsaw and, in fact, is the Polish joke of Europe. Runt sibling to Holland and France, it must officially speak both of their languages—badly, according to the French and the Dutch—and, girdled as well by West Germany and Luxembourg, it looks up longingly over its flat coastal décolletage toward Britain, which it patently tries to imitate. Just think of René Magritte or Hercule Poirot and you will see that Belgium wears a bowler.

Belgium's damp decrepitude, however, seems the ideal culture for culture these days. The country may have lost Ensor's "Christ's Entry Into Brussels in 1889" to the Getty, but it has spawned a generation of artists who, quite like their compatriots of a hundred years ago, are uniquely in tune with the fin-de-siècle mood of wry gloom. A few months ago, New Yorkers had the chance to see Marie Jo Lafontaine's powerful video sculpture and a group show by ingénues from Ghent and elsewhere. Now there are no fewer than five mature, deeply Belgian situations in town. Mary Boone is showing work by the late Marcel Broodthaers, the inscrutably absurdist daddy of them all. At Jack Tilton, you will find Panamarenko, Jan Fabre, Leo Copers, and Guillaume Bijl. Copers is also exhibiting solo at Jack Shainman and in a group at Nicole Klagsbrun, where the brilliant, infuriating Bijl (responsible for the current Arise futon display at The New Museum) is shown to best advantage with two small installations that elegize the bourgeois Belgian corridor and all Académies des Beaux Arts. If by 1992 Europe has turned into a big and powerful lion, Belgium, surely, will be the mouse that roars.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Goya and the Spirit of Enlightenment," a major exhibition of paintings and works on paper by this intense and elusive giant (1746-1828), proposes the artist as philosopher and political theorist. The installation is a little low on visual magic, a little long on wall labels, and of particular interest for two self-portraits: a young Goya working by the light of a candle-holding hat; an old, sick Goya attended by his physician. Through July 16. . . . ¶ Thirty-six of Lucas Samaras's works on paper from the museum's collection are on view in the Berggruen Klee Gallery of the Wallace wing (the Klee works that are usually there are at the Tate Gallery for the summer). Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ "Apropos Aprons," a presentation of the Costume Institute, considers not the workaday item but apron extremes—extremely ornate examples from eighteenth-century Europe, and the extremely short Rudi Gernreich mini (1969), not to mention the Egyptian noblewoman's funerary apron, and various loincloths, girdles, pinafores, and pendant sashes. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A survey of Italian majolica, with many Renaissance-era examples, such as a bowl depicting the papal arms and tiara of Julius II. Through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ "American Porcelain: 1770-1920." Through June 25. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-five sculptures and fifteen drawings by Christopher Wilmarth (1943-87). A compact and exceptionally discomfiting retrospective. The artist's green-glass structures from the late sixties and seventies are elegant in the extreme but utterly mute. The late work—mostly bronze wall reliefs with ovoid etched-glass "heads"—offers about as despairing a vision of the self as you are likely to find. Through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ The Helen Frankenthaler retrospective—forty paintings from the past forty years, including early "soak-stain" canvases and some recent impastoed and scumbled paintings. Through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ "America Worked: The 1950s Photographs of Dan Weiner." Through July 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The Austrian artist and teacher Arnulf Rainer is a sympathetic and influential figure. Best known for his ongoing series of "Face Farces"—photographic self-portraits altered with paint—he exemplifies both a sixties-style liberated Expressionism and the sensuous flamboyance associated with the Viennese school. Seen in small doses, Rainer's work has considerable verve. But there's not enough variety or sweep in it to sustain this museum retrospective. Through July 9. . . . ¶ Hannelore Baron (1926-87). This show features modest abstract collages, from 1975 to 1984, composed of threadlike ink lines and frayed bits of discarded canvas and paper. They offer a glimpse of a child's world marked more by trauma and darkness—the artist was a Jew who came to New York from Germany in 1941—than by dreams. There are several fine boxed collages, which, thankfully, manage to escape the Cornell reference. Through July 9. (A companion show of collages is at Gallery Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.) (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Biennial: In the center of what could be dubbed the Art-in-the-Age-of-Mechanical-Reproduction Room is a huge specimen table packed with Allan McCollum's ten thousand "Individual Works," which are small, hand-size cast objects that look alike but are, in fact, different. They resemble toys or parts for a nineteen-fifties automobile, and are painted a soothing shade of back-yard-pool turquoise. They form a great proscenium for three of Sherrie Levine's very elegant and nearly identical paintings of "Krazy Kat" 's Mr. Austridge, whose head is buried in a bucket, and for four of her knotty-plywood boards. Opposite the Levine work is Ashley Bickerton's witty self-portrait, a construction in which the artist depicts himself as an amalgamation of consumer logos. In very different ways, each of these three artists is to late-eighties post-conceptual art what Roy Lichtenstein is to Pop: ironic, classical, and very cool. Through July 9. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

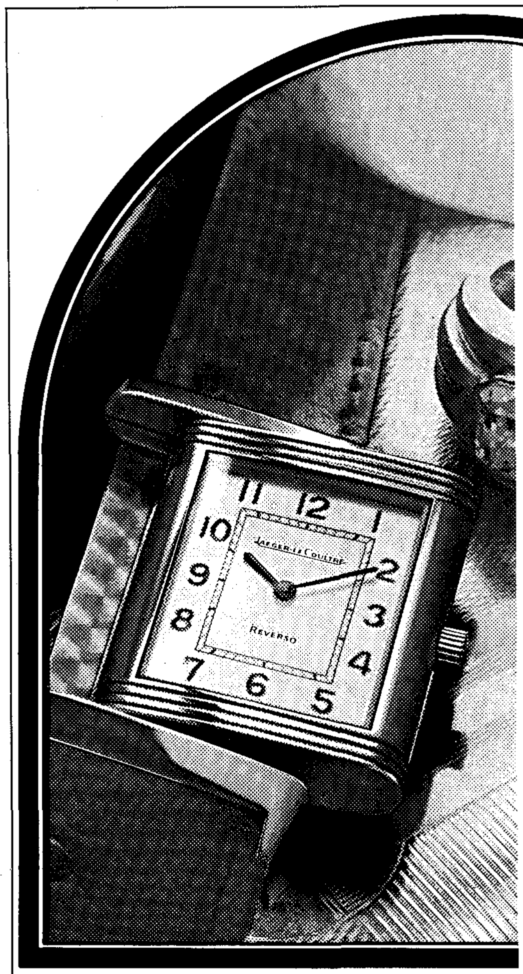
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Andrew Wyeth: The Helga Pictures." Through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ "Hispanic Art in the United States: Thirty Contemporary Painters & Sculptors" includes works by Luis Cruz Azaceta, Robert Graham, and Manuel Neri. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Jewelry, artifacts, fabrics, baskets, and some reconstructed dwellings from Madagascar. Through Aug. 27. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"George Nakashima: Full Circle" is a show of furniture by a woodworker who favors an organic approach to tables, chairs, cabinets, and lamps. Through Aug. 13. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Two hundred years' worth of French design, in honor of the bicentennial of the French Revolution. Through July 16. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paint-



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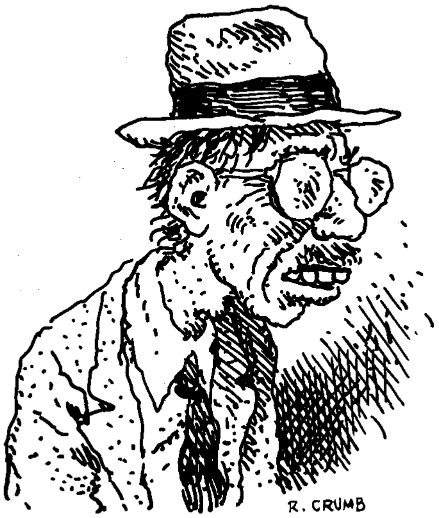

Self-portrait by Robert Crumb

ings, drawings, and sculptures by eighteen Israeli artists, responding to their country's political and social conflicts of the past decade. Through Aug. 6. . . . ¶ "Memories of Alsace: Folk Art and Jewish Tradition," a show of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century objects, most of which are on loan from European museums, includes a special tin Chanukkah lamp (thirty-three flames when completely lighted) and a walnut circumcision bench, called an Elijah chair. Through Aug. 14. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Words of Blood, Images of Fire," another tribute to the French Revolution, includes Robespierre's holograph of a speech Saint-Just gave attacking Danton; a sketch (attributed to David) of Robespierre on the day of his execution; and letters, more speeches, and memoranda. Through Aug. 20. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—The second installment of a two-part retrospective of work by Nancy Spero, that most politicized of aesthetes. The artist's more recent style characteristically involves collages with passages of typescript (feminist treatises, literary quotes, Amnesty International bulletins) that seem to float among lyrical sequences of block-printed, archetypal female figures from many different periods and cultures, ranging from Greek goddesses on the warpath to bereft Vietnamese mothers. Through July 9. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Botanical illustrations from the eighteenth to twentieth centuries, among them Georg Ehret's colored engraving "Yucca Aloifolia," a couple of Redouté watercolors and prints of his work from "Les Roses" and "Les Liliacées," and watercolors by Lilian Snelling, Mary Grierson, and Pandora Sellars. Through Sept. 2. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Christopher Wilmarth (1943-87)—This exhibition is a coda to the MOMA retrospective, with an emphasis on drawings rather than sculptures. The early-seventies paper pieces with folds and staples are especially good—sensuous and succinct. The later, figurative works are sometimes powerful but suggest an acrid emotionalism. Through July 28. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Center for African Art—"Wild Spirits Strong Medicine: African Art and the Wilderness." A provocative display of artifacts. It begins with pairs of objects which illustrate the contrasts between village life and wilderness, or bush, life. The village objects are refined and domesticated; the others are aggressive and exaggerated. Additional exhibits related to the wild include an extraordinary fifteen-foot snake mask. Through Aug. 20. (54 E. 68th St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

Four Icelandic Artists—Jón Axel Björnsson is an expressionistic painter, and his wife, Sóley Eiríksdóttir, makes odd, linear figure sculptures in black concrete. Kolbrún Björgófsdóttir, a ceramist, shows cones and pyramids with a brown-spotted glaze, while her husband, Magnús Kjartansson, is represented by ambiguous work—simultaneously abstract and Pop—painted on paper. Through July 28. (American-Scandinavian Foundation, 127 E. 73rd St. Open Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.)

"Poelitical Object"—Twenty years of vanguard Spanish art—printed work, mostly—with a neo-Dada attitude. Joan Brossa's visual poems are especially terse and fun—there is an "O," for instance, shaped like Alfred Hitchcock's profile. Through July 22. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St. Open daily.)

Group Shows—At **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 417 E. 75th St.: Most of these works by several artists (including Romare Bearden and Isamu Noguchi) are small, and some involve collage techniques, as well as narratives that stop just short of surrealism. Through July 14. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **LAFAYETTE PARKE,** 58 E. 79th St.: This hodgepodge of still-lifes includes works ranging from Martin Johnson Heade's simple floral arrangements in a champagne glass to an odd pre-Pop abstraction in Sumi ink by Jim Dine. The show is worthwhile for its hidden marvels, like Jean Metzinger's Cubist oil and Gabriele Münter's two Expressionist paintings. Through June 24. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A delightful Miró painted on burlap in the artist's characteristic figurative shorthand, a sturdy analytic-Cubist Braque of 1913, an airy Matisse of a woman in her boudoir, and other exquisitely selected masterworks of the early Parisian modernists. Through June 30.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Patrick Henry Bruce (1881-1936) / **Morgan Russell** (1886-1953)—This show of paintings made in Paris traces the development of the American Bruce (a descendant of the revolutionary Patrick Henry) from Cézannesque still-lifes and landscapes through an enervating Synchromistic painting (1916) that manages to be both still-life and landscape to solid, cubic still-lifes. / A modest display of drawings illustrating Russell's fascinating shift from figuration to Robert Delaunay-like Synchromism. Through June 30. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Anthony Caro—New, compositionally majestic sculptures by this master welder, including one inspired by a Rubens depiction of the descent from the Cross, which is paired with a photographic reproduction of the source; and "Xanadu," a huge tour de force of crushed-and-rolled steel. Through June 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet (1901-85)—Paintings and works on paper from 1955 to 1962 (called "assemblages," "texturologies," and "matériologies") that look like closeups of soil. With these sere and gritty surfaces, Dubuffet seems to anticipate the work of artists as disparate as Milton Resnick and Anselm Kiefer. Through July 8. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Yrjö Edelmann—Technically perfect and perfectly hideous trompe-l'oeil schlock: paintings of crumpled paper and the like, in the form of novelty phone pads. Through July 14. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Roberto Juarez / Robert Graham—Juarez has traded his spicy Expressionist flowers, shells, and fruit for sombre ones (à la Terry Winters) drawn against painted abstract backgrounds; some are lined with paper towels, others mixed with sand. / Beautifully framed drawings of nudes by a fine sculptor. Through June 30. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Daniel Morper—Paintings of Manhattan vistas in which the weather is always good. Though photographically precise and energetically rendered, they feel about as New York-ish as Milwaukee—which, inexplicably, they somewhat resemble. Through June 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Pablo Picasso (1881-1973)—Small works from the Marina Picasso collection (most are for sale), including thirty paintings and more than twenty drawings, plus sculptures and graphics. There are choice tidbits from many decades, presented in a slightly stuffy way. Through June 30. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

Public Domain—There's a political edge to all the works in this odd exhibition of exemplary public-oriented art. Richard Artschwager is represented by a model for an ambitious public sculpture—a plaza, actually—which consists of a windowed monolith that one can view on one side from an armchair and on the other from three very tall straight-backed chairs; the grouping is as dramatic and rigid as Fascist architecture. In a more populist spirit, Dennis Adams displays the model of a bus shelter he constructed for Toronto; its illuminated panel depicts native North Americans protesting for land rights on the steps of the Peace Tower in Ottawa, while Mounties block the building's entrance. An eloquent defense of art as a catalyst for public exchange is to be found in Hans Haacke's photo-panels with text, which document a work he installed in a Graz square last year—the piece confronted Austrians with their collaboration with the Nazis—and the intense, opposing reactions to it, which included firebombing. Through Aug. 31. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **MARISA DEL RE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Many of the paintings and sculptures in this odd selection of artists look hopelessly dated (those by Appel and Pomodoro, for example), but there are three George Tookers that are haunting studies of isolation and two Arman constructions that look like Abstract Expressionist paintings—with tubes added. Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **DRAKE,** 50 W. 57th St.: "Masterworks of Painterly Abstraction." Kenneth Noland's pieces look nice and crisp in this haphazard reunion, also attended by Frankenthaler, Francis, Olitski, and Poons, among others. Through July 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **SIEGEL,** 24 W. 57th St.: A full yet dreary exhibition of mostly academic landscape paintings. Virtually every vista except oceans white with foam is on view; only Earl Staley depicts a place we might want to experience. If this show were used as a case study in the nature-versus-culture debate, there is no doubt which viewpoint would win. Through July 28. . . . **TILTON,** 24 W. 57th St.: The uptown Belgian collection includes some weird Leonardo-like flying gizmos by Panamarenko—a strap-on human flying machine and a metal bank with dragonfly wings that flap when a coin is inserted. Guillaume Bijl is represented by two slapdash works (including a stuffed duckling inside an inverted wig) and Jan Fabre by a large wooden "temple" that the artist and his assistants have covered with aggressive Bic-pen scribbles, which allude to self-mutilation in a creepy, and not very penetrating, way. Leo Copers has the most poetic and mysterious work on view: a huge white flag at partial mast that barely touches the floor, with a drum in front of it that incessantly sounds a gallows beat. Through July 7.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Roger Ackling—In these sculptures, Ackling burns tightly packed horizontal lines into found bits of wood with the use of a magnifying glass and the sun. Through June 24. (P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway.)

David Bates / Chema Cobo—Paintings on paper of herons and of elongated fishermen. / Self-obsessed drawings, like Francesco Clemente's, of playful philosophical conceits. Also, self-portraits. Through June 30. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Marcel Broodthaers (1924-76)—These plastic plaques look like large license plates and form a kind of autobiography of an artist who made the institutional framework of the museum one of his major topics. The work is tastefully garish, and short on the typographic poetry that marks much of Broodthaers' best work; there are references everywhere to his "Musée d'Art Moderne" and "Département des Aigles," and to his fellow mythic Belgian Magritte. Through June 24. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Leo Copers—A show of found, and altered, objects by a versatile Belgian conceptualist, including a sidewise chandelier, a ghostly cocktail table, and other skewed signs of a not-so-discreet bourgeoisie. Through July 21. (Shainman, 560 Broadway.)

Yuri Dyshlenko—Big recent paintings in a hyper-realistic but non-static street photographer's style, which seems to build from earlier, officially approved Soviet realist genres while avoiding any sense of monumentalism. These are interesting, anxious pictures. Through July 31. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Lucian Freud—Eros from the vantage of youth and late middle age is the implicit subject of these works on paper, from the forties and the eighties, that were chosen mostly by the artist himself. Through June 24. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Mike Glier—Thirty-one small, effortfully realistic charcoal portraits of faces that are sleeping, or, just possibly, enjoying an orgiastic moment: it's hard to tell the difference, and that's the inside joke. "Satisfaction" is the title of the exhibition catalogue, and what Glier asked each of his subjects to define. Their answers are not very exalted, and neither is this show. Through June 30. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Inigo Jones (1573-1652)—An impeccable scholarly display of lovely ink drawings by the great Palladio-influenced Elizabethan architect. Through July 22. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Laurie Kaplowitz—Brownish paintings and collage elements and shadowy, scratched-in figures that sometimes suggest an Egyptian motif. Through July 12. (Haller, 415 West Broadway.)

Roy Lichtenstein—This invigorating exhibition brings together virtually all of the Pop master's bronzes (1976-89), an underappreciated aspect of his œuvre. Such classic Lichtenstein images as mirrors, brushstrokes, and drinking glasses are flat pictorial reliefs that have to do more with Cubist painting than with sculpture in the round. The bronzes have all the charm and wit of the artist's best paintings. Through July 1. (65 Thompson Street Gallery.)

Jean Lowe / Rhonda Zwillinger—Paintings, ceramics, and painted furniture, with environmental and anti-vivisectionist themes, in a kitschy, cozy, American rococo style. Candlesticks and, especially, shoes, transformed into fantastic, fetishistic architecture by means of glass, paillettes, pearls, notions-store cameos—you name it. Through July 1. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 532 Broadway.)

Joni Mabe—The walls of this obsessive installation are covered with country 45s, old license plates, and ticky-tacky memorabilia. Altars made of rusted bedframes and edged in frosted half-tires occupy most of the floor. Books documenting the artist's obsession with Elvis—one includes a snapshot of her wearing a sleeveless dress that is smothered in Elvis buttons—are more interesting than most of the standard faux-naïf fare here; two exceptions are the actual tiara Edith Massey wore in "Pink Flamingos" and a calendar from the Shakir Barber Shop. Through July 14. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Aleksander Roszkowski—Paintings by a young Polish artist of headless, bloody bodies hanging like sides of beef—sincere, standard Expressionism. Through July 8. (Zarre, 379 West Broadway.)

Alfonso Sànchez Rubio / Patricia Gadea—These cloyingly aestheticized paintings by a young Spaniard are composed of patterns of stars or crosses in this season's color, dark brown (with echoes of its relation to Spanish religious art history), set against last season's streaked and oxidized-looking fields, to which relics evoking religious themes have been added. / A few drapes of hot-pink shower-curtain plastic do nothing to enliven these spirited yet thin paintings of Rube Goldbergish contraptions—an umbrella that, if opened, would have a pair of scissors snip a thin rope, causing a sore-looking foot to drop—executed in a familiar greeting-card style. Through July 1. (Facchetti, 476 Broadway.)

A Belgian Exhibition—Works by seven Flemish artists which owe something to Broodthaers and much to a worldly local culture. Through June 24. (Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St.)

"A Good Read"—Nothing here is meant to be read, but this delightful show includes work by Donald Lipski, who hides an unidentified book behind the cover of "Meat Through the Microscope," and suspends the volume between two painted cast-iron posts; Rodney Graham, who draws mock Donald Judd sculptures by using books of Freud's writings as a system of measure; and Cindy Sherman, who, in one of her early faux film stills, plays the innocent coed in the library. Through June 24. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the **ALA**, 560 Broadway: The six artists here have worked in various materials, but in these sculptures and paintings fake fur is king. Pino Pascali, an Arte Povera artist who died in 1968, covered large wood zigzag panels with it to form a very phallic-looking worm that is over thirty feet long. Eric Bainbridge used it to swathe a huge animal sculpture, "The Twentieth Century," that has a duck's body, a bunny's tail, a mechanical nut for a head, and suction cups for feet. It is part Trojan horse, part Tower of Babel, and part Frankenstein's monster. Through July 28. . . . **DAVIS**, 568 Broadway: In these works chosen by colleagues of the painter Sean Scully, post-minimalism is a bit tired, except for Constance De Jong's thoughtful and contained black shaped paintings on copper and the simple and sophisticated use of color in Trevor Sutton's small, geometric works. Through June 24. . . . **HEARN**, 39 Wooster St.: "They See God" is a great title for a small show whose sub-theme would appear to be masturbation, *the* subject this month. It includes modest pieces in different mediums by Marina Abramovic, David Askevold, Francesco Clemente, Susan Hiller, and Mike Kelley—the last consisting of a mattress (on the floor) wrapped in a felt piecework coverlet that was glued together to resemble stained glass. Through July 1. . . . **NOLAN**, 560 Broadway: An uneven group of works on paper that nevertheless includes some fine things, such as Gerhard Richter's abstract paintings of pooled paint, Rosemarie Trockel's odd poetic drawings, Andy Warhol's "Sex Parts" prints, and a 1973 Sigmar Polke drawing that looks like what David Salle did ten years later. Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **VIAFORA**, 568 Broadway: Tricky realist narratives of family melodramas by Donald McFadyen, fussy oval paintings (mostly abstract) by Verne Dawson, and a poetic, meticulously crafted shelf construction by Loren Callaway. Through June 27.

OTHER GALLERIES

Kahlil Gibran (1883-1931)—A generous selection of drawings and watercolors by the author of "The Prophet," interspersed with printed excerpts from his correspondence with a longtime soul mate, Mary Haskell, a Boston headmistress. Through June 24. (Baghoomian, 611 Broadway.)

Robert Morris—Fourteen works, dating from 1967 to 1983, constructed with industrial felt. Through July 14. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 7.)

William Rand—Thin, shadowy, moody paintings, mostly of figures, whose many historical quotes (especially from Watteau, the historic artist of the hour) allude primarily to a faint, generalized sexiness. Through July 1. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

"Rotten to the Core"—The title for a show of original drawings—by Robert Crumb, Spain Rodriguez, Rick Griffin, and others—for the latest issue of the comic book *ZAP*. Through Aug. 6. (Psychedelic Solution Gallery, 33 W. 8th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 8.)

P.S. 1—Two major sculpture shows. On the main exhibition floor is "The Drowned World," a suite of ten scherzi on the theme of the fountain. One floor up is a roomy, relaxed retrospective of work made since 1977 by Franz West, a liberated, puckish Austrian sculptor. Through June 25. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **CUGLIANI**, 508 Greenwich St., at Spring St.: A solid painting, using flat shapes and runny drips, by Lydia Dona; sculptures of the science-experiment variety, which is quickly becoming generic; and a wall of mirrored casement windows, by Suzan Etkin, with shapes sandblasted into them. Through July 1. . . . **FRANKLIN FURNACE**, 112 Franklin St.: "Writer's Digest/Reader's Art," an exhibit of poetic works from Germany, including Karel Trinkewitz's especially ardent political icons, and beautiful and compelling illuminated manuscripts by Horst Haack and by Reinhold Metz. Through July 1. (Opens at noon.) . . . **THE GALLERY**, 30 Bond St., near Lafayette St.: A deluge of pseudo-post-conceptual sculptures, with many of the associated elements, like Laura Nash's sealed aquariums lined in what looks like Dippity-Do. There is a glib, metaphoric *critique* of group shows in general, by Sylvia Kolbowski: a Plexiglas box filled with the shredded remains of the many solicitations she received from charities during the five weeks between the invitation to participate in this show and its installation. Through July 1.

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GROUP

PHOTOGRAPHY

WHEN photographers who made their names shooting fashion are given a show in an art gallery, it's usually not their fashion pictures that are honored but their supposedly "real" work. Often, that's a mistake, because the fashion work is in fact their strength. The Holly Solomon Gallery isn't bowing to this kind of snobbism. Right now, its walls are all glamour. The pictures chosen by Brana Wolf for Solomon's back-room gallery turn out to be a speed-read through the history of fashion photography, including old greats, like the Baron de Meyer; recent greats, like Avedon; and hints of newer, promising talent, such as the literary sensibility of Paolo Roversi. (The weak point in the exhibition, surprisingly, is the impression it gives of the field today; fashion photography is up to something more provocative.)

The main focus at Solomon's is on the work of Horst, the photographer to whom Condé Nast once said, "If you can't make a masterpiece out of this dirty ashtray, a picture worthy to hang in a museum, you will never be a photographer." The dirty-ashtray test aside, there is ample proof here that Horst knows how to make a masterpiece out of a human being. He is a very clear example of the fashion photographer as Pygmalion, but he didn't make all his subjects into alabaster gods or goddesses. Some of his portraits of the fashionable stand out almost as much as his images of fashion. In this show, a face can be as much a study in character as of the style that the person represents; Horst catches the naughtiness that lurked in Chanel's face and the narcissism that rippled across Dali's. Put these two figures together and you've got star wars, as a Horst anecdote about them, in the book "Salute to the Thirties," illustrates: "She set up an alarm clock on her table when Dali was present, and insisted that after he had spoken for ten minutes without interruption, she had the right to do the same." The ability to deal with such difficult temperaments has been no small part of Horst's achievement.

Harry Callahan / Barbara Morgan—Selections of color shots from 1978 to 1987 are arranged with some of Callahan's earlier black-and-white photographs. The exhibition brings out this accomplished photographer's vision, which is so centered that he can afford to experiment. The result is a body of work that's never static, but that also has a consistent core. / This collection of prints, drawings, watercolors, and photographs shows Morgan's unswerving commitment to the idea of modern art as a vehicle for discovery. There are derivative pieces and there are powerful original works. None of them are flat. Through July 16. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.)

Dan Weiner (1919-59)—Counting the number of people smoking cigarettes has become a new way to date photographs. In Weiner's pictures of the fifties there's no "no smoking" rule stopping anyone, but almost every other kind of pressure is shown to be at work in "America Worked." These candid photographs reveal faith not in God but in goods, and there are also brilliant exposés of office dynamics. Many of these potent images were taken on assignment for *Fortune*; here, in a new context, they provide a retrospective view of the era they were documenting—they're like an ethnological portrait of a tribe under a spell. Through July 11. (Museum of Modern Art.) . . . ¶ Photofind, at 138 Spring St., also has an exhibit of Weiner prints. (Through June 30.)

Short List—**MARK BERGHASH** and **BENNO FRIEDMAN**, Pfeifer, 568 Broadway, closed Saturdays (through June 30); **PETER CAMPUS**, Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through June 30); **BEATRICE HELG**, Witkin, 415 West Broadway, opens at noon on Saturdays (through July 8).

MUSIC

THIS is the season when the Metropolitan Opera, spurred on by the New York public's great love of music and by the exigencies of year-round orchestra contracts, ventures into the parks of the city and beyond. For 1989 the fare is commendably chosen: not only are the two operas selected from the bread-and-butter repertoire that audiences (in parks and elsewhere) love best, but all the casts are respectable and—this is a bit of a novelty—the desirable names don't disappear from the roster as the summer wears on.

It is not always easy to persuade glamour-conscious opera stars to sing repeatedly under variable conditions (often including sweltering heat), with amplification, in parks around the five boroughs and New Jersey. In recent years, a Luciano Pavarotti or a Placido Domingo has stopped in to pick up some media exposure by singing the Central Park opener and then vanished while the less-favored parks heard fill-ins, standbys, and also-rans. Not so this year; the great Spanish tenor Alfredo Kraus has his first outdoor "Lucia di Lammermoor" at the Botanical Garden, in the Bronx, on June 21st and stays, bless his heart, for every performance in every park, however humble. He has three Lucias, none a star but all decently respected artists: Mariella Devia, Marilyn Mims, and Ruth Ann Swenson.

The other opera, "Il Trovatore," which opens on the Great Lawn in Central Park on June 19th and reappears every few days thereafter, brings the Metropolitan début of Susan Dunn, a much-talked-about Verdi soprano who has been making prestigious débuts and prestigious recordings around the world recently. She will be in all but one of the "Trovatore" performances. Sherrill Milnes, Stefania Toczyska, and Paul Plishka are also in the "Trovatore" cast. Be a realist and don't expect a stirring Verdi tenor; with that understood, you can have a grand time.

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN:** June 19 at 8 (rain date, June 22 at 6), "Il Trovatore," with Susan Dunn, Stefania Toczyska, Lando Bartolini, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Thomas Fulton. . . . **NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN**, the Bronx: June 21 at 8 (rain date, June 22 at 8), "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mariella Devia, Alfredo Kraus, J. Patrick Raftery, and Paul Plishka; Edoardo Müller. . . . **VAN CORTLANDT PARK**, the Bronx: June 23 at 8 (rain date, June 25 at 8), "Il Trovatore," with Kallen Esperian, Stefania Toczyska, Franco Bonanome, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; Thomas Fulton. . . . **PROSPECT PARK**, Brooklyn: June 24 at 8 (rain date, June 25 at 8), "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Marilyn Mims, Alfredo Kraus, Pablo Elvira, and Harry Dworchak; Edoardo Müller. . . . **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN:** June 26 at 8 (rain date, June 29 at 6), "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mariella Devia, Alfredo Kraus, J. Patrick Raftery, and Paul Plishka; Edoardo Müller. . . . **SNUG HARBOR**, Staten Island: June 28 at 8 (rain date, June 29 at 8), "Il Trovatore," with Susan Dunn, Mignon Dunn, Franco Bonanome, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; Thomas Fulton.

New York Chamber Orchestra—Constantine Kitsopoulos conductiong concertos by Bach and Copland, and other works. With John Kamitsuka, piano, and Larry Guy, clarinet. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. June 20 at 8.)

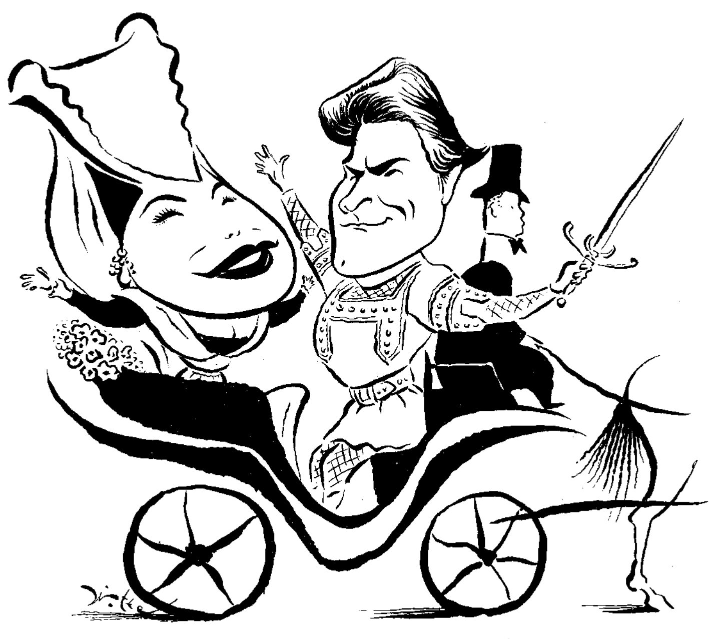
New York City Gay Men's Chorus—Performing Ned Rorem's new piece "Love Alone," with text by Paul Monette. Also, the composer will accompany the chorus on the piano for five of his art songs. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. June 21 and June 23-24, all at 8.)

Ave Sol—A chamber choir from Riga, performing a diverse selection of songs. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. June 25 at 2:30. . . . ¶ Community Church of New York, 40 E. 35th St. June 27 at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Naumburg Chamber-Music Commissions—By Stephen Jaffe (a double sonata for two pianos, performed by Anton Nel and Barry Snyder) and Betsy Jolas (a trio, performed by a group from Mannes College). Also on the program are works by Mozart. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. June 26 at 8.)

Big City Bassoon Ensemble—The three-member group's début concert, with guest bassoonist Judith LeClair. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. June 26 at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

Golden Fleece Ltd.—Jerome Shannon conducting the premières of four compositions for voice and accompaniment: "Yellow Wallpaper," by David McKay; "Heilbaddame aus Hölle," by David Snow; "Wraecca," by Alice Shields; and "The Last Leaf," by James Leeds. Lou Rodgers is the group's artistic director. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. June 27 and June 29 at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)



"Il Trovatore" in Central Park

Natalie Merchant

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

10,000 Maniacs—The singer and songwriter Natalie Merchant can work a stage like R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe, but she lacks his hippie authority and can't bring much humor to her sometimes precious lyrics. Still, there is something tuneful and honest in many of her songs. Her band's new album, "Blind Man's Zoo," has a harder edge than its previous recordings—the toe-tapping music and topical lyrics make you feel like a peppy, concerned citizen. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. June 28-29 at 8.)

"Elvis: A Rockin' Remembrance"—With three actors portraying Elvis at various stages of his career, film footage, and twenty-four backup people. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Through June 25.)

Ozzy Osbourne—With White Lion and Vixen. (Meadowlands. 1-201 935-3900. June 25 at 7:30.)

John McLaughlin Trio—With the Super Guitar Trio. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. 473-7171. June 28 at 8.)

JVC Highlights—miles davis and wynton marsalis: Wynton is the virtuoso; he's a picture-perfect musician with every note in place. But it's Miles that you'll remember, slumped over his trumpet, brewing a sound that's unique and inventive. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. June 23 at 7 and 11.) . . . **lionel hampton and george benson:** The great vibes of Hampton and the warm blues of Benson, along with a big big band, will be stompin' the night away in a tribute to Benny Goodman. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. June 24 at 8.) . . . **dr. john:** A funky New Orleans charmer with a gruff voice, Mac Rebennack (his real name) has just released a great record, "In a Sentimental Mood," and he'll be peppering the keys with his own distinctive Creole-style playing. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. June 26 at 5.) . . . **ray charles and the temptations:** We heard it through the grapevine that there will be no singing raisins this time—just soulful orchestrations and the most exuberant singing of the festival. (Avery Fisher Hall. June 28 at 7 and 11.)

Other JVC Concerts—June 23: At 5, John Bunch at Weill Recital Hall; at 8, Joe Williams at Carnegie Hall; at 8, Stanley Turrentine and Dave Valentin on the Hudson River Dayliner, Pier 81. . . . ¶ June 24: At 5:30, Jaki Byard at Weill Recital Hall; at 8, Steps Ahead and the Yellowjackets at Avery Fisher Hall. . . . ¶ June 25: At 5:30, Art Hodes at Weill Recital Hall; at 8, Ella Fitzgerald at Carnegie Hall; at 8, Tabu Combo, Arrow, Malombo, and the Bhundu Boys at Avery Fisher Hall. . . . ¶ June 27: At 5, Oliver Jones with Jimmy Owens at Weill Recital Hall; at 8, "An Evening of Jazz and the American Song," with Rosemary Clooney, the Dave Brubeck quartet, Marian McPartland, Bobby Short, and others, at Carnegie Hall; at 8, a benefit concert for the Studio Museum in Harlem at Avery Fisher Hall; at 8, Knitting Factory regulars at Alice Tully Hall. . . . ¶ June 28: At 5, Roland Hanna at Weill Recital Hall; at 8, Sarah Vaughan and the Milt Jackson quartet at Carnegie Hall; at 8, more Knitting Factory regulars at Alice Tully Hall.

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Mets—Vs. the Montreal Expos, June 19-20 at 7:35 and June 21 at 1:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia Phillies (sans slugger Schmidt) June 23 at 7:35, June 24 at 7:05, and June 25 at 1:35.

Yankees—With Don Mattingly and his sizzling bat. Vs. the Chicago White Sox, June 20-21 at 7:30, and June 22 at 1.

(Home base for the Mets is Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and for the Yankees, Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

Horses—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. . . . At Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30. . . . At the Atlantic City Race Course: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:15. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:45.

L'Eggs Mini Marathon—About eight thousand women will compete in this year's event. Among the top runners are Mary Slaney, Zoya Ivanova, Lisa Martin, and Lynn Williams. The race starts at 9:30 on June 24, near Columbus Circle, and ends near Tavern on the Green.

Also—The NBA draft pick is June 27 at 7:30, at the Felt Forum. (No tickets necessary.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Summer Greens—The Greenmarket in Union Square is one of Manhattan's regularly scheduled miracles. Three times a week, dozens of venders, who seem to urban eyes almost impossibly flannel-shirted and wholesome, set up stands just east of Fourteenth Street's discount lingerie stores and sell everything from just-caught fish to peach wine to seasonal produce. They have strawberries and sugar snap peas in June, fresh basil in July, sweet corn and tomatoes in August, and Brussels sprouts (still attached to their stems, like tiny adhesive cabbages) in September. The miraculous thing, of course, is the mere presence of such bounty in this urban setting. People come from all over to photograph, sketch, and sniff—as well as to buy—the vegetables. The market is open on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays all year round, but summer is the time of its finest flowering.

Mermaid Parade—This extremely silly annual event has, in past years, included stilt dancers, imported mummers, chanting school kids, homemade floats, and representatives of the Coney Island Hysterical Society, not to mention the obligatory mermaids and King Neptunes. It's a breezy spot on a steamy Saturday afternoon. Look for the Tigresa Samba Band. (Steeplechase Park, Coney Island. June 24 at 2.)

Central Park Band Shell—Tito Puente and Koko Taylor, June 21 at 8:30. . . . ¶ Paul Zaloom, with Forces of Nature, June 23 at 8:30. . . . ¶ Wolfman Washington, with Joe Louis Walker, June 24 at 3. (Mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary.)

Jones Beach Theatre—The Steve Miller Band; June 23 at 8. . . . ¶ The Beach Boys, with Chicago; June 27-28 at 8. (For information about tickets, call 1-516 221-1000.)

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Translated by Jeremy Leggatt
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A novel by Eric Gabriel
"Well-written, finely-tuned. . . . His characters catch at your heart and take hold." —*Kirkus Reviews*

TANTRA
The Art of Conscious Loving
by Charles and Caroline Muir
This provocative and timely book offers modern couples ancient secrets for deepening their love.

FRAGMENTS OF STAINED GLASS
A Memoir by Claire Nicolas White
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by Colin Wilson
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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25	26	27	28			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

June 20 through the afternoon of June 24: Twenty-four documentaries about the civil-rights movement.

From June 24 at 7:50: "Imitation of Life" (1959, directed by Douglas Sirk), with Lana Turner, John Gavin, Sandra Dee, Juanita Moore, and Susan Kohner. (Closed Mondays.)

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: Through the afternoon of June 22: "Say Anything" (†). From June 22 at 10: "Batman" (Tim Burton), with Jack Nicholson and Michael Keaton.

Theatre 2: Through the afternoon of June 22: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor. From June 22 at 10: "Batman."

Theatre 3: Through June 22: "Vampire's Kiss" (†). From June 23: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Dead Poets Society" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Field of Dreams" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

Through the afternoon of June 22: "Scandal" (†).

From June 22 at 10: "Batman" (Tim Burton), with Jack Nicholson and Michael Keaton.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).

Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).

Theatre 3: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through June 22: "Miss Firecracker" (†).

From June 23: "A Sinful Life."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through June 22: "Cold Feet" (Robert Dornhelm).

From June 23: "Scandal" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through June 21: "Say Anything" (†).

June 22: Theatre closed.

From June 23: "Honey, I Shrunk the Kids" (Joe Johnston), with Rick Moranis.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Heathers" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips.

Theatre 2: "No Holds Barred" (Thomas J. Wright), with Hulk Hogan.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Field of Dreams" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.

Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters II."

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: Through the afternoon of June 22: "Dead Poets Society" (†). From June 22 at 10: "Batman" (Tim Burton), with Jack Nicholson and Michael Keaton.

Theatre 2: Through June 22: "Scandal" (†). From June 23: "Dead Poets Society" (†).

Theatre 3: Through June 22: "Milk and Honey" (Rebecca Yates and Glen Salzman). From June 23: To be announced.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Vampire's Kiss" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.

Theatre 2: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Earth Girls Are Easy" (Julien Temple), with Geena Davis.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).

Theatre 2: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: Through June 22: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor. From June 23: "Honey, I Shrunk the Kids" (Joe Johnston), with Rick Moranis.

Theatre 2: Through the afternoon of June 22: "Rain Man" (†). From June 22 at 10: "Batman" (Tim Burton), with Jack Nicholson and Michael Keaton.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)

Through June 27: "Comic Book Confidential" (†).

From June 28: "Funny" (directed by Bran Ferren), a documentary.

Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: "Vincent: The Life and Death of Vincent van Gogh" (†).

Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "Earth Girls Are Easy" (Julien Temple), with Geena Davis; and "The Suitors" (Ghasem Ebrahimian; in English and Farsi).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Field of Dreams" (†).

Theatre 2: "Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

Through June 22: "How to Get Ahead in Advertising" (†).

From June 23: "A Sinful Life."

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.

Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters II."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Let's Get Lost" (†).

Theatre 2: "Ice House" (Eagle Pennell), with Melissa Gilbert and Bo Brinkman.

Theatre 3: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971, Louis Malle; in French).

Theatre 4: "Scandal" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.

Theatre 2: "Field of Dreams" (†).

Theatre 3: "Ghostbusters II."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Dead Poets Society" (†).

Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)

June 20-24 at 7:30 and June 25 at 1:30: "Napoléon" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 49th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)

Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.

Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters II."

Theatre 3: "Field of Dreams" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Lawrence of Arabia" (1962, David Lean), with Peter O'Toole.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

Through June 22: "Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

From June 23: To be announced.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through June 22: "Beaches" (†).

From June 23: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"Let's Get Lost" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"The Rainbow" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Field of Dreams" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Vampire's Kiss" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Little Vera" (Vasily Pichul; in Russian), with Natalya Negoda.

Theatre 2: Through June 27: "High Hopes" (†). From June 28: "Chocolat" (†).

Theatre 3: Through June 22: "La Bohème" (Luigi Comencini; in Italian), with Barbara Hendricks. From June 23: "Kung Fu Master" (Agnès Varda; in French).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).

Theatre 2: Through June 27: "Chocolat" (†). From June 28: "A Taxing Woman's Return" (Juzo Itami; in Japanese), with Nobuko Miyamoto.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.

Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).

Theatre 3: "Dead Poets Society" (†).

Theatre 4: Through the afternoon of June 22: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor. From June 22 at 10: "Batman" (Tim Burton), with Jack Nicholson and Michael Keaton.

Theatre 5: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).

Theatre 6: Through June 22: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier." From June 23 (tentative): "Honey, I Shrunk the Kids" (Joe Johnston), with Rick Moranis.

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Field of Dreams" (†).

Theatre 2: "Scandal" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.

Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters II."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: Through the afternoon of June 22: "Cyborg" (directed by Albert Pyun), with Jean-Claude Van Damme. From June 22 at 10: "Batman" (Tim Burton), with Jack Nicholson and Michael Keaton.

Theatre 2: "No Holds Barred" (Thomas J. Wright), with Hulk Hogan.

Theatre 3: "Lady Terminator."

Theatre 4: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

Theatre 5: Through the afternoon of June 22: "Lords of the Deep." From June 22 at 10: "Batman."

Theatre 6: "Pet Sematary" (Mary Lambert).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

Through June 22: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.

From June 23: "Honey, I Shrunk the Kids" (Joe Johnston), with Rick Moranis.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier."

Theatre 3: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier."

Theatre 4: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier."

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters II" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis.
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters II."

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips.

West Side Cinema I and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: Through June 22: "Scandal" (†). From June 23: "Far from Home."
Theatre 2: Through June 22: "Road House" (Rowdy Herrington), with Patrick Swayze. From June 23: To be announced.

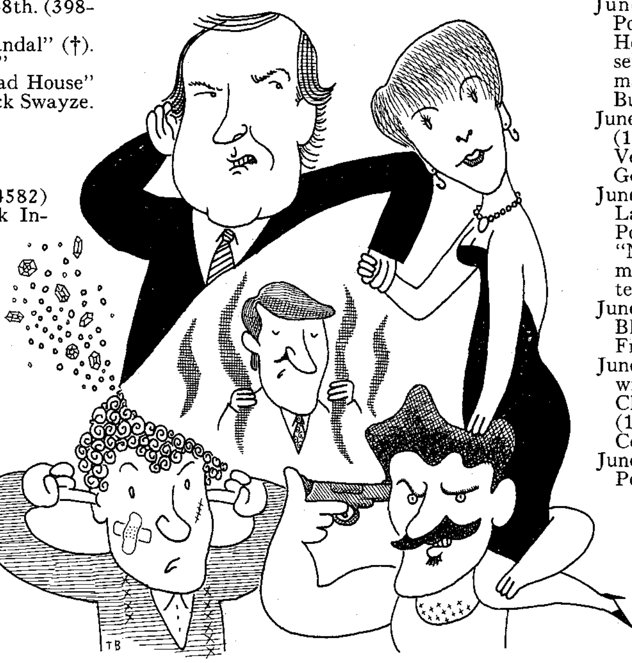
REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through June 20: The New York International Festival of Lesbian and Gay Films.
June 21-24: "Wuthering Heights" (1939, directed by William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, David Niven, and Geraldine Fitzgerald.
June 25-27: "The Fountainhead" (1949, King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey; and "Notorious" (1946, Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains.
June 28: "Morocco" (1930, Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper; and "Blonde Venus" (1932, von Sternberg), with Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, and Dickie Moore.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 20: "A Shot in the Dark" (1964, Blake Edwards), with Peter Sellers; and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964, Stanley Kubrick), with Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.
June 21-22: "Dial M for Murder" (1954, Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams; and "Foreign Correspondent" (1940, Hitchcock), with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders.
June 23-24: "Eraserhead" (1977, David Lynch); and "Freaks" (1932, Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford.
June 25: "Cousin, Cousine" (1976, Jean-Claude Tacchella; in French), with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier; and "A Man and a Woman" (1966, Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant.
June 26-27: "Women in Love" (1970, Ken Russell), with Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, Glenda Jackson, and Jennie Linden; and "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1955, Marc Allégret; in French), with Danielle Darrieux.
From June 28: "Batman" (1966, Leslie Martinson), with Adam West and Burt Ward; and "Barbarella" (1968, Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)
June 19: "Tumbleweeds" (1925, King Baggot; silent), with William S. Hart; and "Riders of the Purple Sage" (1925, Lynn Reynolds; silent), with Tom Mix.
June 20: "Springfield Rifle" (1952, André de Toth), with Gary Cooper, Phyllis Thaxter, and David Brian; and "Ramrod" (1947, de Toth), with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea.
June 21-22: "Stagecoach" (1939, John Ford), with Claire Trevor, John Wayne, John Carradine, Thomas Mitchell, and George Bancroft; and "My Darling Clementine" (1946, Ford), with Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell, Victor Mature, and Walter Brennan.
From June 23: "Princess Tam Tam" (1935, Edmond T. Gréville; in French), with Josephine Baker and Albert Préjean; and "Zou Zou" (1934, Marc Allégret; in French), with Baker and Jean Gabin.

Seaport Cinema, 210 Front St. (608-7889)
June 19: Highlights from the 21st Tournee of Animation; and "Black Orpheus" (1959, Marcel Camus; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn.
June 20-22: "The Last Picture Show" (1971, Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, and Cloris Leachman; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972, Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn.



"A Fish Called Wanda"

June 23-26: "A Fish Called Wanda" (†); and "The Lavender Hill Mob" (1951, Charles Crichton), with Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Alfie Bass, and Sidney James.
From June 27: "Fellini's Casanova" (1976, Federico Fellini), with Donald Sutherland; and "Fellini's Roma" (1972, Fellini; in English and Italian).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
June 19: "Hellraiser" (1987, Clive Barker); and "Hellbound: Hellraiser II" (1988, Tony Randel).
June 20: "Miles from Home" (1988, Gary Sinise), with Richard Gere and Kevin Anderson; and "American Gigolo" (1980, Paul Schrader), with Richard Gere and Lauren Hutton.
June 21: "Double Indemnity" (1944, Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Laura" (1944, Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson.
June 22: "Hollywood Scrapbook" (1988) and "Hollywood Out-Takes & Rare Footage" (1983).
June 23-24: "Salaam Bombay!" (1988, Mira Nair; in Hindi); and "The World of Apu" (†).
June 25: "The Canterbury Tales" (1972, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre; and "Medea" (1971, Pasolini; in Italian), with Maria Callas.
June 26: "The Party Crashers" (1958, Bernard Girard), with Connie Stevens; "Gun Girls" (1956, Robert Dertano); and "Test Tube Babies" (1953, W. Merle Connell).
June 27: "Die Hard" (1988, John McTiernan), with Bruce Willis; and "The Towering Inferno" (†).
June 28: "Planet of the Apes" (†); and "War of the Worlds" (1953, Byron Haskin), with Gene Barry.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
June 19: "Wild Strawberries" (1957, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Shame" (1968, Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Björnstrand.
June 20: "A Slight Case of Murder" (1938, Lloyd Bacon), with Edward G. Robinson, Allen Jenkins, and Jane Bryan; and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944, Frank Capra), with Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair.
June 21: "How to Steal a Million" (1966, William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole, Charles Boyer, and Eli Wallach; and "Two for the Road" (1967, Stanley Donen), with Hepburn and Albert Finney.
June 22: "Repulsion" (1965, Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "Obsession" (1976, Brian De Palma), with Cliff Robertson and Geneviève Bujold.
June 23-24: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919, Robert Wiene; silent), with Conrad Veidt; and "M" (1932, Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.
June 25: "My Man Godfrey" (1936, Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady; and "Nothing Sacred" (1937, William Wellman), with Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger.
June 26: "Jules and Jim" (†); and "The 400 Blows" (1959, François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
June 27: "Deception" (1946, Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, and Claude Rains; and "Beyond the Forest" (1949, King Vidor), with Davis, Joseph Cotten, and David Brian.
June 28: "Black Narcissus" (1947, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Deborah Kerr, Sabu, David Farrar, and Flora Robson; and "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (1970, Christopher Miles), with Joanna Shimkus and Franco Nero.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)
Theatre 1: June 19 at 2: "The Young Lions" (1958, directed by Edward Dmytryk), with Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift, and Dean Martin. . . . ¶ June 19 at 6: "On the Waterfront" (1954, Elia Kazan), with Brando, Rod Steiger, and Eva Marie Saint. . . . ¶ June 20 at 2:30: "Baby Doll" (1956, Kazan), with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, and Eli Wallach. . . . ¶ June 20 at 6 and June 23 at 2:30: "Hud" (1963, Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Patricia Neal, and Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ June 23 at 6: "The Young Lions." . . . ¶ June 24 at 2: "Mean Streets" (1973, Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel. . . . ¶ June 24 at 5: ". . . And Justice for All" (1979, Norman Jewison), with Al Pacino, Jack Warden, and Lee Strasberg. . . . ¶ June 25 at 2: "Saint Jack" (1979, Peter Bogdanovich), with Ben Gazzara and Denholm Elliott. . . . ¶ June 25 at 5: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (1974, Scorsese), with Ellen Burstyn, Kris Kristofferson, and Jodie Foster. . . . ¶ June 26 at 2:30: ". . . And Justice for All." . . . ¶ June 26 at 6: "Mean Streets." . . . ¶ June 27 at 3: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore." . . . ¶ June 27 at 6: "Saint Jack."
Theatre 2: June 22 at 3: "Native Land" (1942, Leo Hurwitz and Paul Strand), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 22 at 6: "Here at the Water's Edge" (1962, Hurwitz). Mr. Hurwitz will be present. . . . ¶ June 23 at 3 and 6: "Ganja and Hess" (1973, Bill Gunn), with Duane Jones, Marlene Clark, and Gunn. . . . ¶ June 26 at 6:30: Short super-8 and 16-mm. films by Yann Beauvais, who will be present.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 36th St. at 35th Ave., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Silent Japanese films. June 21 at 2:30: "The Lady and the Beard" (1931, Yasujiro Ozu). . . . June 22 at 2:30: "The Outlaw" (1925, Buntaro Futagawa). . . . June 23 at 2:30: "Jirokichi, the Burglar" (1931, Daisuke Ito; taped narration by Shunsui Matsuda). . . . ¶ Avant-garde comedies, June 24 at 2: "Hold Me While I'm Naked" (1966), "Knocturne" (1968), and "Corruption of the Damned" (1965), all by George Kuchar. . . . June 24 at 4:30: "The Craven Sluck" (1967) and "Sins of the Fleshapoids" (1965), both by Mike Kuchar, who will be present. . . . June 25 at 2: "The Diane Linkletter Story" (1970, John Waters), "The Secret Cinema" (1966, Paul Bartel), and "Chafed Elbows" (1966, Robert Downey, Sr.). . . . June 25 at 4:30: "The

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Cage" (1947) and "The Lead Shoes" (1949), both by Sidney Peterson, who will be present. . . . June 28 at 2:30: "Hold Me While I'm Naked," "Knocturne," and "Corruption of the Damned."

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—June 19 at 6:30: "Tokyo Chorus" (1931, Yasujiro Ozu; silent) and "Orochi" (1925, Buntaro Futagawa; silent). . . . ¶ June 23 at *6:30: "Bantsuma: The Life of Tsumasaburo* Bando" (1980, Shunsui Matsuda), a documentary; and "The Water Magician" (1933, Kenji Mizoguchi; taped narration by Matsuda).

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing at either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. June 21 at 7: "The Eleventh Year" (1928, Dziga Vertov). . . . ¶ June 21 at 8:30 and 10, June 22-23 at 10, and June 24 at 7: "Ashik Kerib" (1988, Sergei Paradjanov). . . . ¶ June 22 at 6 and 8: "Man with a Movie Camera" (1929, Vertov). . . . ¶ June 23 at 7: "City Girl" (1930, F. W. Murnau). . . . ¶ June 23 at 8:30: "Entuziazm" (1931, Vertov). . . . ¶ June 24 at 4: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930, Lewis Milestone). . . . ¶ June 24 at 9 and June 25 at 4: "À Propos de Nice" (1930), "Taris" (1931), and "Zero for Conduct" (1935), all by Jean Vigo. . . . ¶ June 25 at 6: "Three Songs About Lenin" (1934, Vertov). . . . ¶ June 25 at 8 and June 28 at 7: "L'Atalante" (1934, Vigo). . . . ¶ June 28 at 9: "Fall of the House of Usher" (1928, John Sibley Watson and Melville Webber), "Lapis" (1966, James Whitney), "Film Exercises 1-5" (1943-45, John and James Whitney), and "Sausalito" (1948, Frank Stauffacher).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Films, videotapes, and performances by thirty-four artists as part of the 1989 Biennial. *June 20 at 1:30 and 6 and* June 21 at noon: "Who Killed Vincent Chin?" (1988, Christine Choy and Renée Tajima). . . . ¶ June 20 at 4 and June 21 at 3: "Endangered" (1988, Barbara Hammer), "Mayhem" (1987, Abigail Child), and "Damned If You Don't" (1987, Su Friedrich). . . . ¶ June 22-28: "Inside Life Outside" (1988, Sachiko Hamada and Scott Sinkler), "Blues for Piggy" (1987, John Arvanites), "India Time" (1987, Ken Feingold), and "Out of the Mouth of Babes" (1987, Sherry Millner and Ernest Larsen). Showings Tuesday at 1:30, Wednesday through Saturday at 11:30, and Sunday at 12:30. . . . ¶ June 22-28: "Art of Memory" (1987, Woody Vasulka), "Belchite-South Bronx: A Trans-Historical, Trans-Cultural Landscape" (1987, Francesc Torres), "Born to Be Sold: Martha Rosler Reads the Strange Case of Baby M" (1988, Rosler), and "Production Notes: Fast Food for Thought" (1987, Jason Simon). Showings Tuesday at 4, Wednesday through Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. . . . ¶ June 27 at 6:30: "Art of Memory" and "Belchite-South Bronx: A Trans-Historical, Trans-Cultural Landscape."

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. *53rd St. (752-*7684)—"MB Playhouse," a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the past thirty years. June 20-24: Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome" (1960, CBS), with Julie Harris. . . . From June 27: Paul Gallico's "Verna: U.S.O. Girl" (1978, PBS), with Sissy Spacek, *William Hurt, and Howard Da Silva.* Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ Comedy specials and episodes from comedy series. June 20-24: "Billy Crystal: A Comic's Line" (1984). . . . From June 27: "A Steven *Wright Special" (1985).* Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15. . . . ¶ Commemoration of Richard Rodgers. June 20-22: "Bell Telephone Hour: The Music of Richard Rodgers" (1960, NBC), with Howard Keel, Dolores Gray, and others. . . . June 23-24: "Omnibus" (1953, CBS), celebrating the tenth anniversary of the musical "Oklahoma!"; and "Bell Telephone Hour: The Lyrics of Oscar Hammerstein II" (1964, NBC), with John Raitt, Gretchen Wyler, and others. . . . From June 27: "The Ed Sullivan Show" (1962, CBS), a tribute to Rodgers, with such performers as Peggy Lee, Steve Lawrence, and Diahann Carroll. Showings Tuesdays at 2:30 and 6:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ Shows produced and directed by Gary Smith and Dwight Hemion. June 22-24: "The Steve Allen Show" (1957, NBC), with Ginger Rogers, Lou Costello, the Hi-Los, and the Harlem Globetrotters; and "Hullabaloo" (1966, NBC), with Paul Revere and the Raiders, Nancy Sinatra, and others. . . . From June 27: "My Name Is Barbra" (1965, CBS) and "Barbra Streisand . . . and Other Musical Instruments" (1973, CBS). *Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays* at 1.

92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100)—June 22 at 8: "The Scarlet Express" (1934, Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich. Following the screening, Dr. Sybil Del Gaudio, Andrew Sarris, and Molly *Haskell will discuss Catherine the Great and* this film version of her life.

IN BRIEF

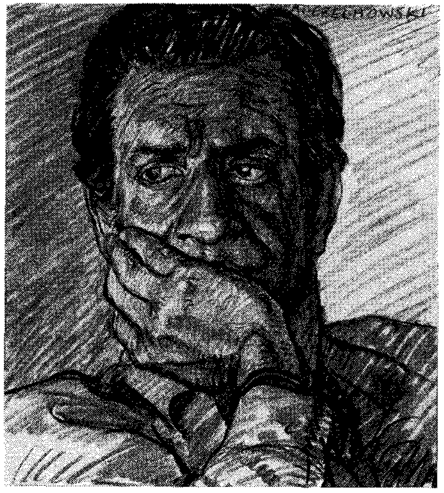
SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

Beaches—This movie about the lifelong friendship between two women of contrasting backgrounds—Bette Midler as CC Bloom, a showbiz-crazy Jewish redhead from New York, and Barbara Hershey as Hillary Whitney, a repressed wealthy Wasp from San Francisco—suggests the kind of material that Midler might be using for a takeoff. Instead, it's being played for maudlin soulfulness. After a while, it turns into an all-girl "Love Story," with Hillary becoming ghoulishly pale from heart disease and CC (now a singing star) staying at her side. If you admired Midler in "The Rose" and "Down and Out in Beverly Hills," you may want to *bash your head against the wall.* With Mayim Bialik, who must have been specially created to be CC at eleven, and John Heard. The director, Garry Marshall, shows no feeling for the material—not even false feeling. From Iris Rainer Dart's novel.—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/23/89.) (57th St. Playhouse; through June 22.)

Chocolat—Whatever Claire Denis's first feature is supposed to be about, it proves, at least, that the English don't have a monopoly on swanky colonial torpor. The movie is constructed as an extended flashback: a young Frenchwoman (named France) travelling in Africa remembers her fifties girlhood in a remote outpost of Cameroon, where her father was a district officer. Most of this story consists of smoldering looks exchanged by the girl's beautiful mother (Giulia Boschi) and the family's handsome African "boy," Protée (Isaach de Bankolé). When Maman feels herself becoming too hot and bothered at the sight of the noble black man, she brusquely orders him to fetch something; Protée deals with his frustration by taking a lot of showers. Nothing actually happens. In denying him any kind of release for his pent-up desire, *Denis encourages us to think she's making a* political point. What she's really doing is dehumanizing him—treating him as a gleaming hunk whose anger and wounded reserve just make him more exotically alluring. "Chocolat" looks pretty good, but it's merde in a fancy wrapper. In French.—T.R. (Cinema Studio; through June *27.* . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; starting June 28.)

Comic Book Confidential—This documentary by the Canadian filmmaker Ron Mann begins promisingly, with a brisk, hilarious survey of the early days of comic books: the innocent thirties, the superhero-dominated forties, and the bizarre fifties, when comics were widely viewed as a noxious influence on young minds and the publishers started to censor themselves. Both the art and the interviews in this section are strong and vivid, and Mann also includes excerpts from some superbly hysterical anti-comics propaganda films. (One of these shows a group of boys convening furtively in the woods to read the toxic material and becoming increasingly tense and morose—sullen delinquents in the making.) But when Mann hits the sixties the pace slackens; the movie begins to make its *case for the importance of the art form,* and it takes on the ponderous rhythm of an introductory textbook. One by one, the artists are paraded before us, from the counterculture wild men of "Zap Comix" to the brooding avant-gardists of "Raw," and each is given a brief, uncritical profile. Mann treats all of them as if they were superheroes of the arts. There are, however, funny segments devoted to Lynda Barry and Harvey Pekar—both of them far too peculiar and marginal to fit into capes and tight bodysuits.—T.R. (Film Forum 1; through June 27.)



Satyajit Ray

Dangerous Liaisons—One of the least static costume films ever made, and what costumes! The women—Glenn Close, Michelle Pfeiffer, Uma Thurman, Swoosie Kurtz, Mildred Natwick—look as if they'd been dressed by Gainsborough. (Actually, it was James Acheson, who also dressed "The Last Emperor.") Principally about the erotic power games played by the Marquise de Merteuil (Glenn Close) and the Vicomte de Valmont (John Malkovich), who were once lovers but are now allies and co-conspirators, this first-rate piece of work by the daring and agile director Stephen Frears is alive in a way that movies of classics rarely are. The paradisially beau*tiful Pfeiffer is wonderfully affecting as the* pawn of the debauchers' final game. The screenwriter, Christopher Hampton, reworked his 1985 theatrical version of the 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos; cinematography by Philippe Rousselot.—P.K. (1/9/89) (Festival; through June 22.)

Dead Poets Society—With Robin Williams, directed by Peter Weir. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gramercy, Guild, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Cinema I; through the afternoon of June 22. . . . ¶ Cinema II; starting June 23.)

Field of Dreams—Doggerel emotion. Kevin Costner, a New Age farmer in Iowa, longs to be reconciled with his dead father, a minor-league baseball player whose outlook he had rejected in the sixties. He hears a whispered command to build a baseball field, and when he does the spirits of Shoeless Joe Jackson (Ray Liotta) and the other White Sox who were barred from baseball for life after the 1919 World Series scandal arrive and play regularly. This is only the beginning of the hero's mystical encounters. That the film is sincere doesn't mean it's not manipulative; when the weepers in the audience start up, *you may feel like a pariah if you're not* moved. Adapted by the writer-director Phil Alden Robinson from W. P. Kinsella's 1982 novel "Shoeless Joe." With Amy Madigan, James Earl Jones, Burt Lancaster, Dwier Brown as the father, and Gaby Hoffman.—P.K. (5/1/89) (Bay Cinema, 59th Street East Cinema, Waverly, 23rd St. West Triplex, Worldwide Cinemas, Cinema 3, and Metro Cinema.)

A Fish Called Wanda—This caper comedy promises to embody the best of two different styles of British humor: its director, the seventy-seven-year-old Charles Crichton, made "The Lavender Hill Mob," one of the greatest of the Ealing comedies, and its writer, executive producer, and star, the towering John Cleese, was a member of the Monty Python group and the creator of the hilarious television series "Fawlty Towers." Its main characters are a very proper London barrister (Cleese) and three jewel thieves: a crafty, sexy American woman named Wanda (Jamie Lee Curtis); another American, Otto (Kevin Kline), who's violently Anglophobic and dumb as dirt; and Ken (the ex-Pythonite Michael Palin), a deranged stutterer who's perfectly happy to bump off old ladies but becomes inconsolable at the death of a small dog or a tropical fish. The movie has a fair number of laughs, but Crichton's direction is too drab and poky for the material. Every time "Wanda" threatens to take off into the realm of insane, head-splitting farce, as "Fawlty Towers" so often did, something seems to drag it down—some impulse toward stability and restraint, at odds with the script's spirit of manic invention.—T.R. (7/25/88) (Seaport Cinema; June 23-26.)

Heathers—Westerburg High's three rich beauties who make life hell for those less gilded are all named Heather. Their reluctant associate, Veronica (Winona Ryder), confides in her diary that she dreams of "a world without Heather," and a psychotically fearless juvenile delinquent, J.D. (Christian Slater), materializes, and goads her to become his accomplice in making her dream come true. The script, by Daniel Waters, has a lot of prankish, spiky dialogue and some good rowdy slapstick nastiness, such as Veronica and J.D.'s killing two football heroes and arranging their deaths to suggest that they were lovers in a suicide pact; the script promises that the picture will lift off into the junior division of Blue Velvetland. But layers of didacticism weigh it down, and the young, inexperienced director, Michael Lehmann (who uses hyper-bright colors for a facetious artificial effect), doesn't find the right moods for the gags. Where's the sting?—P.K. (4/17/89) (Plaza.)

High Hopes—Mike Leigh's wacked-out comedy-drama about life in Thatcherland features three couples: the rich twits (David Bamber and Lesley Manville as a young champagne dealer and his cool socialite wife); the pushy yups (Philip Jackson and Heather Tobias as a boorish car salesman and his shrill, social-climber wife); the working poor (bearded Philip Davis and dark-eyed Ruth Sheen as a pot-smoking Marxist who scrapes by as a motorcycle messenger and his companion of ten years, who likes to grow things). This may sound like a liberal-left horror, but the English delight in extreme, preposterous silliness hasn't died even among the serious left: the characters keep turning into absurdist cartoons. It's an exuberantly likable movie—not always satisfying but never drab, never ordinary.—P.K. (2/20/89) (Lincoln Plaza; through June 27.)

How to Get Ahead in Advertising—The second film by the British writer-director Bruce Robinson ("Withnail and I") is a black comedy about an adman in crisis. Dennis Bagley (the resourceful and energetic Richard E. Grant), a young "creative" hot shot at a London agency, goes into a panic when he can't come up with any ideas for a pimple-cream campaign. Then he develops a huge, ugly boil on his shoulder—a boil that turns out to have a face and a voice and an extremely nasty disposition. It is, of course, a big metaphor, swollen and throbbing with significance; it stands for all the toxic stuff—greed, ruthless ambition, the manipulation of consciousness by the media—that, in Robinson's view, has been raging through our systems and is now coming to an unsightly head. The metaphor is original, but the ideas are mighty familiar. About halfway through, the movie runs out of inspiration, though Robinson carries on as if he were unaware of his own creative crisis: he just keeps squeezing the material harder and harder. Also with Rachel Ward, Richard Wilson, and Jacqueline Tong.—T.R. (8th St. Playhouse; through June 22.)

Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade—This mediocre third film in the Indiana Jones trilogy—a reprise of the first, "Raiders of the Lost Ark"—is a mixture of cliffhanger and anti-Nazi thriller and religious spectacle. It's enjoyable, but familiar, and the action lacks the exhilarating, leaping precision that the director, Steven Spielberg, is famous for. The only real spin is in the slapstick teamwork of Harrison Ford, as the archeologist-adventurer Indy, and Sean Connery, as Indy's father, a medievalist who's too engrossed in his studies to pay much attention to his daredevil son's triumphs. The Ford-Connery clowning can distract you from the doldrums of punches and chases and plot explication (this time the Nazis are after the Holy Grail, which, in this account, confers everlasting life). With River Phoenix playing Indy as a boy, Alison Doody, Denholm Elliott, John Rhys-Davies, and Julian Glover. The screenplay, by Jeffrey Boam, is based on a story devised by the producer George Lucas and Menno Meyjes.—P.K. (6/12/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—François Truffaut's celebration of bohemian life in France and Germany in the years of artistic ferment between the First World War and the Second. The Austrian, Jules (Oskar Werner), and the Frenchman, Jim (Henri Serre)—the sort of young artists who grow up into something else—have a peaceful friendship. But when they are with Catherine (Jeanne Moreau), they feel alive; anything may happen. She's the catalyst, the troublemaker, the source of despair as well as the source of joy; determined to live as fully as a man, she claims equality while using every feminine wile to increase her power position. She's the independent, intellectual modern woman satirized by Strindberg (who also adored her). Catherine marries Jules, who can't hold her, and, in despair, he encourages Jim's interest in her—"That way she'll still be *ours*." She insists on her freedom to leave men, but if they leave her (as Jim does), she is as devastated and as helpless as any clinging vine (perhaps *more* devastated—she can't even ask for sympathy). Elliptical, full of wit and radiance, this is the best movie ever made about what most of us think of as the Scott Fitzgerald period (though the film begins much earlier). Adapted by Truffaut and Jean Grualt from Henri-Pierre Roché's autobiographical novel, with some additional material from his later work "Les Deux Anglaises et le Continent" (which Truffaut filmed in 1972). In French.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 26.)

The British director Michael Powell is the godfather of high-concept filmmaking. In movies as different as "The Red Shoes" (1948), which depicts ballet as a calling only death can extinguish, and "Peeping Tom" (1960), about a voyeur who simultaneously films and kills his victims, he centers his work on strong, easily communicated, often purely visual ideas. At their best, his concepts are so outlandish that they keep the screen aglow and the mind agog.

The most exotic movie made by Powell and his longtime partner, Emeric Pressburger, the astonishingly lush "Black Narcissus" (playing June 28th at Theatre 80 St. Marks), is about faith, represented by Anglican nuns, wrestling with temptation—they're stimulated by the sensual environment surrounding their mission in the Himalayas.

This 1947 movie—and much of Powell's career—is summed up when a British estate manager (David Farrar) tells the Sister Superior (played by the suggestively tense Deborah Kerr), "There's something in the atmosphere that makes everything seem exaggerated." Powell creates a rapturous landscape whose colors seem to spill over onto the nuns' off-white habits. And he did it without leaving England. Filmed in Pinewood Studios and the Leonardslee gardens in Horsham, "Black Narcissus" is a landmark of Hollywood-on-Thames trompe-l'oeil.

Let's Get Lost—This documentary, by Bruce Weber, isn't primarily about Chet Baker the jazz trumpeter and singer: it's about Chet Baker the love object, the fetish. And maybe because Weber, despite his lifelong fixation on this charmer, knew him only as a battered, treacherous wreck, in the two years before his death, it's one of the most suggestive (and unresolved) films ever made. The soundtrack is made up of Baker recordings that span more than three decades—the idealized essence of the man. The 16-mm. black-and-white cinematography (by Jeff Preiss) is reticent yet expressive, impassioned; the film has a great look.—P.K. (5/1/89) (Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Screening Room.)

Miss Firecracker—Adapted by the fey, witty playwright Beth Henley from her 1984 play, "The Miss Firecracker Contest," it's a farce about Southern eccentrics that's at the same time (and here's the death knell) a loving tribute to the indomitability of screwed-up, lonely dreamers. Holly Hunter is the waif Carnelle (in Yazoo City, Mississippi), who thinks that if she can just win this year's Fourth of July beauty pageant—the Miss Firecracker Contest—she'll be respected. Thomas Schlamme, directing his first feature, has tried for vividness, and the movie is never plain boring, but its comic pathos and Southern-gothic cuteness can grate on you. The only element that really makes the film worth seeing is the wild sense of fun in Tim Robbins' performance as Carnelle's courtly, impulsive cousin. (The role is a baroque contraption, and that's what Henley is good at.) Robbins and Mary Steenburgen, who plays his patrician sister, have a tingling love-hate intimacy; they're marvellous together. And he and Alfre Woodard are nuttily harmonious as lovestruck clowns.—P.K. (5/29/89) (Eastside Cinema; through June 22.)

Napoléon (1927)—Presented in this reconstructed version in 1981. Abel Gance originally made it as a six-hour silent film, in color (the prints were tinted and toned by a dye process), and with sections designed to be run on a triple-width screen, by a process called Polyvision. His conception was far more complex than what directors later did with Cinerama, since Gance frequently used the images at the left and right of the central image for contrapuntal effects—history became an avalanche of armies, battles, and crowds. The film is both avant-garde and old-fashioned. In Gance's view, Napoléon (Albert Dieudonné) is a Man of Destiny. Before that, when he's still a boy (Vladimir Roudenko), he's a Boy of Destiny. As a thinker Gance is essentially a fantasist, a mythmaker enslaved by his own schoolboy gush. And when Napoléon is treated as the embodiment of the French Revolution, you know you're in the grip of a crazy. Gance isn't rounded (as, say, Renoir was). His films are superb in glimpses or in sequences, but they're not unified by simple emotion, as Griffith's epics were. They're held together by obsession, by fervor. (When Gance tries for simple, ordinary feelings, he's usually at his worst.) But he's a great moviemaker. The film was chopped down into so many different versions (some of them reëdited by Gance himself) that it took the English filmmaker and film historian Kevin Brownlow years to assemble this new, relatively complete version. Francis Ford Coppola served as impresario for its release in the United States, and a score was prepared by Carmine Coppola, who will be present to conduct the American Symphony Orchestra. With Gina Manès as Josephine, Pierre Batcheff as her lover General Hoche, Nicolas Koline as Fleuri, Annabella as his daughter Violine, and Gance himself as Saint-Just.—P.K. (Radio City Music Hall; June 20-24 at 7:30 and June 25 at 1:30.)

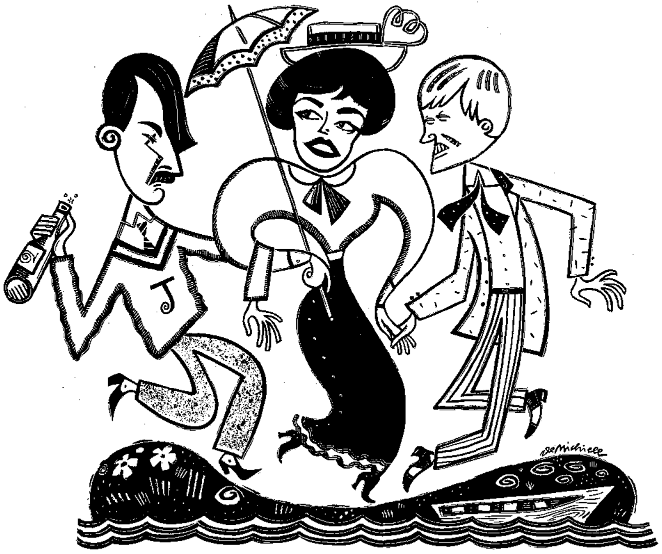
Planet of the Apes (1968)—This is a slick commercial picture, with its elements carefully engineered—pretty girl (who unfortunately doesn't seem to have had acting training), comic relief, thrills, chases—but when expensive Hollywood engineering works, the results can be impressive. This is one of the most entertaining science-fiction fantasies ever to come out of Hollywood. The writing, by Michael Wilson and Rod Serling, who adapted Pierre Boulle's novel "Monkey Planet," is often fancy-ironic in the old school of poetic disillusion, but the construction is first rate. An American astronaut finds himself in the future, on a planet run by apes; the audience is rushed along with this hero, who keeps going as fast as possible to avoid being castrated or lobotomized. All this wouldn't be so forceful or so funny if it weren't for the use of Charlton Heston in the role. With his perfect, lean-hipped, powerful body, Heston is a godlike hero; built for strength, he's an archetype of what makes Americans win. The director, Franklin Schaffner, has thought out the action in terms of the wide screen, and he uses space and distance dramatically. The makeup (there is said to be a million dollars' worth) and the costuming of the actors playing the apes are rather witty, and the apes have a wonderful nervous, hopping walk. The best little hopper is Kim Hunter, as an ape lady doctor; she somehow manages to give a distinctive, charming performance in this makeup. With Roddy McDowall, Maurice Evans, James Whitmore, James Daly, and Linda Harrison.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; June 28.)

The Rainbow—The pastoral locations are grassy vistas that seem to melt before your eyes, and the images suggest that the material—the second half of the D. H. Lawrence novel about marriage—is being approached with humility and seriousness. This isn't one of the director Ken Russell's lurid, campy pictures. But his underlying attitudes haven't really changed; the campiness is simply more restrained, and the movie is amorphous and unsatisfying. As Ursula Brangwen, who (in the novel) yearns for sexual and spiritual union, Sammi Davis seems merely petulant. One of the pioneering feminist heroines—a woman who represents an advance on previous generations, a woman on a quest—has been turned into a snippy, closed-off brat. Glenda Jackson and Christopher Gable are surprisingly relaxed (and effective) as Ursula's parents, and David Hemmings is very smooth as her smiling, corrupt uncle.—P.K. (5/29/89) (Paris.)

Rain Man—Dustin Hoffman is Raymond, an autistic savant who lives in an institution in Cincinnati, and Tom Cruise is his huckster brother Charlie, an L.A. car dealer, who kidnaps him, hoping to get hold of some of the three million dollars that their father has left in trust for Raymond's care. Hoffman upstages the movie; Cruise's performance consists of not smiling too much—so as not to distract his fans from watching Hoffman. The director, Barry Levinson, stretches out the scenes until they yawn. But the picture has its effectiveness: people are crying at it. Of course they're crying at it—it's a piece of wet kitsch.—P.K. (2/6/89) (86th Street East Twin; through the afternoon of June 22.)

Say Anything—Lloyd Dobler (John Cusack) is a high-school senior who doesn't know what he wants to do yet. And he's so in awe of Diane (Ione Skye), the class valedictorian and prize student, that when he phones to ask her to the graduation party he's so nervous he can't keep up a sequential conversation. Yet when they're out together he makes Diane feel happier than she has ever been. As for Lloyd, he has found bliss. This first picture directed by Cameron Crowe is unabashedly romantic about Lloyd's capacity to make a commitment. Crowe is great here on oddity and fringe moments; the comedy helps to dry out the romanticism. And Cusack is a wonder: Lloyd's (nearly) blank look tells you that a lot of things are going on inside him—he has a buzz in his blank face. Crowe's script has some central flaws, and there's no special moviemaking excitement in the picture, but it's a lovely piece of work. Clearly, Crowe loves actors. There's a compelling performance by John Mahoney as Diane's father, and there are a couple of astonishingly fluid scenes between Cusack and his real-life sister Joan, playing Lloyd's sister.—P.K. (5/15/89) (Gotham Cinema; through June 21. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through the afternoon of June 22.)

Scandal—Tepid. The director, Michael Caton-Jones, and the writer, Michael Thomas, who dig up the Profumo affair, might have used it as the basis for a satirical slice of history; instead, they've made a sentimental docudrama—one more English film about the cruelty of the class system. What sustains a viewer is the narrative, with its evocative details of life in London from 1959 to 1963—how the teen-age showgirl Christine Keeler (Joanne Whalley-Kilmer), bored with the middle-aged dignitaries that the society osteopath Stephen Ward (John Hurt) introduced her to, took on a West Indian lover and then another West Indian, and how, as a result of a violent quarrel between the two, a newspaperman got on her trail. She then offered up the story of her earlier gentlemen callers, the Tory Secretary of State for War, John Profumo (Ian McKellen), and the assistant naval attaché of the Soviet Embassy (Jeroen Krabbé). And bang! The tabloids whipped up indignation over the decadence of the "Establishment"—over sadomasochism and spies and naked bathing in Lord Astor's pool. Whalley-Kilmer's opaque, unreadable Christine comes to life a bit in her scenes with her showgirl pal, Mandy Rice-Davies, played by Bridget Fonda, who brings a gamine crispness to the role. She's the movie's only wild card.—P.K. (5/15/89) (Quad Cinema, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through the afternoon of June 22. . . . ¶ Cinema II, and West Side Cinema; through June 22. . . . ¶ Sutton; starting June 23.)



"Jules and Jim"

Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills—Lumpen slapstick—an uneasy mixture of shock and sentiment. The script, by Bruce Wagner, from a satirical sex-farce plot he devised with the director, Paul Bartel, calls for something like the goosey stylized acting that Charles Ludlam perfected at the Ridiculous Theatrical Company, but Bartel has directed with his usual home-movies sluggishness. Two houseboys, a cynic (Ray Sharkey) and a romantic (Robert Beltran), who work in adjacent mansions, bet on which one will be first to make out with the other's employer—one a divorcée (Mary Woronov), the other a widow (Jacqueline Bisset). The households include various siblings, offspring, and hangers-on (Arnetia Walker, Ed Begley, Jr., Wallace Shawn, Paul Mazursky, Rebecca Schaeffer, Edith Diaz, and others)—all of them libidinous or gaga. Scenes that should have some fizz and revelations that should be delirious are bland and flat, like filmed theatre. Arnetia Walker manages to bring in some zesty horseplay, and Bisset's amused calm is occasionally pleasant, but mostly this is just mistimed failed camp, and some of the lines that are meant to be screamingly dirty-funny come out screamingly sour. (The sound recording is poor.)—P.K. (68th St. Playhouse, Waverly, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

The Towering Inferno (1974)—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. The picture practically stops for us to say, "Yummy, that's a good one!" These incendiary deaths and the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world are the film's only feats. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all, wandering through the chaos in puce see-through chiffon. John Guillermin directed and Irwin Allen produced. Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script, which is based on two books—Richard Martin Stern's "The Tower" and Thomas M. Scortia's "The Glass Inferno"—that were sold to Hollywood studios. With William Holden, Susan Blakely, Robert Vaughn, Jennifer Jones, Fred Astaire, Robert Wagner, O. J. Simpson (he gets to rescue a pussycat), and Richard Chamberlain as a rat-fink electrical contractor—can you imagine him negotiating with the electricians' local?—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; June 27.)

Vampire's Kiss—Nicolas Cage is airily amazing here. As a Manhattan literary agent—a poseur with a high-flown accent and a pouty, snobbish stare—he does some of the way-out stuff that you love actors in silent movies for doing. Something between a horror picture and a black comedy, this may be the first vampire movie in which the modern office building replaces the castle as the site of torture and degradation. The young British director Robert Bierman works well with the performers, and despite some narrative confusion (that may be the result of the cutting done by Hemdale, the producing company) the movie has an effective scary wackiness.—P.K. (6/12/89) Beekman, and Loews (Paramount. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through June 22.)

Vincent: The Life and Death of Vincent van Gogh (1987)—Paul Cox's documentary biography of the great painter is earnest, honorable, and uninspired. Cox has the good idea to tell the story in the artist's own words: the voice-over narration consists entirely of excerpts from letters written by van Gogh to his brother Theo. (They are read, with tremendous solemnity and perhaps an excess of actorly skill, by John Hurt.) But Cox's use of the letters is crude: van Gogh's raw, anguished meditations on life and art are presented without irony, as if he really were a profound thinker. The words actually dominate the images; at times, the beautiful paintings function only as illustrations of the deep thoughts. Cox also includes endless footage of Dutch and French countryside, as well as a handful of staged tableaux—peasants eating potatoes, a scene in a cabaret, the painter's funeral. He seems to be trying to compete with van Gogh as a maker of images; he loses. Cox's excesses mirror van Gogh's, but his art doesn't: in this film, the light always seems to be coming from the wrong direction.—T.R. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her long-time live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. In Spanish.—P.K. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)

The World of Apu (1959)—Satyajit Ray's protagonist, Apu, whose consciousness developed from the village life of "Pather Panchali" and the university in "Aparajito," marries the exquisite Sharmila Tagore and grows beyond self-consciousness. The film is rich and contemplative, and a great, convincing affirmation. The full-grown Apu is played by the remarkable Soumitra Chatterji, who starred in several other Ray films. Adapted, by Ray, from a novel by B. B. Bandapaddhay; music by Ravi Shankar. In Bengali—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; June 23-24.)

Photographer: Minh Nguyen

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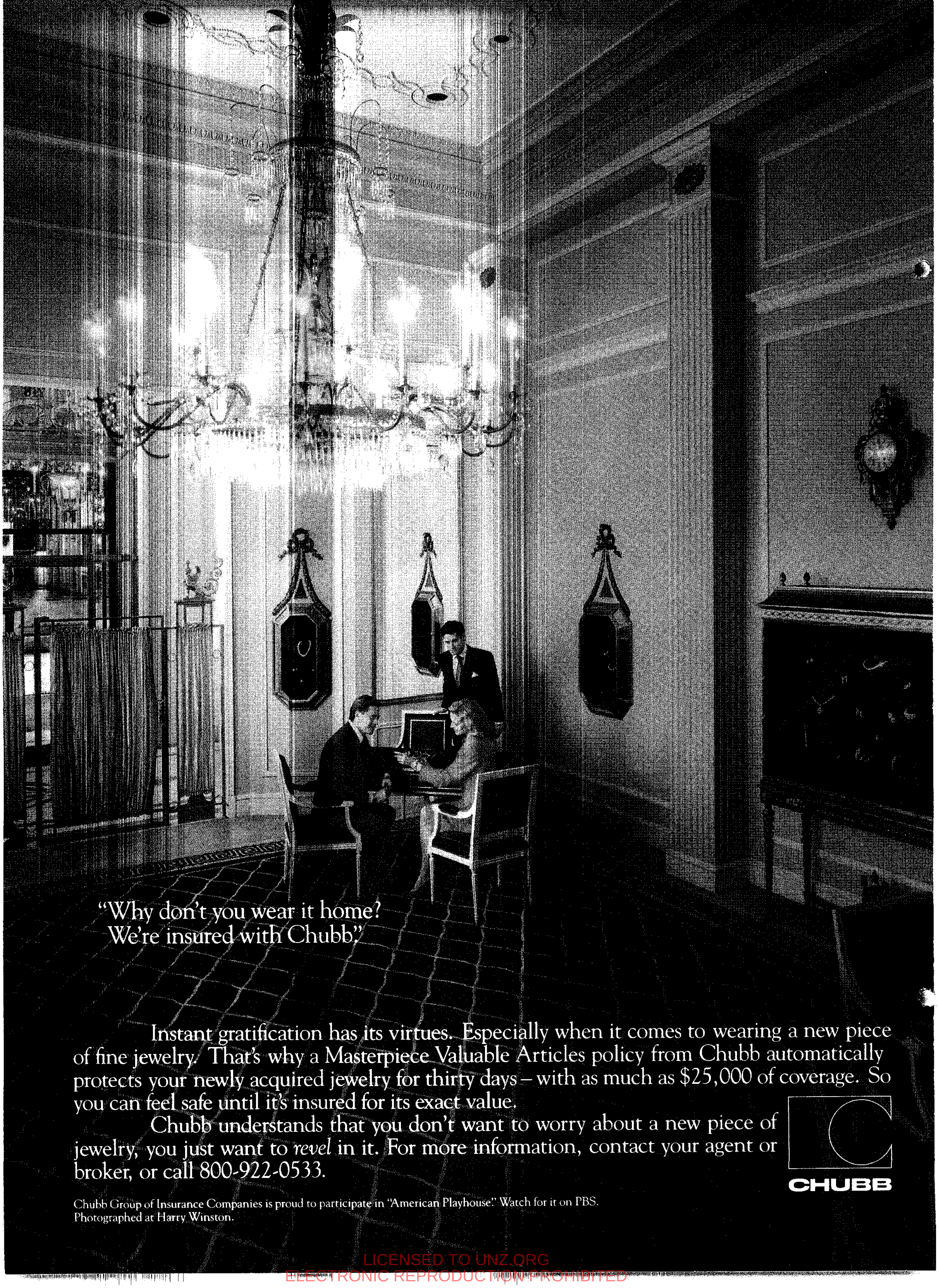

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE response of the United States government to the events in China was halting and unsure. President Bush's remarks were feeble, yet when his spokesman, Marlin Fitzwater, described the behavior of the Chinese leadership as "repugnant" that seemed pompous. There is nothing new in this. For years, our responses to political crimes in other countries have been either strangled or blowhard, plagued by uncertainty and false notes. Slowly, we've learned that we can't make other governments do what we want them to do, and that we can hurt ourselves in the process of trying. All too often, it has seemed foolish to squander gains in the area of world peace, for example, in order to scold a government that won't listen to us anyway. And we've learned that retaliating against a government that oppresses its people can sometimes harm those people more.

We've also become much more aware of our failures as a nation than we once were. It's common knowledge among Americans that on occasion our government has lied. We know that the Ohio National Guard has fired on American students. We have a class system in which the gap between rich and poor is widening rather than narrowing. We have a permanent underclass of people who can find no way out of poverty. Racism continues to blight our country. Homeless people are a common sight on our city streets. We know that we have had a hand in subverting governments of other countries, some of them popularly elected, when they threatened our interests, and that sometimes those interests have had more to do with money than with security. We know that our government has conspired to assassinate the leaders of other countries. We know that we have trained and supported secret-police forces in other countries. Our willingness to recognize all this means that we have matured to the point where we know that, like all peoples on earth, we are a mixture of good and bad, and that even with our superb constitutional system we can go seriously astray. It means that we are more realistic about ourselves. It means that when our leaders assume moral superiority their statements lose authenticity.

None of our failings, however, are remotely comparable to the tragic experiment of Communism—an experiment conducted at a cost estimated to be fifty million deaths, not to mention the persecution and ruined lives of many times that number. Our failings have stung our pride deeply enough to make us uncomfortable about judging others, but they have not burdened us with the kind of moral trauma which the Soviet Union is beginning to allow to surface, and which China has just pushed back behind a fresh curtain of lies. Nevertheless, as time goes by and we absorb the extraordinary facts of violence in this century, it becomes more and more clear that official mass violence is not a fluke, not a manifestation of an evil separate from the normal run of possibility, but a potential that is a part of human nature. Communist structures may have facilitated such violence, but the capacity for violence was not created by the notion of Communism. The Nazis made that clear. Indeed, Americans tend to struggle more with the violent facts of Nazi history than they do with those of Communism, because the Nazis were Western Europeans, and their cultural closeness to us undermines our wish to view them as wholly alien. Our present concern about the possible reunification of Germany stems in part from our desire to believe that the capacity for genocide is a specifically German characteristic, and that all that has to be done to prevent genocide from happening again in the West is to keep Germany divided. Similarly, we set Hitler—more than Stalin, and more than Mao Zedong—apart as a freak, an "evil genius," someone beyond understanding. We cannot bear to know that he was one of us.

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Our system of government and the centuries of continuity that our nation has enjoyed are powerful forces of resistance against mass political violence. But our system is something that we have inherited; we aren't by definition better than other people because of it. Each of us in the United States today watching the events in China has reason for sadness and reason for gratitude, but no one has reason to feel superior. It's appropriate for us to help oppressed people in whatever way might be effective. It's appropriate for us to refrain from helping oppressive leaders. It's appropriate for us to express grief. But it's not our job to punish others, verbally or in any other way, and when a punitive tone creeps into our responses we no longer ring true.

Our Founding Fathers were idealistic, yet so were the founders of Communism. Our good fortune lies in the fact that ours were less ambitious, and more realistic about the corrupting nature of power, and wiser about the limitations of government in changing the human condition. We have been lucky. It is our job to realize that, and to stay clear of the blinding light of moral superiority.

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A FEW years ago, the real-estate developer Harry Macklowe made himself famous by hiring a wrecking crew to demolish four shabby old buildings on the north side of West Forty-fourth Street, between Sixth Avenue and Broadway. Two of the buildings were unoccupied S.R.O. hotels; the initials, which stand for "single-room occupancy," amount to a euphemism for the sort of hotels commonly used as shelters for people who are either homeless or on welfare. Macklowe had bought the hotels, together with the long-dark Hudson Theatre, as part of a large parcel of property between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Streets, on which he intended to build a fifty-two-story skyscraper complex embracing offices, a conference center, and a hotel. A moratorium on the demolition of S.R.O.s was on the verge of being introduced in the City Council, however, and if it passed would take effect in a couple of days. Macklowe's wrecking crew, in its haste to clear the site, didn't trouble to secure a permit for the job. Around six, in the dark of a January evening in 1985—an hour when demolition of property may not ordinarily be carried out in the city—a big crane set about knocking down the buildings.

At the time, we happened to be walking east from Broadway toward the offices of this magazine. What we didn't know—what hundreds of people in the vicinity didn't know—was that the wreckers not only hadn't secured the necessary permit but also hadn't bothered to turn off the gas lines. As the wrecking ball smashed through the outer walls of the buildings and began knocking their guts into the street, a spark could have caused a catastrophic explosion. A neighbor, panicking because of the falling debris, telephoned the police, and a squad car arrived in time to halt the demolition. The street, already filled with rubble and therefore impassable, was officially sealed off.

What was happening on West Forty-fourth Street was an act of urban terrorism. As we mentioned in these pages shortly thereafter, it was not terrorism based on ideology, as might have been the case in Northern Ireland or in the Near East, but terrorism based on nothing more complicated than greed. Because an investigation failed to establish criminal intent, Macklowe was not indicted, and his company was allowed to plead guilty to charges of reckless endangerment. Macklowe paid two million dollars to settle a civil suit brought by the city, but that was a trifle in the light of the many millions of dollars in profit that the skyscraper complex would presumably be able to generate. As for the company in charge of the demolition, it was found guilty of reckless endangerment, but the judge in charge of the case said that he was "troubled" by the fact that Macklowe himself had not been indicted.

The City Council subsequently passed the moratorium, which included a clause that prohibited anyone who demolished an S.R.O. hotel from putting up a new building on the site for four years. If this provision had remained in effect, it would have dealt a far graver blow to Macklowe's pocketbook than the two-million-dollar settlement. But after two years, without anyone in the Council's appearing to have been aware of it, a revised version of the law was passed by the Council, modifying the critical provision, and Macklowe at once set to work erecting his skyscraper. Macklowe had been a generous financial supporter of Mayor Koch, and when the Mayor was asked by the press how the City Council had happened to render a covert favor to Macklowe, the Mayor hemmed and hawed and at last suggested that someone in the city's legal department had expressed an opinion to the effect that the law, if it had been challenged in court, might have been ruled unconstitutional.

The new skyscraper complex—to be called the Hotel Macklowe, according to a sign at the construction site—is well on its way to completion. Simultaneously, a new and unprecedented example of developer's gall—a disease long epidemic here—has manifested itself. Having blocked the sidewalk on the north side of Forty-fourth Street for the past couple of years with "temporary" construction shacks and other gear, Macklowe has now erected on the sidewalk in front of the Hudson Theatre a substantial, weatherproof structure of steel, painted plywood, and glass which extends all the way to the outer edge of the curb and usurps every square inch of the sidewalk to which we citizens of New York are entitled to enjoy continuous, unimpeded access. Any pedestrian simpleminded enough to suppose that he is free to walk along the sidewalk on the north side of Forty-fourth Street from Sixth Avenue to Broadway finds himself obliged to push open the glass doors of a structure identified on its exterior as the pre-opening office and marketing center of the Harry Macklowe Management Company. There are no doors on the far side of the structure. The sidewalk (and the street and, it appears, the city itself) is no longer ours; it is Harry Macklowe's.

Judith Shahn

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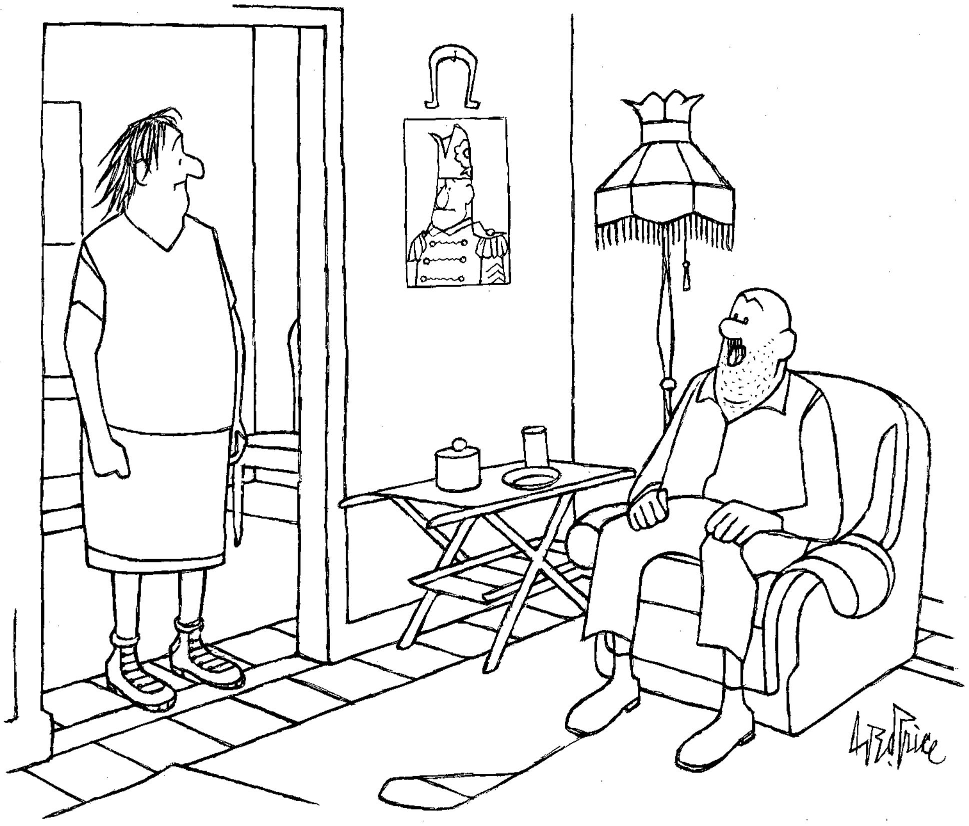
Day Tour

THE five square miles of Gardiners Island—part oak wood, part meadow, and part salt marsh, and ringed by white sand beaches—were pushed up by a deep-reaching toe of the Wisconsin glacier nearly twenty thousand years ago. But for the last three hundred and fifty years, ever since Lion Gardiner, a British military man and engineer, bought the place from the Montauk Indians—a purchase later confirmed by a charter from King Charles I—Gardiners has been off limits to upstarts. It's the oldest North American estate still in the hands of the family



"The chair recognizes Mildred Harkevey."

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that originally took possession, and it's the last big chunk of privately owned undeveloped beachfront in the vicinity of the Hamptons—thirty-three hundred acres in all.

This probably has something to do with an invitation we received a couple of weeks ago to Robert David Lion Gardiner's tour of Gardiners Island for members of the New York City Audubon Society. Robert D. L. Gardiner, the sixteenth lord of the manor, is seventy-eight, and is at odds with his niece, Alexandra Goelet, about the future of the island. Mr. Gardiner has accused his niece, an ecologist with a master's degree from the Yale Forestry School, of harboring development plans for the island, while friends of Mrs. Goelet point out that her uncle is himself already a developer (he built a shopping mall on family land in Bay Shore more than thirty years ago). Feelings have run high, and nine years ago a Manhattan surrogate, Marie Lambert, decided that only a Solomonic decision could keep the peace, so she divided the family's visiting rights to the island, limiting the Gardiners and the Goelets to alternating two-week shares. This year, the anniversary year of Lion Gardiner's landing, the feud went public: the lord of the manor hired a public-relations agent, and during some of his time slots on Gardiners he has been ferrying over groups of visitors who he thinks might turn out to be sympathetic to his claim to be the true environmentalist in the family.

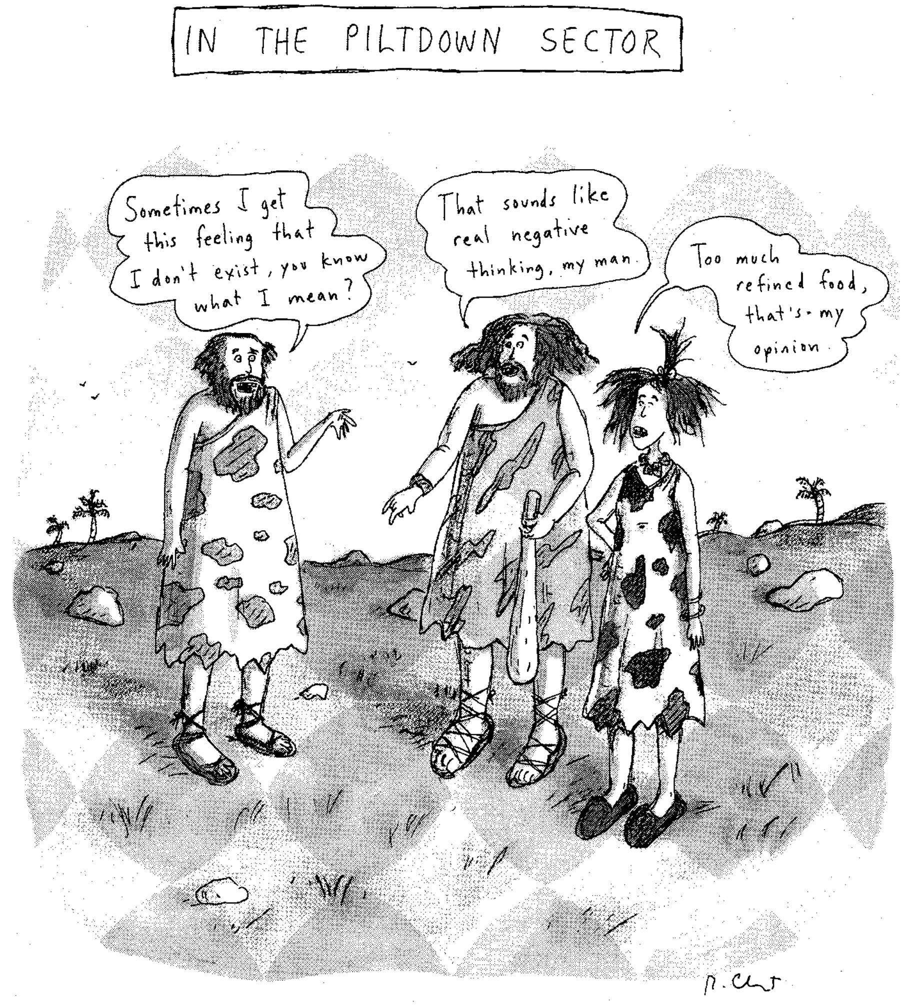
"I am so pleased to greet representatives of Audubon," Mr. Gardiner bellowed mellifluously to our group. He pronounces the name "Eau-du-bon," as if it were a delicate perfume, and he trills his "r"s. "John James Audubon stayed with the seventh lord of the manor for several weeks, and made sketches of the ospreys nesting on the beaches." Mr. Gardiner was shouting over the roar of the exhaust pipe on the Cap'n Kidd, a boat he had borrowed for the day, as the Cap'n chugged steadily across the three miles of bay between East Hampton and Gardiners. Behind us, Leila Hadley, one of the birders on board, sprayed the backs of our legs with Tick Garde, using long, sweeping motions, as recommended on the can. "After our tour, we will have a very simple sandwich lunch," Mr. Gardiner went on, underscoring, it seemed, the serious, scientific nature of the occasion. "Beef, pastrami, ham, turkey, and some cold drinks, and that's *all*. Just buffet."

Around us, binoculars were unsheathed. Then the diesels cut out, and the Cap'n drifted into dock. As soon as we disembarked, barn swallows, which live near the dock, swooped fearlessly down to within a foot of our head. There was no need for binoculars here. Mr. Gardiner was still talking—saying something about going down to the island's grass airstrip to meet Benjamin Trimble, a respected amateur ornithologist, who was going to land at any moment in his own plane. But just beyond Mr. Gardiner there was a profound silence. And just beyond the silence was a wealth, almost a roar, of bird song. We had always thought that birdcalls of this intensity dropped off about an hour after sunrise. Involuntarily, we looked at our watch. It was well past ten.

The group climbed onto three trucks and bounced down a dirt road to the airstrip, but there was no plane to meet. Misunderstanding: Mr. Trimble, whom Mr. Gardiner had hoped to draft as a tour guide for half the group, hadn't planned to reach Gardiners before noon. Looking steely, the lord of the manor leaped into the lead truck, grabbed the wheel, gunned the motor, and announced that, under the circumstances, he would lead the entire group himself. With a sharp ratcheting of gears, the truck bolted forward over a rough grass track, and now began a mad dash through timelessness—over fields bordered by sassafras hedgerows, past coastal ponds and salt marshes that had never been drained or ditched for mosquito control, and through a white-oak forest very much like the forests chopped down in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by the first settlers in Brooklyn and Queens. In each of these remarkable habitats, wildlife scattered at the trucks' approach. People in the lead truck said later that they had never before had a chance to see at such close range the straining tendons of panicky deer and wild turkeys. People in the last truck said that they had never seen so much beautiful landscape utterly devoid of birds and animals. And because Mr. Gardiner drove only in third gear, the whole scene was bathed in the scent of burning clutch. "The dear old boy does have a heavy foot," a woman sitting next to us said comfortably.

Eventually, the lead truck ground to a halt, enveloped in white smoke. The group squeezed into the remaining trucks and proceeded at a lazier pace. Suddenly, wildlife popped up everywhere. Around one bend, we saw four or five deer chewing on leaves. Up the next hill, you could see four tom turkeys, each four feet tall, strolling along through high grass. Overhead, ospreys drifted by on the thermals, their six-foot wingspans catching the slightest blip of breeze. In the ponds, goslings clambered onto the backs of mother geese. There were crowds of snowy egrets, night herons, glossy ibises, and oystercatchers. And all in plain sight. According to one birder on our truck, Gardiners is no longer what it once was; many of the giant old white oaks in Bostwick Forest, for instance, were toppled like ninepins during the famous hurricane of 1938. And gulls dominate the bird colonies as they never did before, probably because town dumps and landfills on Long Island have drawn them in greater numbers by spreading out before them a year-round food supply of table scraps and garbage. So even Gardiners is a disturbed landscape. But the abundance, the eager, sun-warmed, sea-smelling, unhushed abundance of the place—that's what crept up on everyone in our truck.

Back at the manor house, we stood in front of the buffet table, where piles of sandwiches were neatly labelled with signs that said "Beef," "Pastrami," "Ham," and "Turkey." We unwrapped a sandwich from each pile; the sandwiches were all ham and cheese. "You know," said one of the birders as the group munched on ham and cheese, "I've spent years studying the eastern fifty-five miles of Long Island, and science has just got sophisticated enough to show that this whole megasite, from Brookhaven east to Gardiners, is an ecosystem of extraordinary diversity and depth, with everything from forests of dwarf pine, like giant bonsai, to pods of seventy-foot-long finback whales—there are whales out there right now, east of Gardiners. But what I've pieced together after a generation of investigation I think you can guess from just one morning's immersion at Gardiners. It's inescapable."


IN THE PILTDOWN SECTOR
Sometimes I get this feeling that I don't exist, you know what I mean?
That sounds like real negative thinking, my man.
Too much refined food, that's my opinion.

Shadows

A YOUNG woman we know writes:

During race riots and assassinations and the bombing of North Vietnam, my sister and I, not yet teen-agers, sat glued to the television set in the late afternoons. We were watching "Dark Shadows," and we were scared.

"Dark Shadows" started out, in 1966, as a gothic soap opera, and gradually elements of the supernatural were added to raise the ratings. The first such element was a two-hundred-year-old vampire named Barnabas Collins. Played alternately by Jonathan Frid and a dime-store rubber bat, Barnabas was such a success that he was soon joined by his ex-wife Angèlique, a vengeful witch (immolated on at least two different occasions); a guilt-stricken werewolf named Chris; and a tall, block-headed guy, Adam, who looked a lot like Frankenstein's monster. Enthusiastic and unsophisticated, most members of the small cast assumed a number of roles. Grayson Hall, who played Dr. Julia Hoffman, the psychiatrist/mad doctor who falls in love with Barnabas and cures his blood lust for a few months (she transfers some of his "life force" to Adam, who is made up of body parts collected from the cemetery), also appeared, in heavy makeup and hoop earrings, as the nineteenth-century gypsy/soothsayer Magda. Other, less successful characters appeared briefly and then disappeared, usually by way of the mental asylum. The show inspired a hit record, two movies, and more than twenty years of cast reunions and fan devotion.

"Dark Shadows" was my first exposure to artificial fear, that compelling quality which keeps works once considered generically marginal—"Frankenstein," "Dracula," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—in print and a part of the vocabulary. My sister and I weren't scared of the show's fearsome characters—the vampire, the ghosts, the witches—as much as we were scared for the naïve ones who were about to be separated from their illusions forever: the barmaid who whirls in terror as the werewolf, sprouting hair and claws, crashes through a window behind her;

the boy who unwittingly stumbles on a skeleton in an attic. And we were scared for ourselves—we were scared of getting caught.

We weren't allowed to watch "Dark Shadows." Our father permitted a television in the house mainly in order to forbid its use; the measure of his contempt was that it was the only article of furniture allowed to gather dust. But our parents didn't get home from work until at least two-thirds of the way through "Dark Shadows," so we sat with a hand on the knob, the sound low, listening for the crunch of tires on gravel that signalled their return. We risked discovery repeatedly; even when we heard the car in the driveway, we would leave the TV on until we heard the key turn in the lock.

The parental role has now been taken over by the management of WNYC-TV, which announced in March that "Dark Shadows" would go off the air after May 12th. This cancellation, with two years of episodes still to run, twenty of which WNYC had already leased, angered the people of the "Dark Shadows" Festival organization, which holds an annual fan gathering. According to Jim Pierson, the chairman of the Festival, at a March board meeting station executives "expressed their preference for 'loftier' programming" and "intimated that they consider the 'Dark Shadows' audience undesirable." Mr. Pierson also noted that WNYC, a public-TV station that has used former "Dark Shadows" actors to solicit pledges, did not find a twelve-thousand-five-hundred-dollar donation from the "Dark Shadows" Festival undesirable. The station took the money and then neglected to list the "Dark Shadows" Festival in its program guide as a contributor, alongside such luminaries as the Tisch Foundation and Bankers Trust.

Complaints from "Dark Shadows" fans persuaded WNYC to air the twenty episodes that the station had already paid for, but a couple of weeks ago, at Lincoln Center, where WNYC's sixty-fifth-anniversary gala was taking place, the fans held a demonstration to protest the station's decision to replace the rest of the "Dark Shadows" episodes with British programming. They carried signs that read "BRING BACK 'DARK SHADOWS': AN AMERICAN CLASSIC" and "WNYC TOOK OUR MONEY, THEN THEY TOOK OUR SHOW." They said they knew that the men and women having cocktails on the terrace at the State Theatre found their enthusiasm for the show baffling and distasteful.

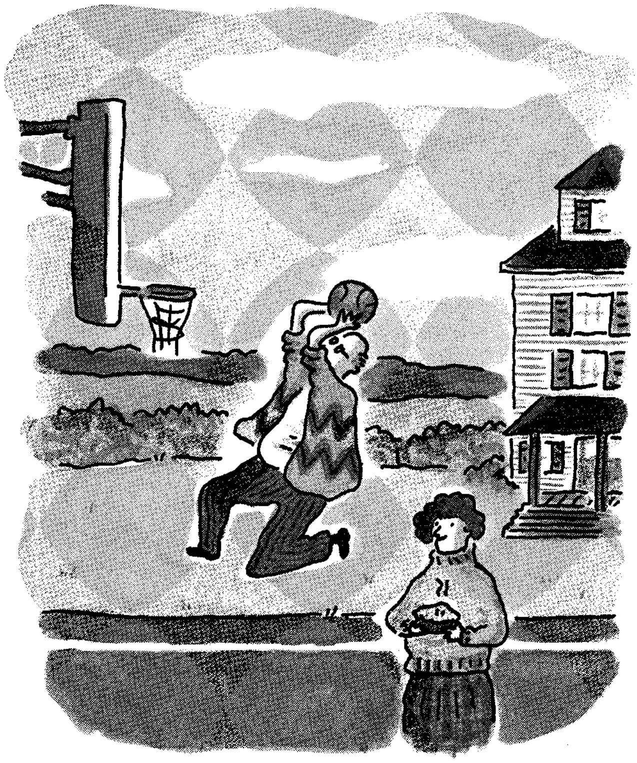
The "Dark Shadows" fans have been found "undesirable" before. Last September, Michael Musto, of the *Voice*, dropped by the "Dark Shadows" Festival and described the people he saw in attendance as "potbellied geeks" and "isolated eccentrics." He said, "The event was ultimately as creepy as the show because of the pathos that haunts both its cast and fans," and he observed that "many of the attendees were blind, deformed, or terminally ill." I dropped by, too, and observed in the fans that combination of self-importance and self-consciousness which characterizes people at such events, but the "Dark Shadows" Festival was no creepier than an M.L.A.-convention seminar on "Praxis and Point of View in 'The Turn of the Screw.' "

There is not a whole lot of difference, finally, between what "Dark Shadows" is about and what "The Turn of the Screw" is about. There may be a world of difference in their execution, but tales of vampires and werewolves and of weird, possessed children are all about the same thing: how scary it is for anyone to watch the familiar turn into something strange or threatening, to watch someone upon whom your life depends—your father, your mother, your child, your lover, yourself—suddenly and *before your very eyes* (in the language of such stories) turn into someone terrible, unrecognizable, brutal. Even with its campy overtones, "Dark Shadows" taps into the fear of the unpredictable which plagues people in the real world as surely as it does readers in the fictive ones of Henry James or Stephen King. In the movie "Aliens," a little girl who has had some bad experiences says, "My mommy always said there were no monsters—no real ones. But there are." "Dark Shadows," with its rubber vampire bat and its fake blood, is telling us something true: *Beware. Anything can happen.*

BED, BREAKFAST, AND BASKETBALL

THE DEW DUNK INN

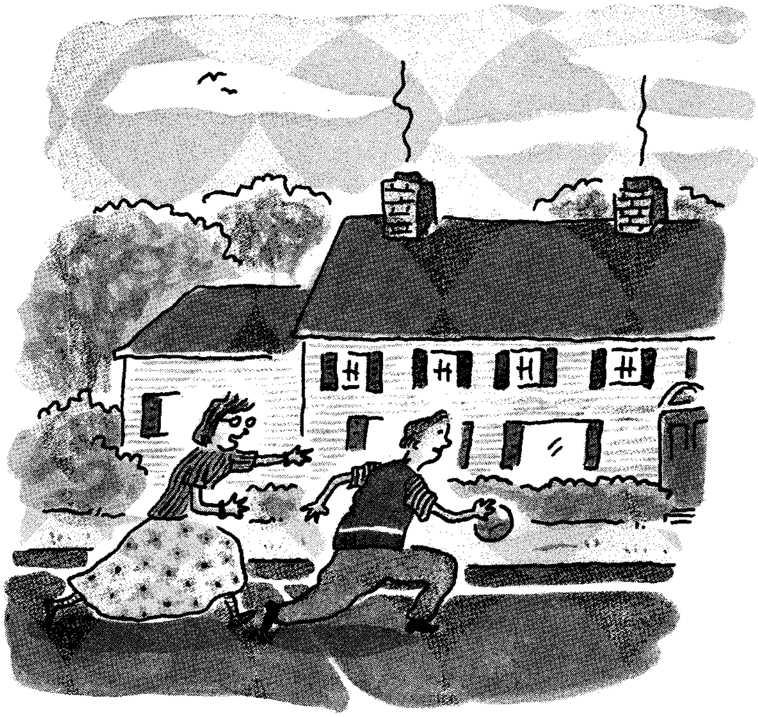
Hosts: Cheryl and Ted Wells



If you enjoy picture-postcard New England scenery, spectacular autumn foliage, and the lasting satisfaction of a monster dunk, give Cheryl and Ted a call! This restored Vermont farmhouse boasts a freshwater pond, acres of wooded riding trails, and eight pro-size indoor basketball courts! Ted's amazing repertoire of spin, double-pump, and alley-oop dunks is surpassed only by the myriad delights that spring from Cheryl's kitchen!

THE STAHL HOUSE

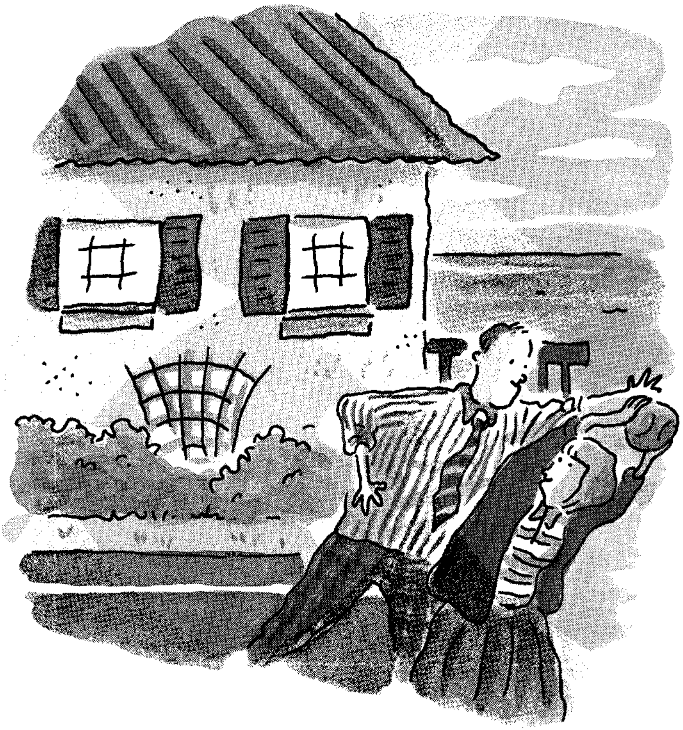
Hosts: Leigh and Andy Stahl



Situated on over 100 acres, this sprawling Georgia plantation house is the perfect place to get away from it all, Southern style. There's boating, biking, boccie, badminton, and, of course, basketball. Andy, a master of the trick dribble, will show even "all thumbs" guests how to beat the full-court press, run time off the clock, or just plain amaze their friends with their newly acquired ball-handling skills!

BLOCK ISLAND BED-AND-BREAKFAST

Hosts: Nancy and Ed Ellis

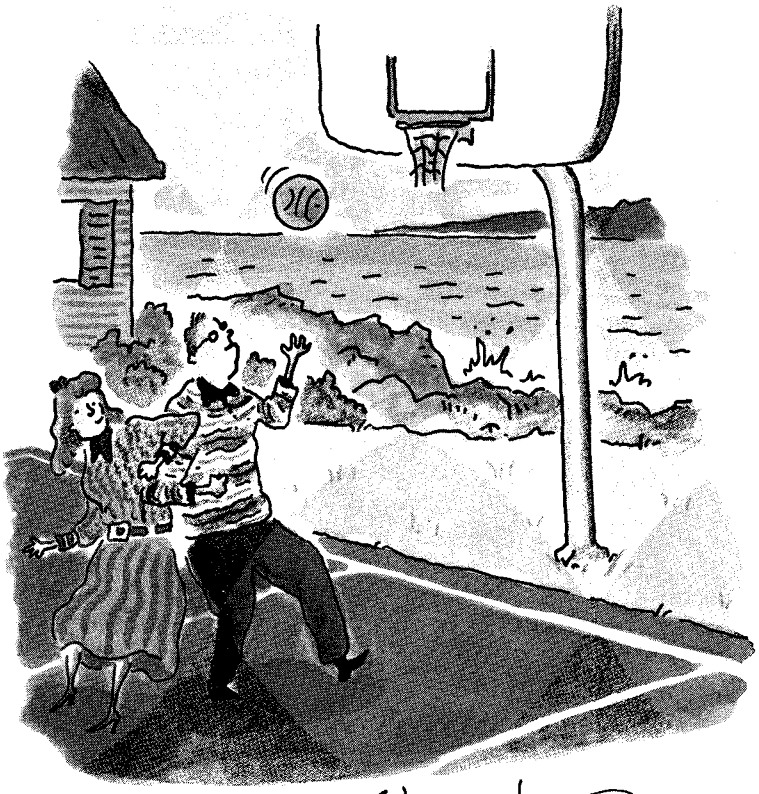


Nancy and Ed are retired schoolteachers who have lovingly restored their 150-year-old house, turning it into an antique-laden paradise by the sea! During the warmer weather, breakfast is served on the attached oceanfront deck. Defensive specialists all of their lives, Nancy and Ed will not only shower you with hospitality, they'll also teach you the intricacies of the collapsing full-court press, the slap steal, the squeeze, the trap, shot blocking, or just getting in someone's face!

THE FAST BREAKERS

Hosts: Kay and Bernie Rasmussen

Located on the shores of picturesque East Bound Bay, this fairy-tale frame cottage will delight all comers. While Kay spoons up local color and local customs, Bernie will satisfy even the pickiest cager with generous servings of boxing out, crashing the boards, and hitting the outlet man on the fast break. Free time? Time for free throws with Kay, who during her high-school and collegiate career was a better than 90% shooter from the charity stripe!



Shanahan

MARIAH

ONE morning in early March, Mariah, whose children I had served as an au pair for three months now, said to me, "You have never seen spring, have you?" And she did not have to await an answer, for she already knew. She said the word "spring" as if spring were a close friend, a friend who had dared to go away for a long time and soon would reappear for their passionate reunion. She said, "Have you ever seen daffodils pushing their way up out of the ground? And then when they're in bloom and all massed together, a wind without a sharp edge comes along and makes them do a curtsy to the lawn stretching out in front of them. Have you ever seen that? When I see that, I feel so glad to be alive." And I thought, So Mariah is made to feel alive by some flowers bending in not too chilly a wind. How does a person get to be that way?

I remembered an old poem I had been made to memorize when I was ten years old and a pupil at Queen Victoria Girls' School. I had been made to memorize it, verse after verse, and then had recited the whole poem to an auditorium full of parents and teachers. After I was done, everybody stood up and applauded with an enthusiasm that surprised me, and later they told me how nicely I had pronounced every word, how I had placed just the right amount of special emphasis in places where that was needed, and how proud the poet, now long dead, would have been to hear his words ringing out of my mouth. I was then at the height of my two-facedness: that is, outside I seemed one way, inside I was another; outside false, inside true. And so I made pleasant little noises that showed both modesty and appreciation, but inside I was making a vow to erase from my mind, line by line, every word of that poem. The night after I had recited the poem, I dreamed, continuously it seemed, that I was being chased down a narrow cobbled street by bunches and bunches of those same daffodils that I had vowed to forget, and when finally I fell down from exhaustion they all piled on top of me, until I was buried deep underneath them and was never seen again. I had forgotten all of this until Mariah mentioned daffodils, and now I told it to her with such an amount of anger I surprised both of us. We were standing quite close to each other, but as soon as I had finished speaking, without a second of deliberation we both stepped back. It was only one step that was made, but to me it felt as if some motion that I had not been aware of had been checked.

Mariah reached out to me and, rubbing her hand against my cheek, said, "What a history you have." I thought there was a little bit of envy in her voice, and so I said, "You are welcome to it if you like."

After that, each day, Mariah began by saying, "As soon as spring comes," and so many plans would follow that I could not see how one little spring could contain them. She said we would leave the city and go to the house on one of the Great Lakes, the house where she spent her summers when she was a girl. We would visit some great gardens. We would visit the zoo—a nice thing to do in springtime; the children would love that. We would have a picnic in the park as soon as the first unexpected and unusually warm day arrived. An early-evening walk in the spring air—that was something she really wanted to do with me, to show me the magic of a spring sky.

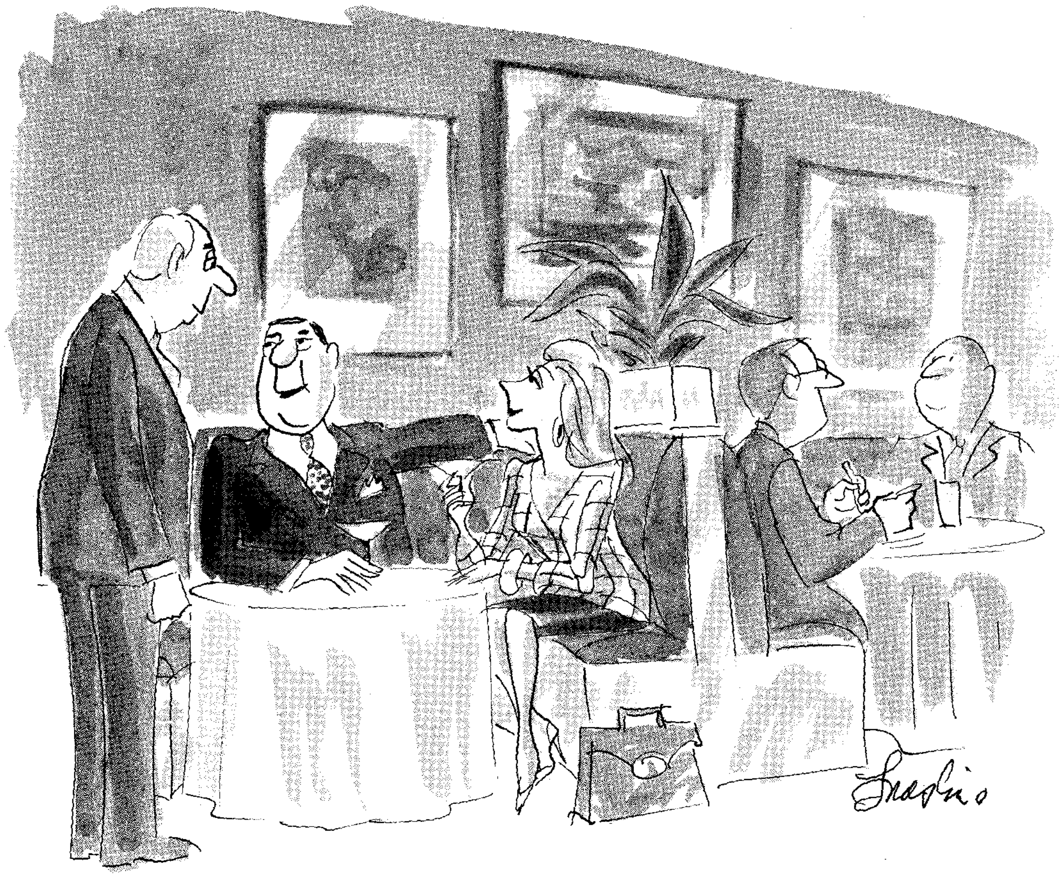
On the very day it turned spring, a big snowstorm came, and more snow fell on that day than had fallen all winter. Mariah looked at me and shrugged her shoulders. "How typical," she said, giving the impression that she had just experienced a personal betrayal. I laughed at her, but I was really wondering, How do you get to be a person who is made miserable because the weather changed its mind, because the weather doesn't live up to your expectations? How do you get to be that way?

WHILE the weather sorted itself out in various degrees of coldness, I walked around with letters from my family and friends scorching my breasts. I had placed these letters inside my brassiere, and carried them around with me wherever I went. It was not from feelings of love and longing that I did this; quite the contrary. It was from a feeling of hatred. There was nothing so strange about this, for isn't it so that love and hate exist side by side? Each letter was a letter from someone I had loved at one time without reservation. Not too long before, out of politeness, I had written my mother a very nice letter, I thought, telling her about the first ride I had taken in an underground train. She wrote back to me a letter, and after I read it I was afraid to even put my face outside the door. The letter was filled with detail after detail of horrible and vicious things she had read or heard about that had taken place on those very same underground trains on which I travelled. Only the other day, she wrote, she had read of an immigrant girl, someone my age exactly, who had had her throat cut while she was a passenger on perhaps the very same train I was riding.

But I already knew fear. I had known a girl, a schoolmate of mine, and it was well known that her father had dealings with the Devil. Once, out of curiosity, she had gone into a room where her father did his business, and she had looked into things that she should not have, and she became possessed. She took sick, and we, my other schoolmates and I, used to stand in the street outside her house on our way home from school and hear her being beaten by what possessed her, and hear her as she cried out from the beatings. Eventually she had to cross the sea, where the Devil couldn't follow her, because the Devil cannot walk over water. I thought of this as I felt the sharp corners of the letters cutting into the skin over my heart. I thought, On the one hand there was a girl being beaten by a man she could not see; on the other there was a girl getting her throat cut by a man she could see. In this great big world, why should my life be reduced to these two possibilities?

When the snow fell, it came down in thick, heavy glops, and it hung on the trees like a decoration ordered for a special occasion—a celebration no one had heard of, for everybody complained. In all the months that I had lived in this place, snowstorms had come and gone and I had never paid any attention, except to feel that snow was an annoyance when I had to make my way through the mounds of it that lay on the sidewalk. My parents used to go every Christmas Eve to a film that had Bing Crosby standing waist-deep in snow and singing a song at the top of his voice. My mother once told me that seeing this film was among the first things they did when they were getting to know each other, and at the time she told me this I felt strongly how much I no longer liked even the way she spoke; and so I said, barely concealing my scorn, "What a religious experience that must have been." I walked away quickly, for my thirteen-year-old heart couldn't bear to see her face when I had caused her pain, but I couldn't stop myself.

In any case, this time when the snow fell, even I could see that there was something to it. The day was longer now, the sun set later, the evening sky seemed lower than usual, and the snow was the color and texture of a half-cooked egg white, making the world seem soft and lovely and—unexpectedly, to me—nourishing. That the world I was in could be soft, lovely, and nourishing was more than I could bear, and so I stood there and wept, for I didn't want to love one more thing in my life, didn't want one more thing that could make my heart break into a million little pieces at my feet. But all the same, there it was, and I could not do much about it; for even I could see that I was too young for real bitterness, real regret, real hard-heartedness.



"Do you know Kimberly, my attorney?"

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The snow came and went more quickly than usual. Mariah said that the way the snow vanished, as if some hungry being were invisibly swallowing it up, was quite normal for that time of year. Everything that had seemed so brittle in the cold of winter—sidewalk, buildings, trees, the people themselves—seemed to slacken and sag a bit at the seams. I could now look back at the winter. It was my past, so to speak, my first real past—a past that was my own and over which I had the final word. I had just lived through a bleak and cold time, and it is not to the weather outside that I refer. I had lived through this time, and as the weather changed from cold to warm it did not bring me along with it. Something settled inside me, something heavy and hard. It stayed there, and I could not think of one thing to make it go away. I thought, So this must be living, this must be the beginning of the time people later refer to as "years ago, when I was young."

My mother had a friendship with a woman—a friendship she did not advertise, for this woman had spent time in jail. This woman—her name was Sylvie—had a scar on her right cheek, a human-teeth bite. It was as if her cheek were a half-ripe fruit and someone had bitten into it, meaning to eat it, but then realized it wasn't ripe enough. She had gotten into a big quarrel with another woman over this: which of the two of them a man they both loved should live with. Apparently Sylvie said something that was unforgivable, and the other woman flew into an even deeper rage and grabbed Sylvie in an embrace, only it was not an embrace of love but an embrace of hatred, and she left Sylvie with the marked cheek. Both women were sent to jail for public misconduct, and going to jail was something that for the rest of their lives no one would let them forget. It was because of this that I was not allowed to speak to Sylvie, that she was not allowed to visit us when my father was at home, and that my mother's friendship with her was supposed to be a secret. I used to observe Sylvie, and I noticed that whenever she stopped to speak, even in the briefest conversation, immediately her hand would go up to her face and caress her little rosette (before I knew what it was, I was sure that the mark on her face was a rose she had put there on purpose because she loved the beauty of roses so much she wanted to wear one on her face), and it was as if the mark on her face bound her to something much deeper than its reality, something that she could not put into words. One day, outside my mother's presence, she admired the way my corkscrew plaits fell around my neck, and then she said

Of course, a belle should never seem
eager, but she could take longer
to get fixing to go than anyone
on God's green earth. Grandpop,

by his own reckoning, devoted twelve-tenths
of his life to cooling his heels, but
after his funeral she didn't flirt.
She mounted the stairs, packed

her pocketbook with vitamins, Ex-Lax,
two pots of rouge, and a fresh
monogrammed hankie, soaped off her
engagement rings, hers and her mother's,

marking one for each granddaughter, took
off her clothes, pulled back the covers,
and lay down next to the empty bed.
It would take six months, earth time.

It took so long, some days it turned her
mulish. She stopped eating to hurry up,
and shrank from her skin, though
the baby-fine hair it was whispered

she dyed stayed chestnut. Her children
wheedled, wept, reasoned, put her
in a metal crib to keep her. She rattled
the bars; she took them for Jacob's ladder.

They hired nurses the size of Gabriel.
She hunkered down, waiting for herself,
not losing memory, as family would have it,
but forgetting what suited.

I tiptoed in from Maryland, wanting
to surprise her. "You didn't forget,"
she said. "Forget what?" I said.
"You promised you'd come back in time."

I sat on a stool between their beds, the way
I'd grown, in part, and held those
unengaged hands. 'Tweren't a thing wrong
with her, she said, she was just dying.

And she stopped for a spell so we could visit.
For three days we went at our topics,
their litany putting us in fine fettle.
Her great-granddaughter lollygagged

on the foot of the bed. "Your daughter,"
she reminded us six times, "gets her coloring
from Pop, you know. But that figure
she got from me." Like congregation, glo-

rious, we'd sing the last line with her:
"She sure didn't get it from you or
your mother." So many amens,
the smell of boxwood under the June sun

humming through screens. The morning I left
she told me Grandpop had come to see her
during the night. "Do you know
what he said? He said, 'Miz Hammond,

you've kept me waiting long enough.' "
She was, I declare, tickled pink and commenced
blowing me kisses through the bars, bitty
kisses over and over, shooing them along

on her fingers down the hall, dozens
lighting on my shoulders and fluttering
around the corner, down the stairs—
the seventh from the bottom creaking

as it did at 2 A.M. when we were sneaking in,
over the carpets and past the horsehair sofas
cozied with her dolls in the midst of tea—
and out the door, squeezing through the head-high

boxwood bushes grown so abandoned
they almost closed the entrance. Boxwood
must be trimmed with nail scissors, she said,
each year cutting back the growth,

one piece at a time, like doing
fingers and toes. If left untended
too long, they can't be cut at all.
Such work, love.

—MARY STEWART HAMMOND

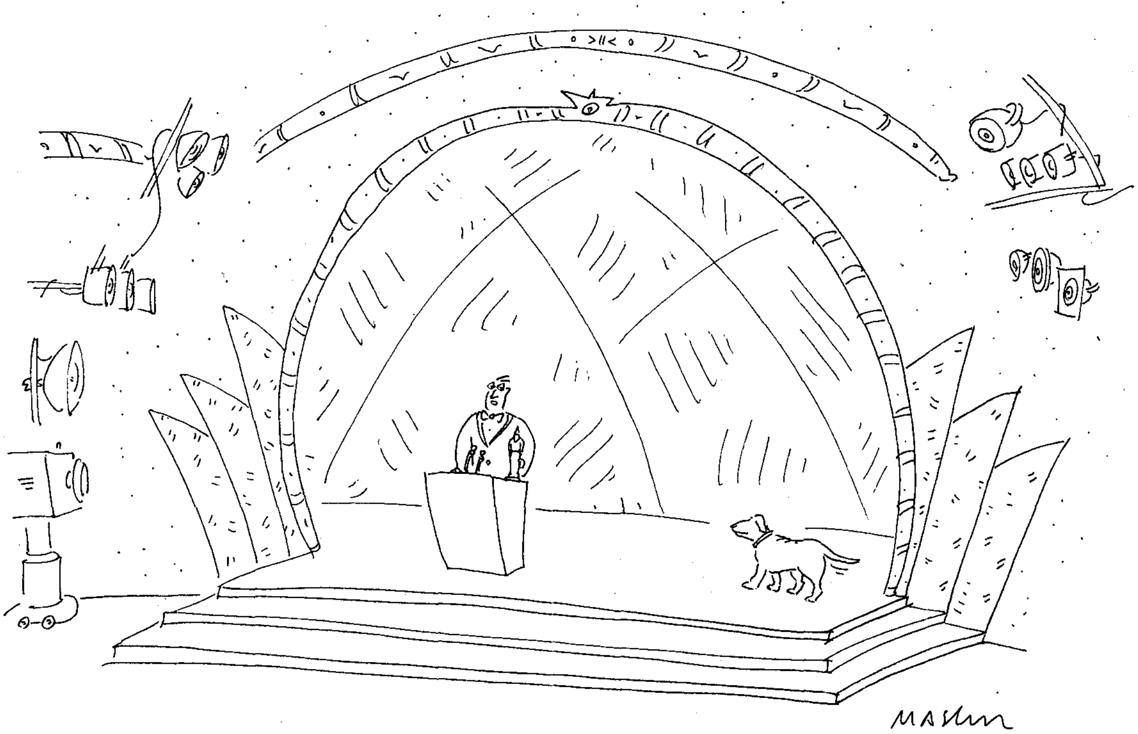
• •

something that I did not hear, for she began by saying, "Years ago when I was young," and she pinched up her scarred cheek with her fingers and twisted it until I thought it would fall off like a dark, purple plum in the middle of her pink palm, and her voice became heavy and hard, and she laughed all the time she was talking. That is how I came to think that heavy and hard was the beginning of living, real living; and though I might not end up with a mark on my cheek, I had no doubt that I would end up with a mark somewhere.

I WAS standing in front of the kitchen sink one day, my thoughts centered typically on myself, when Mariah came in—danced in, actually—singing an old song, a song that was popular when her mother was a young woman, a song she herself most certainly would have disliked when she was a young woman and so she now sang it with an exaggerated tremor in her voice to show how ridiculous she still found it. She twirled herself wildly around the room and came to a sharp stop without knocking over anything, even though various things were in her path.

She said, "I have always wanted four children, four girl children. I love my children." She said this clearly and sincerely. She said this without doubt on the one hand or confidence on the other. Mariah was beyond doubt or confidence. I thought, Things must have always gone her way, and not just for her but for everybody she has ever known from eternity; she has never had to doubt, and so she has never had to grow confident; the right thing always happens to her; the thing she wants to happen happens. Again I thought, How does a person get to be that way?

Mariah said to me, "I love you." And again she said it clearly and sincerely, without confidence or doubt. I believed her, for if anyone could love a young woman who had come from halfway around the world to help her take care of her children, it was Mariah. She looked so beautiful standing there in the middle of the kitchen. The yellow light from the sun came in through a window and fell on the pale-yellow linoleum of the floor and on the walls of the kitchen, which were painted yet another shade of pale yellow, and Mariah, with her pale-yellow skin and yellow hair, stood still in this almost celestial light, and she looked blessed, no blemish or mark of any kind on her cheek or anywhere else, as if she had never quarrelled with anyone over a man or over anything, would never have to quarrel at all, had never done anything wrong and had never been to jail, had never had to leave anywhere for any reason other than a whim. She had washed her hair that morning, and from where I stood I could smell the residue of the perfume from the shampoo in her hair. Then underneath that I could smell Mariah herself. The smell of Mariah was pleasant. Just that—pleasant. And I thought, But that's the trouble with Mariah—she smells pleasant. I knew then that for the rest of my life I would want to have a powerful odor and would not care if it caused offense.



"Fetching the award for Mr. Farlowe is Ben, a dog."

• •

On a day on which it was clear that there was no turning back as far as the weather was concerned, that the winter season was over and its return would be a noteworthy event, Mariah said that we should prepare to go and spend some time at the house on the shore of one of the Great Lakes. Lewis, her husband, would not accompany us. Lewis would stay in town and take advantage of our absence, doing things that she and the children would not enjoy doing with him. What these things were I could not imagine. Mariah said we would take a train, for she wanted me to experience spending the night on a train and waking up to breakfast on the train as it moved through freshly plowed fields. She made so many arrangements—I had not known that just leaving your house for a short time could be so complicated. That afternoon, because the children, my charges, would not return home from school until three, Mariah took me to a garden, a place she described as among her favorites in the world. She covered my eyes with a handkerchief, and then, holding me by the hand, she walked me to a spot in a clearing. Then she removed the handkerchief and said, "Now, look at this." I looked. It was a big area with lots of thick-trunked, tall trees along winding paths. Along the paths and underneath the trees were many, many yellow flowers the size and shape of play teacups, or fairy skirts. They looked like something to eat and something to wear at the same time; they looked beautiful; they looked simple, as if made to erase a complicated and unnecessary idea. I did not know what these flowers were, and so it was a mystery to me why I wanted to kill them. Just like that. I wanted to kill them. I wished that I had an enormous scythe; I would just walk down the path, dragging it alongside me, and I would cut these flowers down at the place where they emerged from the ground.

Mariah said, "These are daffodils. I'm sorry about the poem, but I'm hoping you'll find them lovely in real life all the same."

There was such joy in her voice as she said this, such a music, how could I explain to her the feeling I had about daffodils—that it wasn't exactly daffodils, but that they would do as well as anything else? Where should I start? Over here or over there? Anywhere would be good enough, but my heart and my thoughts were racing so that every time I tried to talk I stammered and by accident bit my own tongue.

Mariah, mistaking what was happening to me for joy at seeing daffodils for the first time, reached out to hug me, but I moved away, and in doing that I seemed to get my voice back. I said, "Mariah, do you realize that at ten years of age I had to learn by heart a long poem about some flowers I would not see in real life until I was nineteen?"

As soon as I said this, I felt sorry that I had cast her beloved daffodils in a scene she had never considered. This woman who hardly knew me loved me, and she wanted me to love this thing that she loved also. Her eyes sank back in her head as if they were protecting themselves, as if they were taking a rest after some unexpected hard work. It wasn't her fault. It wasn't my fault. But nothing could change the fact that where she saw beautiful flowers I saw sorrow and bitterness. The same thing could cause us to shed tears, but those tears would not taste the same. We walked home in silence. I was glad to have at last seen what a wretched daffodil looked like.

WHEN the day came for us to depart to the house on the Great Lake, I was sure that I did not want to go, but at midmorning I received a letter from my mother bringing me up to date on things she thought I would have missed since I left home and would certainly like to know about. "It still has not rained since you left," she wrote. "How fascinating," I said to myself, meaning the opposite. It had not rained once for over a year before I left. I did not care about that any longer. The object of my life now was to put as much distance between myself and the events mentioned in her letter as I could manage. For I felt that if I could put enough miles between me and the place from which that letter came, and if I could put enough events between me and the events mentioned in the letter, would I not be free to take everything just as it came and not see hundreds of years in every gesture, every word spoken, every face?

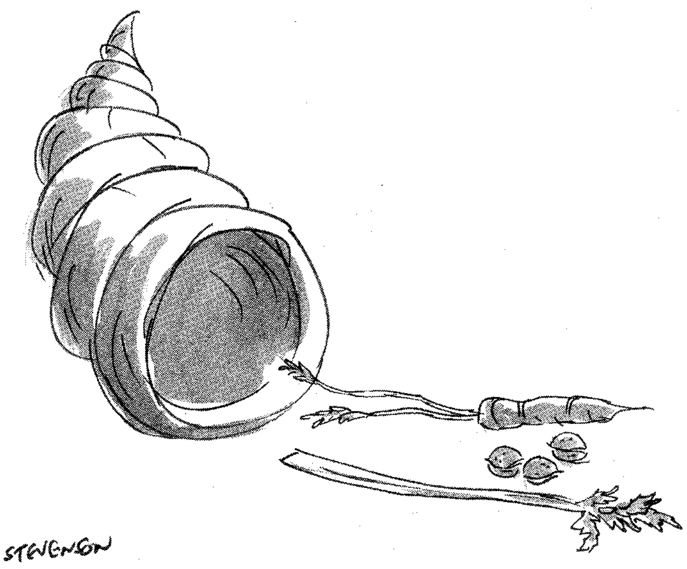
On the train, we settled ourselves and the children into our compartments—two children with Mariah, two children with me. In one of the few films I had seen in my life so far, some people on a train did this—settled into their compartments. And so I suppose I should have felt excitement at doing something I had never done before and had only seen done in a film. But almost everything I did now was something I had never done before, and so the new was no longer thrilling to me unless it reminded me of the past. We went to the dining car to eat our dinner. We sat at tables—the children by themselves. They had demanded that, and had said to Mariah that they would behave, even though it was well known that they always did. The other people sitting down to eat dinner all looked like Mariah's relatives; the people waiting on them all looked like mine. The people who looked like my relatives were all older men and very dignified, as if they were just emerging from a church after Sunday service. On closer observation, they were not at all like my relatives; they only looked like them. My relatives always gave backchat. Mariah did not seem to notice what she had in common with the other diners, or what I had in common with the waiters. She acted in her usual way, which was that the world was round and we all agreed on that, when I knew that the world was flat and if I went to the edge I would fall off.

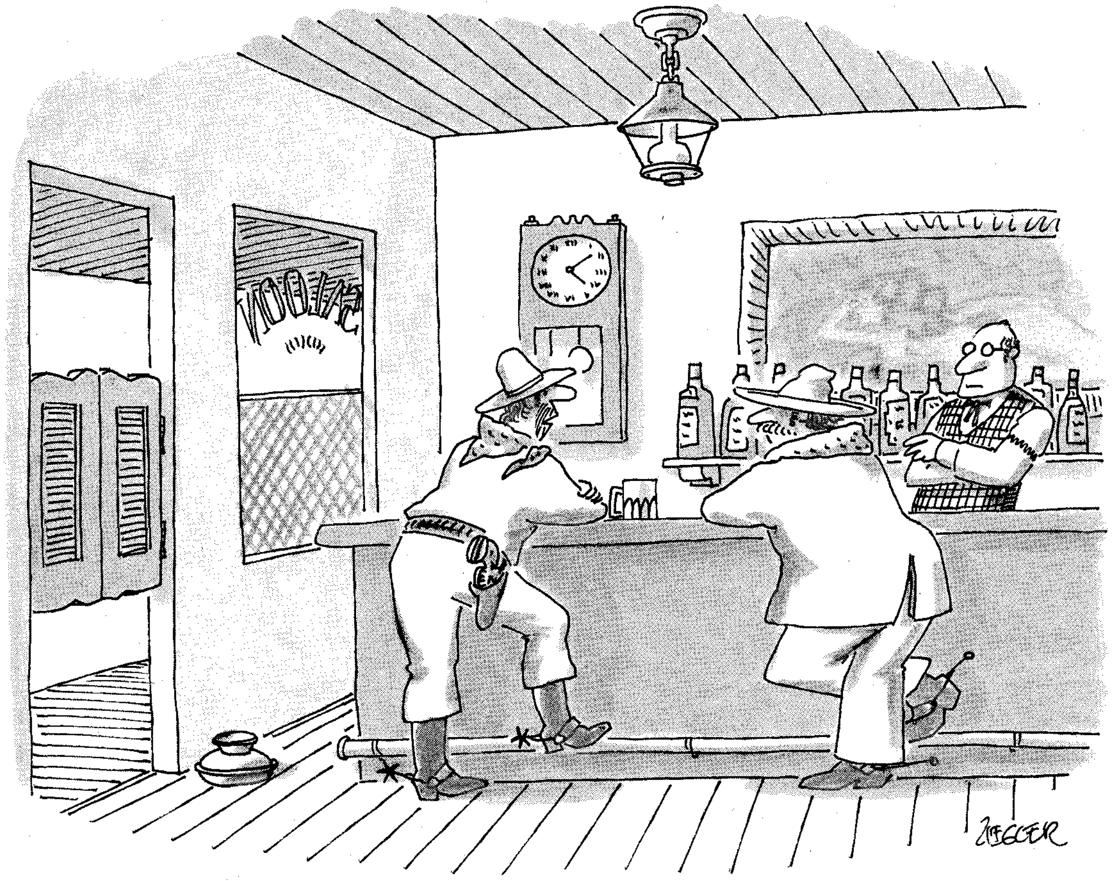
That night on the train was frightening. Every time I tried to sleep, just as it seemed that I had finally done so, I would wake up sure that thousands of people on horseback were following me, chasing me, each of them carrying a cutlass to cut me up into small pieces. Of course, I could tell it was the sound of the wheels on the tracks that inspired this nightmare, but a real explanation made no difference to me. Early that morning, Mariah left her own compartment to come and tell me that we were passing through some of those freshly plowed fields she loved so much. She drew up my blind, and when I saw mile after mile of turned-up earth, I said, a cruel tone to my voice, "Well, thank God I didn't have to do that." I don't know if she understood what I meant, for in that one statement I meant many different things.

WHEN we got to our destination, a man Mariah had known all her life, a man who had always done things for her family, a man who came from Sweden, was waiting for us. His name was Gus, and the way Mariah spoke his name it was as if he belonged to her deeply, like a memory. And, of course, he was a part of her past, her childhood: he was there, apparently, when she took her first steps; she had caught her first fish in a boat with him; they had been in a storm on the lake and their survival was a miracle, and so on. Still, he was a real person, and I thought Mariah should have long separated the person Gus standing in front of her in the present from all the things he had meant to her in the past. I wanted to say to him, "Do you not hate the way she says your name, as if she owns you?" But then I thought about it and could see that a person coming from Sweden was a person altogether different from a person like me.

We drove through miles and miles of countryside, miles and miles of nothing. I was glad not to live in a place like this. The land did not say, "Welcome. So glad you could come." It was more, "I dare you to stay here." At last we came to a small town. As we drove through it, Mariah became excited; her voice became low, as if what she was saying only she needed to hear. She would exclaim with happiness or sadness, depending, as things passed before her. Some things had changed, some things had newly arrived, and

HORN OF MODERATION





"*The shirt, kerchief, and pants—all Ralph Lauren. The belt and my undergarments—Calvin Klein.*"

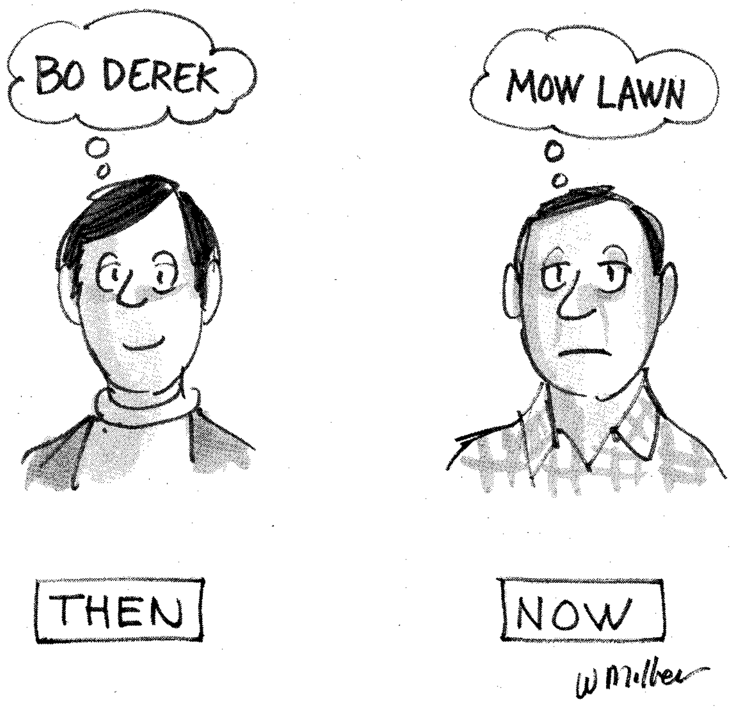
some things had vanished completely since she had last been there. When she passed through this town, it was as if she forgot she was the wife of Lewis and the mother of four girl children. As we left the small town, a silence fell on everybody, and in my own case I felt a kind of despair. I felt sorry for Mariah; I knew what she must have gone through, seeing her past go swiftly by in front of her. What an awful thing that is, as if the ground on which you are standing is being slowly pulled out from under your feet and beneath is nothing, a hole through which you fall forever.

The house in which Mariah had grown up was beautiful. It was a large house, and it sprawled out, as if rooms had been added onto it when needed, but added on all in the same style. It was modelled on the farmhouse that Mariah's grandfather grew up in, somewhere in Scandinavia. It had a nice veranda in front, a perfect place from which to watch rain fall. The whole house was painted a soothing yellow with white trim, which from afar looked warm and inviting. From my room I could see the lake. I had read of this lake in geography books, had read of its origins and its history, and now to see it up close was odd, for it looked so ordinary, gray, dirty, unfriendly, not a body of water to make up a song about. Mariah came in, and seeing me studying the water she flung her arms around me and said, "Isn't it great?" But I wasn't thinking that at all. I slept peacefully, without any troubling dreams to haunt me; it must have been that knowing there was a body of water outside my window, even though it was not the big blue sea I was used to, brought me some comfort.

Mariah wanted all of us, the children and me, to see things the way she did. She wanted us to enjoy the house, all its nooks and crannies, all its sweet smells, all its charms, just the way she had done as a child. The children were happy to see things her way. They would have had to be four small versions of myself not to fall at her feet in adoration. But I already had a mother who loved me, and I had come to see her love as a burden and had come to view with horror the sense of self-satisfaction it gave my mother to hear other people comment on her great love for me. I had come to feel that my mother's love for me was designed solely to make me into an echo of her; and I didn't know why, but I felt that I would rather be dead than become just an echo of someone. This is not a figure of speech. These thoughts would have come as a complete surprise to my mother, for in her life she had found that her ways were the best ways to have, and she would have been mystified as to how someone who came from inside her would want to be anyone different from her. I did not have an answer to this myself. But there it was. Thoughts like these had brought me to be sitting on the edge of a Great Lake with a woman who wanted to show me her world and hoped that I would like it, too. Sometimes there is no escape, but often the effort of trying will do quite nicely for a while.

I was sitting on the veranda with these thoughts when I saw Mariah come up the path, holding in her hands six grayish-blackish fish. She said, "Taa-daah! Trout!" and made a big sweep with her hands, holding the fish up in the light, so that rainbowlike colors shone on their scales. She sang out, "I will make you fishers of men," and danced around me. After she stopped, she said, "Aren't they beautiful? Gus and I went out in my old boat—my very, very old boat—and we caught them. My fish. This is supper. Let's go feed the minions."

It's possible that what she really said was "millions," not "minions." Certainly she said it in jest. But as we were cooking the fish, I was thinking about it. "Minions." A word like that would haunt someone like me; the place



where I came from was a dominion of someplace else. I became so taken with the word "dominion" that I told Mariah this story: When I was about five years old or so, I had read to me for the first time the story of Jesus Christ feeding the multitudes with seven loaves and a few fishes. After my mother had finished reading this to me, I said to her, "But how did Jesus serve the fish? Boiled or fried?" This made my mother look at me in amazement and shake her head. She then told everybody she met what I had said, and they would shake their heads and say, "What a child!" It wasn't really such an unusual question. In the place where I grew up, many people earned their living by being fishermen. Often, after a fisherman came in from sea and had distributed most of his fish to people with whom he had such an arrangement, he might save some of them, clean and season them, and build a fire, and he and his wife would fry them at the seashore and put them up for sale. It was quite a nice thing to sit on the sand under a tree, seeking refuge from the hot sun, and eat a perfectly fried fish as you took in the view of the beautiful blue sea, former home of the thing you were eating. When I inquired about the way the fish were served with the loaves, to myself I had thought, Not only would the multitudes be pleased to have something to eat, not only would they marvel at the miracle of turning so little into so much, but they might go on to pass a judgment on the way the food tasted. I know it would have mattered to me. In our house, we all preferred boiled fish. I wondered why the people who recorded their life with Christ never mentioned this small detail, a detail that would have meant a lot.

When I finished telling Mariah this, she looked at me, and her blue eyes (which I would have found beautiful even if I hadn't read millions of books in which blue eyes were always accompanied by the word "beautiful") grew dim as she slowly closed the lids over them, then bright again as she opened them wide and then wider.

A silence fell between us; it was a deep silence, but not too thick and not too black. Through it we could hear the clink of the cooking utensils as we cooked the fish Mariah's way, under flames in the oven, a way I did not like. And we could hear the children in the distance screaming—in pain or pleasure, I could not tell.

MARIAH and I were saying good night to each other the way we always did, with a hug and a kiss, but this time we did it as if we both wished we hadn't gotten such a custom started. She was almost out of the room when she turned and said, "I was looking forward to telling you that I have Indian blood, that the reason I'm so good at catching fish and hunting birds and roasting corn and doing all sorts of things is because I have Indian blood. But now, I don't know why, I feel I shouldn't tell you that. I feel you will take it the wrong way."

This really surprised me. What way should I take this? Wrong way? Right way? What could she mean? To look at her, there was nothing remotely like an Indian about her. Why claim a thing like that? I myself had Indian blood in me. My grandmother is a Carib Indian. That makes me one-quarter Carib Indian. But I don't go around saying that I have some Indian blood in me. The Carib Indians were good sailors, but I don't like to be on the sea; I only like to look at it. To me my grandmother is my grandmother, not an Indian. My grandmother is alive; the Indians she came from are all dead. If someone could get away with it, I am sure they would put my grandmother in a zoo, as an example of something now extinct in nature. In fact, one of the museums to which Mariah had taken me devoted a whole section to people, all dead, who were more or less related to my grandmother.

Mariah says, "I have Indian blood in me," and underneath everything I could swear she says it as if she were announcing her possession of a trophy. How do you get to be the sort of victor who can claim the soul of the vanquished, too?

I now heard Mariah say, "Well," and she let out a long breath, full of sadness, resignation, even dread. I looked at her; her face was miserable, tormented, ill-looking. She looked at me in a pleading way, as if asking for relief, and I looked back, my face and my eyes hard; no matter what, I would not give it.

I said, "All along I have been wondering how you got to be the way you are. Just how it was that you got to be the way you are."

Even now she couldn't let go, and she reached out, her arms open wide, to give me one of her great hugs. But I stepped out of its path quickly, and she was left holding nothing. At last I said it. I said, "How do you get to be that way?" The anguish on her face almost broke my heart, but I would not bend. It was hollow, my triumph, I could feel that, but I held on to it just the same.

—Jamaica Kincaid

ANNALS OF RADIATION

THE HAZARDS OF ELECTROMAGNETIC FIELDS

III—VIDEO-DISPLAY TERMINALS

THE attempt of the utilities industry to play down the hazards of exposure to electric and magnetic fields from power lines has been abetted by a reluctance on the part of many people to recognize the possibility that their health might be threatened by invisible emanations from something they regard as both pervasive and indispensable. Indeed, so dependent are we on the benefits of electricity, and so accustomed have we become to the vast spiderweb of the electrical-distribution system surrounding us, that we have accepted without question the necessity and the ubiquity of its presence. This, in turn, has made it easy for us to embrace without reservation virtually all the hundreds of electrically powered devices that have been introduced into our homes, our workplaces, and our environment, and to make no distinction among them other than to be aware of the different tasks they are designed to perform.

Ironically, it was officials of the Navy who first drew attention to the fact that different electrical devices give off different magnetic fields. The officials claimed that certain household appliances, such as hair dryers and food mixers, generated magnetic fields that were far stronger—and therefore more potentially hazardous to the health of a user—than the magnetic fields that were expected to emanate from Project Seafarer, a huge extra-low-frequency (ELF) transmitter designed to provide communication with submerged submarines. What they did not point out was that the strength of the magnetic fields from household appliances, with the exception of the electric blanket and the dial-face electric clock, falls off rapidly with distance, and that most appliances, including hair dryers and food mixers, are not sources of chronic exposure, because they are used sporadically. Similar claims by the utilities industry, which was anxious to exonerate power lines as sources of chronic exposure to magnetic fields, found ready acceptance by gullible government health officials and undiscerning scientists. As a result, the public has remained largely uninformed about the true nature of the hazard. Small wonder, then, that very few of the millions of people who use video-display terminals—devices whose prodigious capacity for data entry and retrieval and for word processing has revolutionized office work—have any idea that they are being exposed to potentially harmful magnetic fields emitted by their machines.

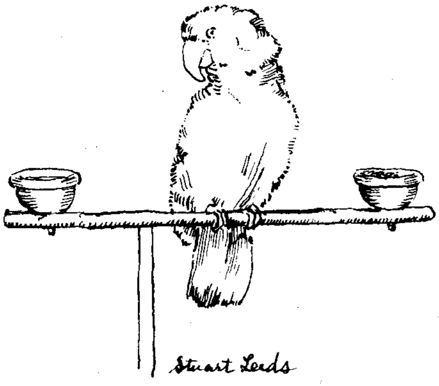
From the outset, the manufacturers of computer terminals have been disinclined to measure the strength of the magnetic fields that emanate from their products, or to give out information about these fields. Indeed, only recently have any of them acknowledged that VDTs can produce such fields. Their initial reluctance can undoubtedly be ascribed to the fact that during the nineteen-seventies most people considered low-level magnetic fields harmless. Their continued reticence, however, appears to be engendered by a belated concern about the laws of strict product liability which exist in almost every state. The laws clearly stipulate that the manufacturer of any product is responsible for testing the safety of that product, for being familiar with the medical and scientific literature relating to its safety, for knowing any harmful consequences that may result from its use, and for advising a potential consumer or user about any such consequences by affixing a warning label to the product. They also stipulate that anyone who manufactures and sells a product that is unreasonably dangerous to a user is liable for any physical harm that it may cause. Far from issuing any warning about the possible health hazards of working with VDTs, the makers of these devices have denied for more than a decade not only that any health hazards exist but also that any could conceivably exist. Meanwhile, as the result of the wholesale embrace of computer technology by a largely unsuspecting public, some thirty million VDTs have made their way into offices, homes, and schools across the nation.

A TYPICAL word processor consists of a video-display screen and a typewriter keyboard, both linked to a computer that can act as a repository for data. The display terminal operates on the same principle as a television set: the image on the screen is produced by an electron beam generated in a cathode-ray tube (CRT)—an evacuated glass tube containing an electron gun, which produces a narrow electron beam. The beam is accelerated, and directed toward the front of the tube, by high voltage—between fifteen thousand and twenty-five thousand volts—from a step-up transformer known as the flyback transformer. When the beam strikes the inner surface of the CRT face, or screen, it interacts with a phosphor coating to generate a spot of visible light, which glows in the form of a letter or a number.

Most VDTs display images by dividing the picture, or frame, into lines, called raster lines, which appear on the screen as the electron beam sweeps from left to right and from top to bottom. The movement of the electron beam across the screen is controlled by a horizontal and a vertical deflection system, which consists of two sets of coils that are wound like a yoke around the neck of the cathode-ray tube. The coils produce magnetic fields when electric current flows through them. Since magnetic fields can deflect electrons, it is the adjustment of current in the coils that controls the movement of the electron beam. A horizontal-deflection coil moves the beam from left to right; a vertical-deflection coil moves it from top to bottom. Each time the electron beam arrives at the right-hand side of the screen, a synchronization pulse causes the beam to "fly back" quickly to the left side of the screen. Since most VDTs produce sixty two-hundred-and-sixty-two-line pictures every second, the electron beam travels back and forth across the screen more than fifteen thousand times a second, the result being a typical horizontal-scan frequency of approximately fifteen thousand hertz, or fifteen kilohertz, which is in the very-low-frequency (VLF) radio-frequency range. The typical vertical-scan frequency is sixty hertz.

When VDTs are operating, they emit X rays from their cathode-ray tubes, but so much of this radiation is absorbed by the glass of the CRT that it is not considered to pose a health hazard. The other radiation given off by VDTs includes ultraviolet, visible-light, infrared, microwave, radio-wave, ELF, and static electric fields. Most of it consists of pulsed VLF electric and magnetic fields of between fifteen and twenty kilohertz, and pulsed ELF electric and magnetic fields of sixty hertz. The pulsed VLF radiation is produced by the flyback transformer and the horizontal-deflection coil. The sixty-hertz electric and magnetic fields are generated in two ways: sixty-hertz fields originating in the hundred-and-twenty-volt current that powers the VDT are emitted by the machine's power transformer (since these fields decay rapidly over distance, they can usually be measured only in the immediate vicinity of the transformer); and much stronger sixty-hertz magnetic fields are produced by the CRT's vertical-deflection coil, which governs the up-and-down movement of the electron beam on the VDT's phosphor-coated screen.

During the nineteen-seventies, VDTs were installed in thousands of offices in the United States, including many newspaper offices, where they quickly became popular. Not only did they afford reporters and editors ready access to stored information, thus speeding up the writing and editing process; they also produced copy that could be either set in cold type immediately or held for future use. But there were problems. As early as 1975, Swedish scientists reported that unusual numbers of VDT operators were complaining of eye discomfort, and in 1977 a study conducted by researchers at the Swedish National Board of Occupational Safety and Health found that about eighty-five per cent of a sample group of Scandinavian Airlines System employees who worked with the machines were experiencing blurred vision or temporary nearsightedness.



In the United States, one of the first indications that VDTs might have adverse biological effects came in late 1976, when two New York *Times* copy editors, aged twenty-nine and thirty-five, who had been working with the machines for twelve months and four months, respectively, were found by their ophthalmologists to have developed opacities in the lenses of both eyes—the precursors of cataracts. Subsequently, each of the copy editors was examined by Dr. Milton M. Zaret, an associate clinical professor of ophthalmology at the New York University–Bellevue Medical Center. During the early nineteen-sixties, Dr. Zaret had discovered that men working with radar in the armed services and the electronics industry were developing opacification and cataracts on the posterior capsule of the eye as a result of their exposure to relatively low-level microwave radiation. Now Zaret found that the older of the two copy editors was suffering from bilateral, incipient radiation-energy cataracts, and that the younger man had one immature and one incipient radiation-energy cataract. As a result, the Newspaper Guild of New York charged that the

WHEN THE WOOD IS GREEN

The ample day hesitates, and that brief delay,
That tear in the momentum, that pause,
Is, for one moment, consolation.

But for whom? At this station, at this stop,
It is easy to see the crude shambles
A sequence of events can lead to.

Consider the ox pulling a cart full
Of spectators. It does not hear their jeers.
It does not decipher each rut that rocks the cart.

It knows the unbending shape of the yoke,
The shape it works against toward some end.
—Eric Pankey

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VDTs posed a threat to the health and safety of guild members who used them, and the issue was ultimately submitted to arbitration.

In February of 1977, Wordie H. Parr, the chief of the Physical Agents Effects Branch of the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health (NIOSH), and some co-workers measured the ultraviolet, visible-light, infrared, microwave, and radio-frequency radiation coming from several VDTs at the *Times*, including the two screens previously used by the copy editors who had developed cataracts. They reported that the electric-field and magnetic-field strengths of the radio-frequency radiation that was being emitted were too weak to be detected by their instruments at a distance of ten centimetres. As it turned out, they were trying to measure the strength of the fields in terms of milliwatts per square centimetre, even though VLF and ELF fields cannot be accurately measured in this manner.

NEW ACCOUNTS
WEBER

"Mrs. Bonesteel, I've got nine point seventy-eight per cent that says your two hundred thousand dollars has found a home."

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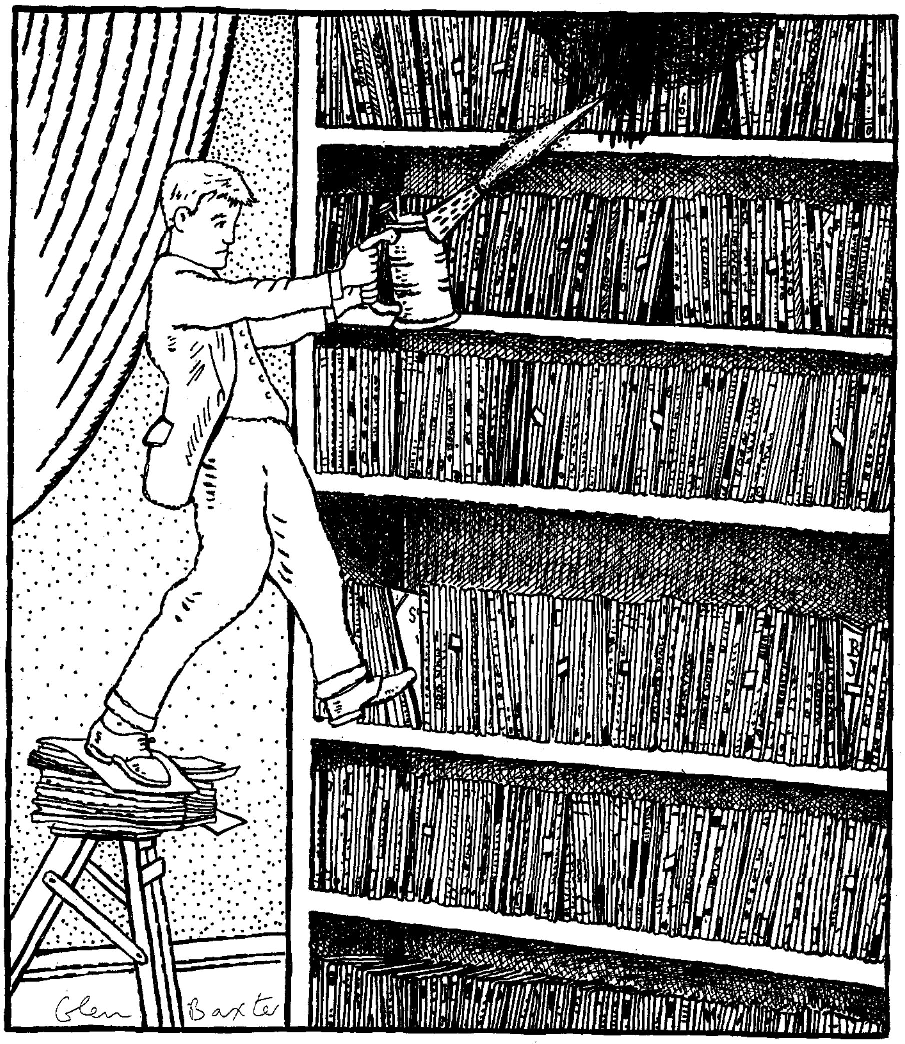
When questions about the instruments were raised, the arbitrator selected a private consulting firm to conduct additional measurements, and a panel of three ophthalmologists to advise him about the medical aspects of the case. Using instruments that were capable of detecting VLF radiation but not ELF fields, engineers hired by the consulting firm found that the power levels of the radio-frequency radiation being emitted by VDTs at the *Times* were below those of the ten-milliwatt-per-square-centimetre guideline that had been recommended in 1966 by the United States of America Standards Institute to prevent injury caused by the heating of tissue. The three ophthalmologists, for their part, told the arbitrator that they believed it unlikely that such power levels could cause cataracts to develop. The arbitrator then handed down a decision stating that VDTs "do not pose any ocular radiant energy hazard," and that "the vast majority of all employees may work in safety upon the VDT machines at the *Times*."

During the next four years, a succession of government agencies and private consulting firms continued to measure VDT radiation with inappropriate equipment at various sites around the nation, and to make pronouncements concerning the safety of VDTs which had little foundation in fact. In January of 1980, Parr and some colleagues from NIOSH conducted tests on a hundred and thirty-six of some five hundred and thirty VDTs that were being used by employees of the Oakland *Tribune*, the San Francisco *Chronicle* and the *Examiner*, and Blue Shield of California, which has its headquarters in San Francisco. They measured VLF electric-field strengths as high as fourteen hundred volts per metre near the flyback transformers of some VDTs, and magnetic-field strengths of almost nine milligauss near the flyback transformers of several units. In the report of their findings, however, they discounted these readings as anomalous, claiming that a current flow between the transformers and their measuring meter had interfered with the meter's electronic circuitry. "The flyback transformer can emit RF fields in the frequency range from 15 to 125 kHz but there is no occupational exposure standard for this frequency range and these frequencies have not been shown to cause biological injury," they wrote.

What Parr and his colleagues were saying, in effect, was that because no studies had been conducted to show that VLF radiation could cause biological effects the VLF electric and magnetic fields emanating from computer terminals could be discounted as a potential health hazard. Since the electric and magnetic fields emitted by VDTs were below the detection limits of their measuring equipment, they claimed that "the VDT does not present a radiation hazard to the employees working at or near a termi-



IT REQUIRED INNATE SKILL AND INTENSE CONCENTRATION TO KEEP THE FLAME DIRECTED PRECISELY OVER THE COLLECTION OF JOHN DENVER ALBUMS.

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nal." Moreover, they concluded that routine surveys of video-display terminals were not warranted. Parr underscored NIOSH's lack of concern about VDTs in a 1980 interview that was published in the Bergen County *Record*, in New Jersey. "We don't particularly give a damn about them," he told the newspaper. "It's not our responsibility to go out and test VDTs. We just don't think there's a radiation problem." He added, "To be quite honest, nobody knows a damn thing about that low a frequency."

Since there were then some five million VDTs in the workplace, with seven million men and women working on them, the exoneration of the machines as a health hazard by officials of an agency that had been created by Congress for the express purpose of discovering and investigating occupational health problems was a significant development. As such, it had the effect of encouraging similarly unwarranted assessments on the part of state health officials who had been assigned the task of evaluating the potential radiation hazard from VDTs. Those assessments, in turn, tended to reassure union officials who represented people working with VDTs that radiation from the devices was not likely to pose a significant health problem.

Between 1978 and 1981, repeated assurances that VDTs were safe were provided by researchers at the Bell Telephone Laboratories, in Murray Hill, New Jersey, who conducted measurements of radiation emitted by the machines. In June of 1978, Ronald C. Petersen, an electrical engineer at Bell Labs, measured the electric-field strength and the power density of the radiation being emitted by some of the VDTs in use at the labs, in order to determine whether it might be harmful. He reported that most of the energy he measured was low-frequency radiation associated with moving the electron beam; that its power density was far below the recommended ten-milliwatt guideline; and that there was no experimental or epidemiological evidence that these levels could have any detrimental effects on the health of personnel using the devices.

In April of 1979, Petersen and Max M. Weiss, a physicist at Bell Labs, published an article in the *American Industrial Hygiene Association Journal* in which they described the findings of a survey they had conducted of electromagnetic radiation given off by eight representative VDTs being used in the Bell Telephone system. According to Petersen and Weiss, radio-frequency emissions from the machines were "well below those from commercial broadcast stations in the same frequency region," and were not associated with any health hazard.

In October of 1981, at a health conference in Nashville, Tennessee, Weiss and other scientists from Bell Labs presented papers on VDT hazards. Weiss said in his presentation that extensive measurements of electromagnetic radiation from VDTs by researchers at Bell Labs, Duke University, and various federal agencies had led to the "unanimous conclusion" that VDTs "do not represent a health hazard from any radiation exposure caused by their use."

A day after Weiss spoke at the Tennessee health conference, a five-page memorandum about VDT radiation was circulated to employees of Bell Labs. The memo was signed by B. L. Wattenbarger, an official at the labs. Wattenbarger informed the employees that scientists considered the radio-frequency radiation emitted by VDTs to be "harmless because it has no known detrimental effect on the human body." He went on to assure them that the radiation would not turn out to be a hazard that would be recognized only after years of exposure, as had happened with asbestos. "The types of radiation that are emitted are

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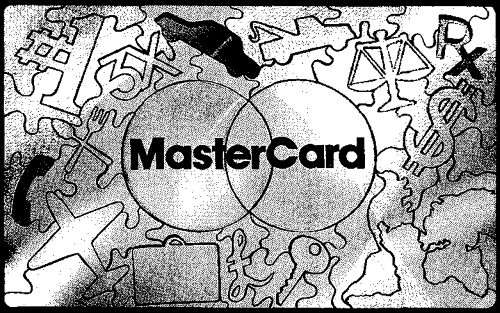

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weaker than other common sources of the same kinds of radiation, such as the sun and radio and TV broadcast signals," Wattenbarger's memo said. "Furthermore, there is nothing new to pose an unknown hazard—we have a great deal of knowledge and experience with all types of VDT radiation."

Since there were then well over a hundred thousand VDTs in operation in the Bell Telephone system, many of them being used by directory-assistance operators, it was perhaps understandable that Wattenbarger and his superiors should seek to reassure Bell employees that the company was looking out for their health and their best interests. The fact remains, however, that, for all Bell's knowledge and experience, no Bell scientist said anything about the sixty-hertz electric and magnetic fields that were being emitted by the machines, though there were by then many articles in the medical literature—among them Nancy Wertheimer and Ed Leeper's 1979 study showing an increased incidence of cancer in children who had been exposed to low-level magnetic fields from high-current electrical-distribution wires—to suggest that sixty-hertz fields might be hazardous to health.

IN the summer of 1980, concern about the possible adverse health effects of VDTs took an ominous turn when it was learned that within the previous year four out of seven pregnant VDT operators in the classified-advertising department of the Toronto *Star* had given birth to infants with defects. One baby was born with a clubfoot; another with a cleft palate; a third with an underdeveloped eye; and the fourth with multiple heart abnormalities. All were born between October and December of 1979 to women ranging in age from the early twenties to the mid-thirties, who said that they had quit smoking and had taken no drugs during their pregnancies. During the same period, three employees at the *Star* who did not work on VDTs gave birth to normal babies. As might be expected, an investigation of the unusual cluster of congenital malformations was launched by officials of the Toronto Health Department at the request of the Southern Ontario Newspaper Guild. At the same time, engineers of the Ontario Ministry of Labor's radiation-protection service proceeded to measure the radiation from the VDTs in the *Star's* classified-advertising department—there were about a hundred, most of which had been manufactured by I.B.M., of Armonk, New York—and also the radiation from nearly two hundred VDTs that had been installed elsewhere at the newspaper.

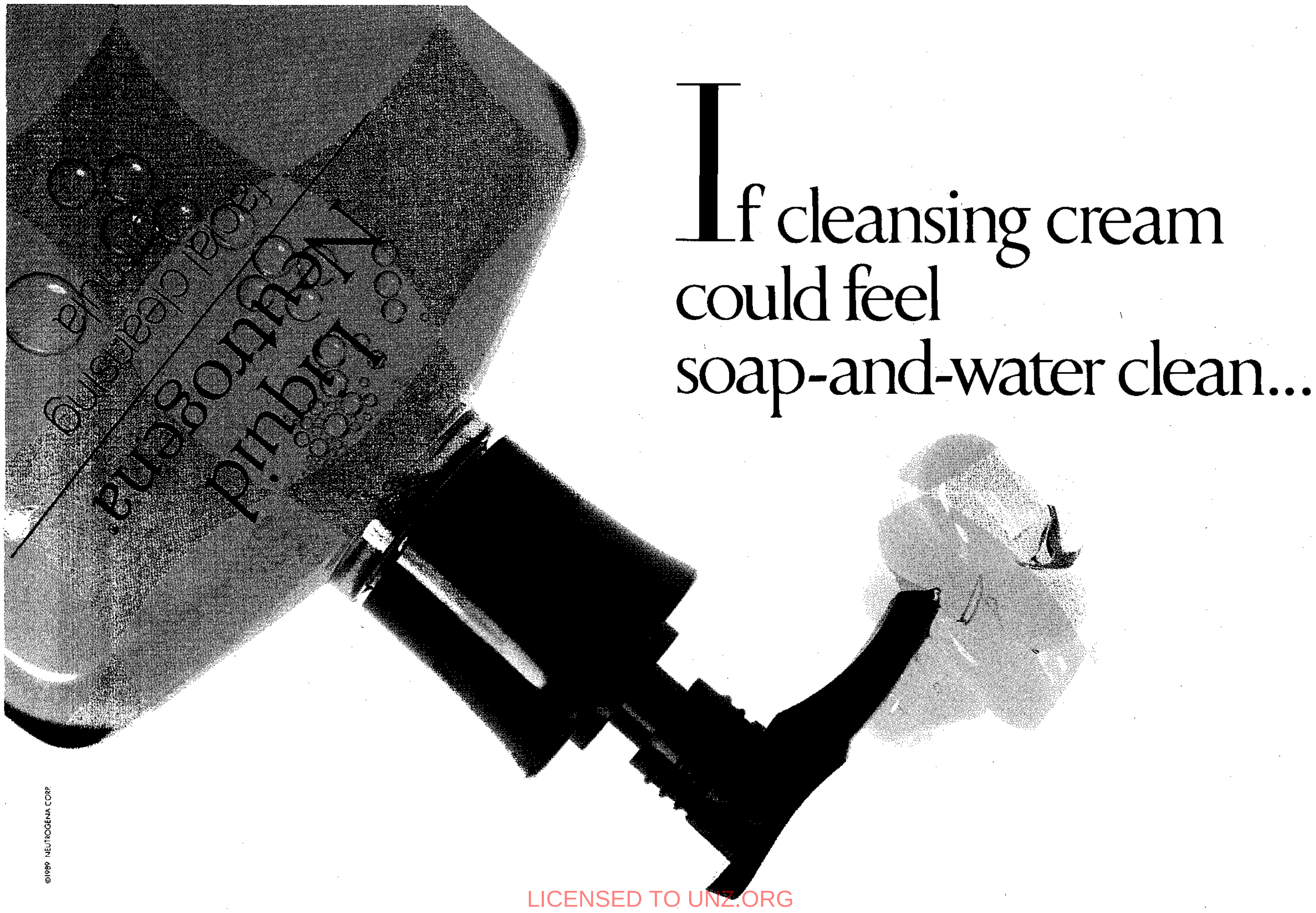
As the investigation got under way, Dr. Bruce Dickerson, the corporate director of health and safety for I.B.M., told an official of the Newspaper Guild that he considered the possibility that emissions from VDTs caused birth defects to be "totally new and without scientific predictability." During the next few weeks, Canadian health officials seemed to fall over one another in their haste to absolve the machines of any blame. Gerald Caplan, the coordinator of the Toronto Health Department's advocacy unit, issued a report stating that his group had thoroughly investigated the evidence concerning VDT hazards in the United States and Canada. "We left no stone unturned to find a case where a single machine emitted a dangerous level of radiation," Caplan declared, adding that "there is not a single scrap of evidence to indicate any danger from VDT radiation."

Anthony Muc, the chief of the Ontario Ministry of Labor's radiation-protection service, who was in charge of measuring ionizing and non-ionizing radiation from the VDTs at the *Star*, also reported that none of them emitted hazardous levels. "Radiation from the VDTs cannot be the link in the four cases of birth defects discovered at the *Star*," he told a reporter from the newspaper. Saying that it was "time to draw the line," he recommended that the Labor Ministry stop rushing out to test VDTs whenever someone called. A few months later, he assured another reporter that "the body burden of radiation carried by one's bed partner exposes you to more radiation than working with a VDT all day." Muc's impatience with having to investigate the machines was echoed by Dr. P. J. Waight, acting director of the Canadian government's Radiation Protection Bureau, in Ottawa. "How many times do we have to go through this before people accept the evidence of studies in Canada, the United States and elsewhere?" Waight asked. "The machines are safe." He added, "We're getting sick of this kind of inquiry."

C. Eugene Moss, a health physicist with NIOSH, went even further. He not only agreed with Waight that the machines were safe but also absolved them in a way that must have gladdened corporate hearts at I.B.M. He told the Toronto *Globe & Mail* that it was "absolutely impossible" for the I.B.M. machines at the *Star* to cause birth defects.

During the next two years, seven more unusual clusters of birth defects and miscarriages involving women who operated VDTs were reported in Canada and the United States. Between February of 1979 and February of 1981, seven out of thirteen pregnant women who worked part time at Air Canada's check-in counter at Dorval Airport, in Montreal, miscarried. When that fact became known, Frank Stevens, Air Canada's manager of airport services, said, "We are convinced as a company and as a country that there is no radiation problem." His claim that all of Canada agreed with the company was apparently based on an article, published in the *Canadian Medical Association Journal*, by Dr. Ernest Letourneau, who had become the director of the government's Radiation Protection Bureau, which had surveyed more than two hundred VDTs. Letourneau wrote, "The best advice a physician can give a patient about VDTs is that they are no more dangerous than the monochrome television sets found in homes and that they carry no radiation hazard." He suggested that the rapid proliferation of VDTs had led to "much unnecessary concern, particularly among women, that VDTs could be detrimental to the health of the operator and, in the case of a pregnant woman, her fetus."

During the summer of 1980, while the investigation of the birth defects at the *Star* was still in progress, the consulting physician at Sears, Roebuck's Southwest Regional Office, in Dallas, called the Public Health Service's Centers for Disease Control (C.D.C.), in Atlanta, to report that during the previous nine months six out of ten pregnant women who worked at the regional office had experienced spontaneous abortions, and another employee had delivered a premature infant who subsequently died. Upon investigating, C.D.C. officials determined that eight out of twelve pregnancies over a fourteen-month period by women working in Department 168 of the Sears office—a large room containing twenty-five VDTs in one corner—had ended either in miscarriage or in neonatal death. They also learned that during the first six working days of every month almost all of the sixty-nine women who worked in Department 168 producing a monthly financial statement for the region spent at least six hours a day at the VDTs, and that for the remainder of the month about a third of them continued to use the machines, while the rest were assigned different tasks. None of this, however, impressed the C.D.C. officials as significant. "Even though we found a definite association between working in Department 168 and having an adverse reproductive outcome, we consider video display terminals an unlikely cause," they wrote in their report of the investigation. "No previous clusters of spontaneous abortion due to VDT exposure have been reported," they asserted, and they dismissed the birth defects that had occurred among the VDT operators at the *Star* by not-



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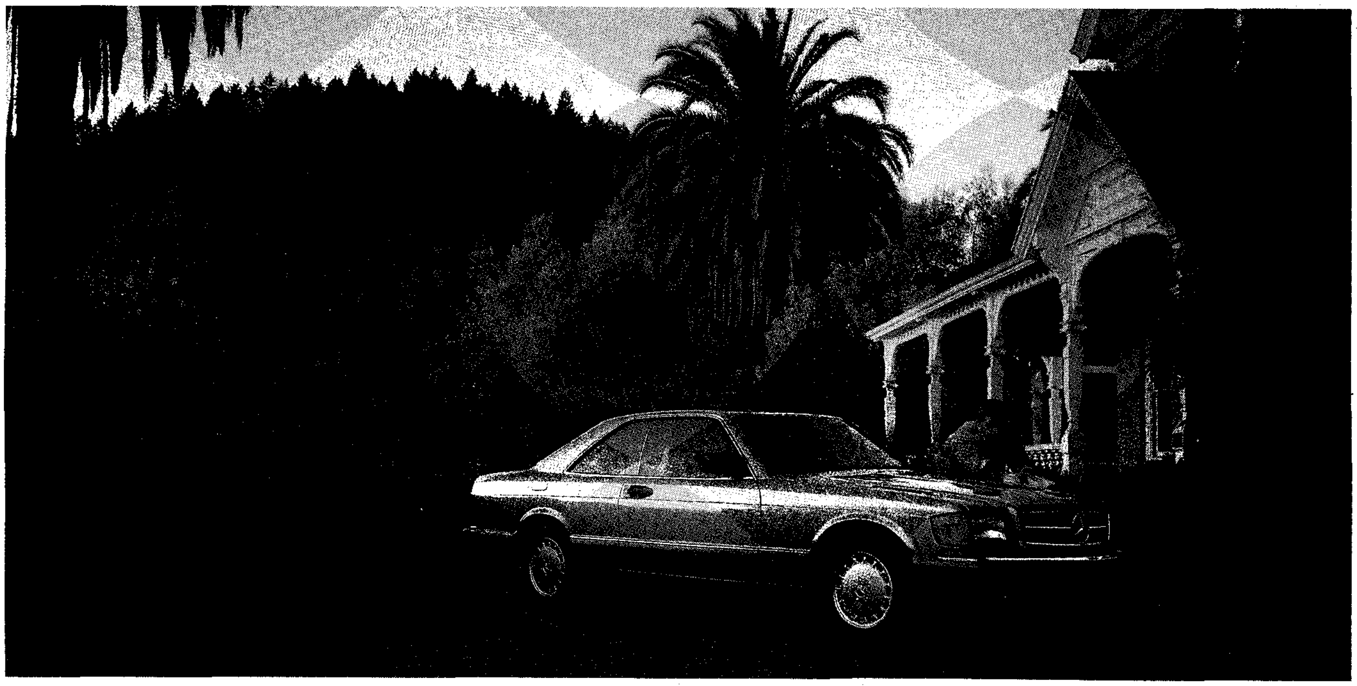

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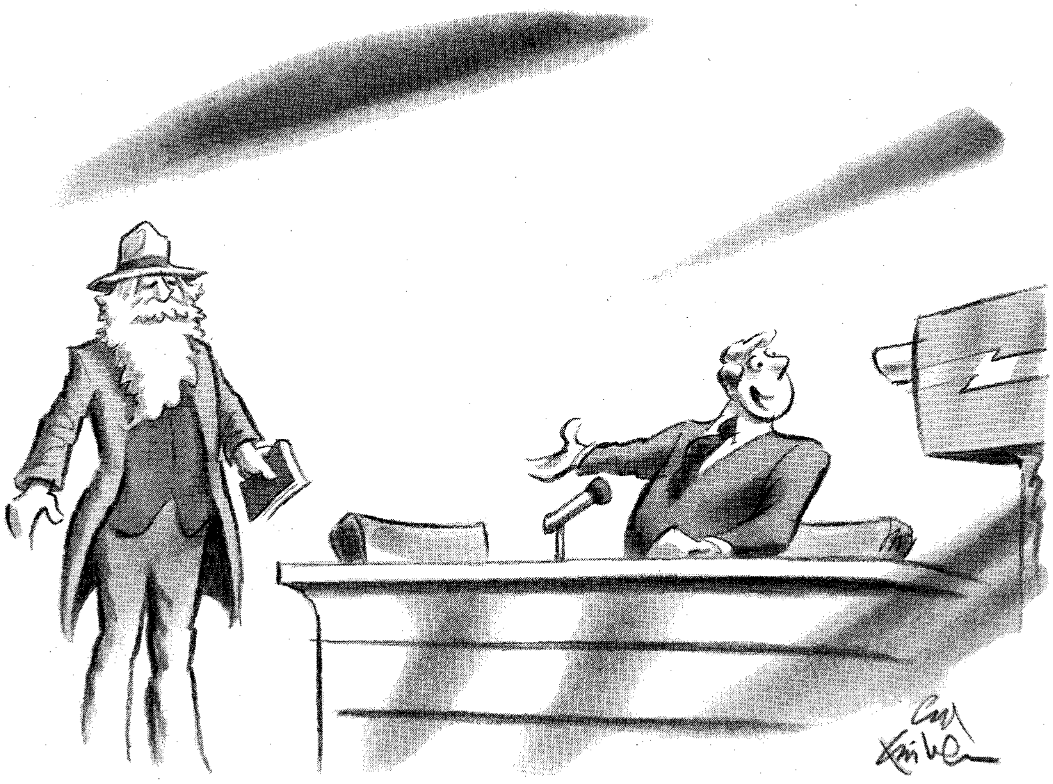

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ing that all four of the abnormalities were of different types, and that two of them—cleft palate and clubfoot—were likely to be caused by agents other than radiation.

The C.D.C. investigators chose not to measure the radiation being emitted by the VDTs at Sears but to rely on the flawed NIOSH reports stating that radiation levels from VDTs were either below recommended guidelines or too weak to be detected. On this basis, they declared, "No causal link could be made between use of VDTs and subsequent spontaneous abortion." They concluded that "our findings may represent an 'expected-unexpected' cluster." (Just how unexpected can be gathered from the fact that since the expected rate of adverse pregnancies in the United States is sixteen out of every hundred, the estimated probability that eight out of twelve pregnancies would be unsuccessful by chance is six in ten thousand.) Dr. Nancy J. Binkin, an epidemiologist with the Abortion Surveillance Branch of the C.D.C.'s Family Planning Evaluation Division, who had participated in the investigation, explained the C.D.C.'s conclusion in this manner: "With 7 million VDT workers in the United States, many of whom are women of reproductive age, we would expect to see—on the basis of chance alone—several clusters similar to the one reported at Sears."

As it happened, Binkin's expectation had already become a reality. In December of 1980, it was learned that between October of 1979 and October of 1980 three cases of congenital malformation and seven cases of first-trimester miscarriage had occurred among pregnant workers at the Marietta, Georgia, regional headquarters of the Department of Defense's logistics agency. The cases of malformation were a child afflicted with hydrocephalus (enlargement of the head caused by the accretion of fluid in the cranium); a child born with a slightly asymmetrical head and an eye defect; and a child suffering from a defective pulmonary vein, who died two months after birth. The ten women whose pregnancies had ended adversely worked in a single building, in which two hundred and six women below the age of forty-five were employed. According to a department safety-and-health manager, the amount of time that each of the pregnant women had worked on VDTs ranged from a few minutes to full time.

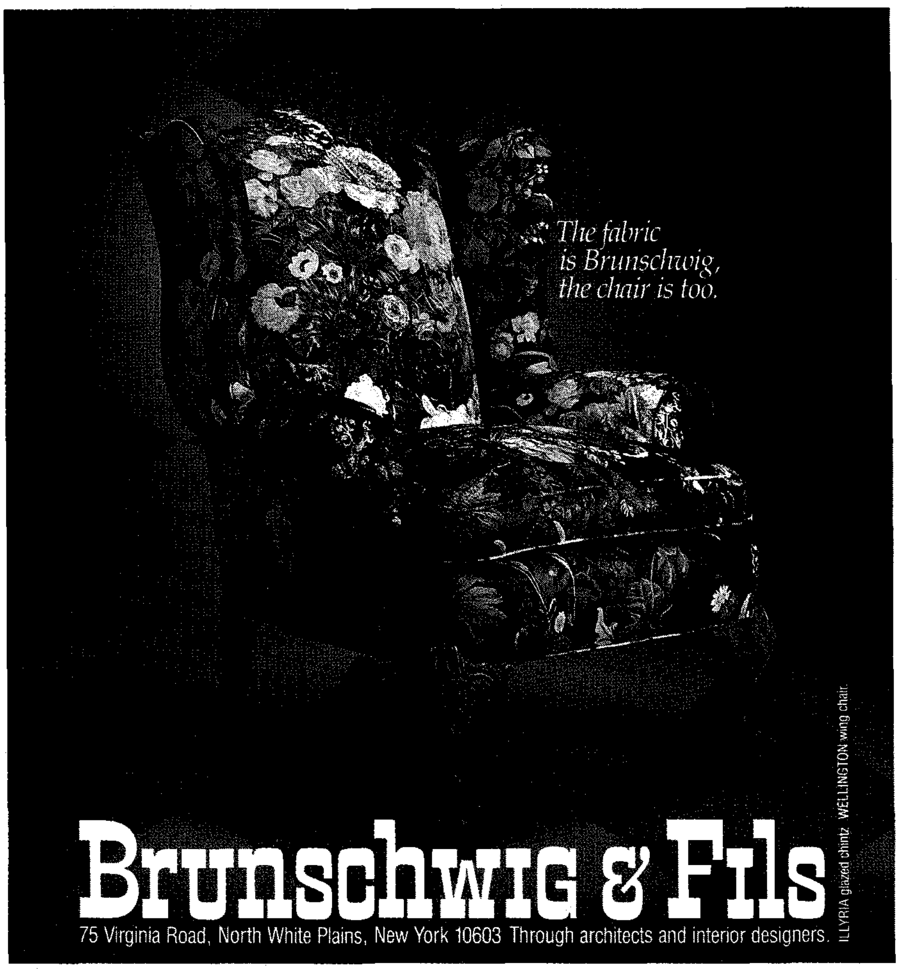
Medical doctors from the Army's Environmental Hygiene Agency, who conducted an investigation of the Marietta cluster in February of 1981, concluded that it was "an unusual statistical event for which no explanation could be found," and that it appeared "unlikely" to be related to a common work exposure. In their report the Army doctors stated that the information gained from questionnaires filled out by the ten women with adverse pregnancy outcomes and eight co-workers who had experienced normal pregnancies "suggests that VDT exposure was not associated with adverse pregnancy outcome." Like the C.D.C. doctors who investigated the miscarriage cluster at Sears, Roebuck, they failed to make any measurements of radiation emanating from the VDTs in question, relying instead on the flawed NIOSH reports that said there was no radiation hazard from VDTs.

By the end of 1982, Dr. Binkin's expectation that there would be further unexplained clusters of congenital abnormalities and miscarriages had come true several more times. Out of seven consecutive pregnancies occurring between May of 1978 and October of 1982 among clerks in the accounts department of Surrey Memorial Hospital, in Vancouver, British Columbia, there were three miscarriages, one premature birth, one infant born with a clubfoot and in need of eye surgery, and one baby suffering at birth from bronchitis. The seven women worked in the same room, and each of them had a VDT on her desk. At the request of the British Columbia Hospital Employees' Union, Hari Sharma, a professor of chemistry at the University of Waterloo, in Ontario, tested VDTs at the hospital and found them to be emitting high levels of low-frequency radiation. Professor Sharma had previously recommended shielding the flyback transformers of VDTs and not allowing pregnant women to work at unshielded machines.

Between 1979 and 1982, seven pregnant women who worked on VDTs in the Office of the Solicitor General in Ottawa also experienced adverse pregnancy outcomes. Four of them miscarried, one gave birth prematurely, and two delivered infants who were suffering from respiratory disease. During that period, an eighth woman in the Solicitor General's Office, who did not use a VDT, gave birth to a healthy baby. However, Dr. Ian Marriott, a consultant for the Canadian government's Department of National Health and Welfare, ruled out VDTs as a possible cause of the problem, because, as he put it, the study of hazards from the machines "has been done so often by so many people around the world." A few months later, a task force appointed by the Canadian government recommended that all VDT operators be given the option of performing alternative work during pregnancy.

Over those same three years, additional clusters of birth defects and miscarriages were reported in the United States. Chief among them was one at the Pacific Northwest Bell Telephone Company, in Renton, Washington, where three out of five pregnancies occurring between July of 1980 and August of 1982 among women working with VDTs ended badly. One woman delivered a stillborn baby; a second woman gave birth to an infant suffering from spina bifida (open spine); and a third woman gave birth to a child afflicted with Down's syndrome, a devastating defect known to occur with exposure to X rays, and also linked with exposure to microwave radiation. Shortly after the Renton cluster was reported, NIOSH officials announced that they were planning to conduct an epidemiological study of the impact of VDTs on pregnant women. Jay Bainbridge, the assistant director of NIOSH's Division of Surveillance, Hazard Evaluation, and Field Studies, said that while there was no evidence of any radiation hazard from VDTs, "we would like to resolve this issue once and for all."

TO some extent, the reluctance of NIOSH and other government health agencies to investigate the radiation hazard from VDTs thoroughly can be traced to the outcome of a two-day congressional hearing on the potential health effects of VDTs and radio-frequency heaters and sealers—machines that use high-power radio-frequency radiation to melt and mold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plastic and other materials in a wide variety of industrial processes. The hearing was held in May of 1981 by the Subcommittee on Investigations and Oversight of the House Committee on Science and Technology. One of the first witnesses to testify about the VDTs was John C. Villforth, the director of the Food and Drug Administration's Bureau of Radiological Health (B.R.H.), who appeared before the subcommittee as a member of a panel that included Dr. Zaret, of Bellevue. Villforth, who was later quoted in *Science* as saying, "One of the beautiful things about radiation [is that] anyone who's paranoid can blame their problems on it," told the subcommittee that a recent bureau survey showed that VDTs "do not pose a significant radiation hazard to persons who operate them." The survey to which he referred had found that ninety-five per cent of the radio-frequency energy emitted from the VDTs was in the VLF range, between fifteen and a hundred and twenty-five kilohertz. The bureau officials who carried it out had acknowledged in their report that no research had been conducted on the biological effects of VLF radiation, but they had nonetheless managed to conclude that VLF radiation "interacts only slightly with the human body, so that significant biological effects are unlikely."

When Zaret's turn came to testify, he said that the conclusion by the Bureau of Radiological Health that significant biological effects were unlikely to occur in the VLF range was "unwarranted." He emphasized the fact that the bureau had tested only a small number of VDTs, and that the machines had been tested one at a time and not in their usual workplace setting. He went on to point out that in the workplace "many VDT operators could be irradiated from several surrounding VDTs at the same time they were being irradiated by the VDT in front of them."

Except for Zaret and some union officials who called for epidemiological studies of VDT operators, the thirty or so other experts from government and industry who testified at the hearing stated that VDTs posed no radiation health hazard. Representatives of the business community were adamant on this point. John Rankine, the director of standards and data security for I.B.M., said that because of "rigid design testing, manufacturing checks, and company-sponsored research" he was certain that VDTs did not present a radiation health hazard.

After the hearing, Representative Albert Gore, Jr., the subcommittee chairman, summed up the response of the subcommittee members to what they had heard about VDTs by saying, "The preponderance of evidence suggests that VDTs are safe, but we will encourage the Bureau of Radiological Health to set appropriate standards for VDTs and do more research on low-frequency effects." Just how vigorously Gore and his colleagues pursued the matter is open to question. Certainly, there is no evidence that he or any of his fellow committee members ever did try to encourage the B.R.H. to set standards or conduct further research on the biological effects of the low-frequency radiation emitted by VDTs. As a result, while the number of VDT users in the United States increased from seven million to some thirty million over the next eight years, almost no studies were undertaken to fill the vacuum of knowledge about the health effects of the radiation known to be emanating from the machines.

Still another reason for the failure of NIOSH, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA), and the B.R.H. to seriously investigate the potential radiation hazard from VDTs can be laid at the doorstep of the National Academy of Sciences. Shortly before the congressional hearing, NIOSH officials had asked the National Academy to review the existing studies of visual problems encountered by VDT workers and to suggest ways of resolving the question of whether the machines could damage the eyes. In response, the Academy's National Research Council appointed a twelve-member panel of experts—only three of whom were ophthalmologists—to assess the impact of VDT use on the vision of workers. The panel members concluded that there was "no scientifically valid evidence that occupational use of VDTs is associated with increased risk of ocular diseases or abnormalities, including cataracts." (In reaching this conclusion, they dismissed the findings of Dr. Zaret, whom they did not bother to get in touch with.) They went on to say that the levels of radiation emitted by VDTs were "highly unlikely to be hazardous," and, taking refuge in the line used so often by the power industry, claimed that these levels were "far below those emitted by many common electronic products or those present from natural sources in the environment."

Anne Burgess

When Max Weiss, of Bell Labs, proclaimed that researchers in industry, government, and academe had reached the unanimous conclusion that there was no health hazard from VDT radiation, he was not exaggerating. By the autumn of 1981, the presumption of benignity had been conferred upon electromagnetic emissions from the machines by the arbitrator of a workmen's-compensation proceeding; by the chiefs of NIOSH's Physical Agents Effects Branch and its Radiation Section; by the head of the F.D.A.'s Bureau of Radiological Health; by scientists at the Public Health Service's Centers for Disease Control; by officials of OSHA and the Environmental Protection Agency; by the director of the Radiation Protection Bureau of Canada's Department of National Health and Welfare; by members of the Ontario Ministry of Labor and the Toronto Health Department; by hygienists and scientists at Harvard University, Duke University, the New York University Medical Center, and other leading academic institutions; by medical doctors from the Army's Environmental Hygiene Agency; by the medical directors of Air Canada and I.B.M.; by the president of the Computer and Business Equipment Manufacturers Association; by representatives of virtually every VDT-manufacturing corporation in the nation; by an official of the American Newspaper Publishers Association; by officers of the New York *Times*, the Toronto *Globe & Mail*, and other major newspapers; and, finally, by members of the National Academy of Sciences review panel. Indeed, except for Milton Zaret, the vote of confidence that had been given the VDTs and the low-frequency radiation emanating from them was monolithic, and the sea of disbelief in which Nancy

Wertheimer had felt herself cast adrift after she published her study on power-line magnetic fields and childhood cancer had become an ocean of denial.

In October of 1982, however, a scientist in Canada came forward to take issue with the prevailing viewpoint and offer a warning about the presumed safety of VDTs. He was a biophysicist named Karel Marha, and his decision to speak out was particularly courageous in the light of the fact that he had only recently arrived in Canada, as an émigré from Czechoslovakia, where for twenty years he had been the director of the Department of High Frequency at the Institute of Industrial Hygiene and Occupational Diseases, in Prague. Marha and his colleagues in Prague had found a wide variety of neurological problems, such as headache, eye pain, excessive fatigue, forgetfulness, and irritability, among people working in radar centers, in radio and television stations, and in factories where microwave-emitting devices were manufactured. Moreover, they had determined that some of these effects could be induced at power densities as low as one-tenth of a milliwatt per square centimetre—one-hundredth of the recommended American guideline for occupational exposure. For this reason, the Czechoslovakian government had promulgated a standard for exposure to microwaves that was one-thousandth the American recommended guideline. Since Marha and other scientists in Eastern Europe had observed excessive fetal retardation and birth defects among the offspring of women and animals exposed to radio-frequency fields, pregnant women were specifically prohibited from working in areas where this level was exceeded.

After coming to Canada, in 1981, Marha spent a year working for Ontario Hydro, and there he began to study the radiation given off by video-display terminals. In the summer of 1982, he left the utility to work at the Canadian Centre for Occupational Health and Safety—a non-profit information service in Hamilton, Ontario, that is financed by the government of Canada and run by representatives of industry, organized labor, and the federal, provincial, and territorial governments. On October 6, 1982, he delivered a paper entitled "The State of Knowledge Concerning Radiation Emissions from Video Display Terminals" at Carleton University, in Ot-

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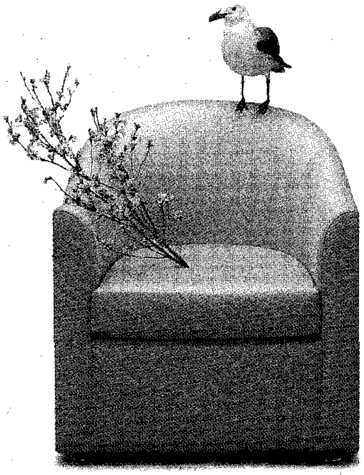

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tawa, in which he disclosed information about the machines which had never been discussed publicly by any scientist, health official, or VDT manufacturer in either the United States or Canada.

A soft-spoken, distinguished-looking man then in his early fifties, Marha pointed out that very few measurements with proper instruments had been made of the low-frequency radiation emanating from VDTs, but that one study in the United States had found electric fields within twelve inches of a VDT to be more than five times as strong as those allowed for occupational exposure in the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, and the German Democratic Republic. He then revealed for the first time that, in addition to VLF radiation, VDTs also emitted significant ELF radiation, in the form of sixty-hertz electric and magnetic fields from the vertical-deflection coil, and he described some recent measurements of sixty-hertz magnetic fields from three different VDT sets, which had been made by Maria Stuchly and two colleagues from the Radiation Protection Bureau, in Ottawa. They had found sixty-hertz magnetic fields greater than two milligauss at a distance of twelve inches from the viewing screens of two of the models; a field of just over one milligauss at the same distance from the screen of the third; and fields of approximately one milligauss twenty inches from the screens of all three VDT units.

Marha went on to discuss an experiment that he and two Czechoslovakian colleagues had conducted more than twenty years earlier, which showed that pulsed electromagnetic fields such as those emanating from radar transmitters and VDTs were far more biologically potent than continuous-wave fields, such as those given off by radio and television transmitters. He then pointed out that there had been studies showing that low-frequency modulation of the pulsed electromagnetic field was of primary importance in the production of biological effects, whereas the high-frequency carrier wave played only a secondary role. At the end of his talk, he drew some disturbing conclusions. "Firstly, the VDT may produce electric, magnetic, and electromagnetic fields in nearly the entire NIR [non-ionizing radiation] band," he said. "The highest-intensity fields can be found in the low-frequency spectrum. Most of these are pulsed fields or extremely low-frequency modulated fields. Secondly, all these fields are known to produce some biological effects. The complex evaluation of all possible factors including combinations of different effects and all other hygienic and ergonomic factors near VDTs has not been done."

Marha's speech at Carleton University was given almost no coverage in the Canadian press. Three months later, however, the Canadian Centre for Occupational Health and Safety issued a three-page news release about the VDT-radiation hazard. The release stated that Marha and three other scientists at the Centre had called attention to the fact that some VDTs produced pulse-modulated VLF electromagnetic fields whose strength "sometimes exceeds exposure limits set for other parts of the electromagnetic spectrum," and that there was some scientific evidence to suggest that pulsed fields could be more harmful than non-pulsed fields. The news release warned, further, that although there was no demonstrable link between VDT exposure and adverse pregnancy outcomes, Marha and his colleagues believed that government regulatory agencies should begin discussions with VDT manufacturers on the feasibility of shielding all sources of pulsed electromagnetic fields in new and existing VDTs, and that an interim standard of operator exposure should be established to require that electric fields at a distance of thirty centimetres (about one foot) from the nearest surface of a VDT not exceed sixty volts per metre.

Incredible as it may seem, the unprecedented warning and recommendations of Marha and his colleagues went virtually unreported in newspapers and on television newscasts in both Canada and the United States. During 1983, however, the Canadian Centre for Occupational Health and Safety published three more reports about the hazards of VLF radiation from VDTs. In the first of them, issued in April, Marha and his colleagues pointed out that pulsed electric and magnetic fields emanating from VDTs were highly directional, the direction depending upon the design of the machine, and that for this reason "it is evident that the exposure of other people near the VDT can be higher than the exposure of the operator." They went on to say that radiation measurements should be made not just in front of the viewing screen, as almost all measurements had been made until then, but also at distances of ten to thirty centimetres from all surfaces of the machine.

In a second report, issued in July, Marha described ways in which the electric fields given off by VDTs could be effectively shielded. He suggested, however, that a simpler and more foolproof way of preventing harmful irradiation by VDTs would be to "design the workplace in such a way that no one can sit or stand close to the side or behind the VDT unit." According to Marha, a distance of one to one and a half metres would be sufficient to afford protection. He also recommended that VDTs not be set up back to front in a workplace, "since individual operators could be exposed to emissions from nearby terminals," and that pregnant workers who had been relieved of VDT work "not sit close to the side or rear of a terminal." In a third report, issued in December, Marha and David Charron, an electrical engineer at the Centre, warned that lead aprons, which were then being considered as protective gear for VDT operators, were totally ineffective in deflecting or absorbing VDT radiation.

Like the news release that the Centre had issued at the beginning of the year, the three other reports were almost universally ignored by the press in Canada and the United States. By now, it was plain that publishers and editors of major newspapers in both nations were avoiding stories about VDT radiation. Indeed, this state of affairs had been exposed in an article entitled

"VDTs: The Overlooked Story Right in the Newsroom," which appeared in the January-February, 1981, issue of the *Columbia Journalism Review*. The article was written by Jeff Sorensen, the director of the news-syndication service for *The Nation*, and by Jon Swan, the senior editor of the *Journalism Review*, and its subtitle left little doubt about their conclusions. It said, "If you want to learn about a health and safety controversy affecting thousands of journalists—and millions of other U.S. workers—don't rush out and buy a major daily."

Sorensen and Swan began by disclosing that the use of VDTs by the classified-advertising and editorial departments of the nation's newspapers had increased by about fifty per cent annually since the devices were introduced into the marketplace, in the late nineteen-sixties. Referring to the 1977 arbitration decision that VDT radiation was not a factor in causing cataracts to develop in the eyes of two copy editors at the *Times*, they noted that NIOSH, in conducting tests on VDTs at the *Times*, had used instruments that were inadequate for measuring VLF and ELF magnetic fields. They went on to say that neither the *Times* nor the Washington *Post* nor the Los Angeles *Times* nor the Chicago *Tribune* nor the Chicago *Sun-Times* nor the Baltimore *Sun* nor, for that matter, any other major daily which they surveyed had reported on the arbitration hearings or on the fact that the NIOSH measurements were flawed.

In conclusion, they asked, "What has happened here?" And they answered:

> The nation's newspapers are involved in a technological revolution; so, too, of course, are many other and much larger industries. This revolution is affecting the lives—and possibly adversely affecting the health—of thousands of journalists and millions of nonjournalists. At least some reporters are eager to cover various aspects of this large event, presumably in the same professional manner in which they would cover any other story. Meanwhile, there is a dearth of coverage. In some cases this may be because reporters genuinely do not see a story in VDTs. But it would not seem too farfetched to conclude that at the management level another factor is at work—that in their concern to protect a vast investment, editors and publishers are subordinating the public interest to a private one.

During the next few years, the *Columbia Journalism Review* continued to peer over the shoulder of the press and report on how the VDT story was, or was not, being covered. In its November-December, 1984, issue, the *Review* published two articles and an editorial on the VDT health issue. One of the articles was written by Louis Slesin, the publisher and editor of the newsletter *Microwave News*, who pointed out that NIOSH had failed to initiate the study of pregnancy risks among VDT operators which it had promised to undertake two years earlier, and that NIOSH staff members had admitted in the spring of 1983—six years after NIOSH researchers had made inadequate measurements at the *Times*—that they still had no ability to measure VLF radiation from VDTs at job sites.

The second article was entitled "VDT Regulation: The Publishers Counterattack," and was written jointly by Loren Stein, an associate at the Center for Investigative Reporting, in San Francisco, and Diana Hembree, the director of the Center's Women in the 80s project. Stein and Hembree disclosed that the American Newspaper Publishers Association, an organization representing some fourteen hundred newspapers in the United States—roughly ninety per cent of the nation's daily and Sunday circulation—had joined the Computer and Business Equipment Manufacturers Association's Coalition for Workplace Technology, a powerful lobbying group, and that the Coalition was opposing measures to regulate VDTs then being introduced in various state legislatures. Many of the proposed safety bills would require employers to install antiglare screens and metal shielding to protect VDT operators against radiation; to pay for mandatory eye examinations; and to transfer pregnant VDT operators, upon request, and with no loss in pay, benefits, or seniority, to work that did not involve the use of VDTs. Stein and Hembree went on to say that George Cashau, the director of technical research for the Newspaper Publishers Association, had testified at a hearing held by the Subcommittee on Health and Safety of the House Committee on Education and Labor in June of 1984 that "inaccurate information" was responsible for employee fears about VDTs, and that Dr. Howard Brown, the medical director of the *Times*, had appeared before the subcommittee on behalf of the Association and testified that he was aware of "no

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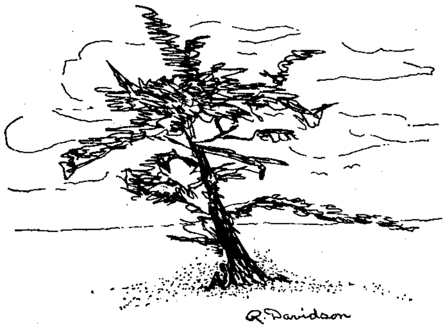
medical evidence" of serious VDT-related health effects.

The authors of the *Journalism Review's* editorial declared that they had been "troubled for years about indications that VDTs *may* cause health problems—and equally troubled by the fact that the press as a whole seems unwilling to report in any depth on the nagging questions about safety." They went on to say, "So long as the major news media continue to practice a policy of benign neglect in regard to this story, we feel obliged to do what we can to fill the information gap," and they concluded by observing, "It seems to us that there's a story here, even though it's not the kind of news the papers regard as fit to print."

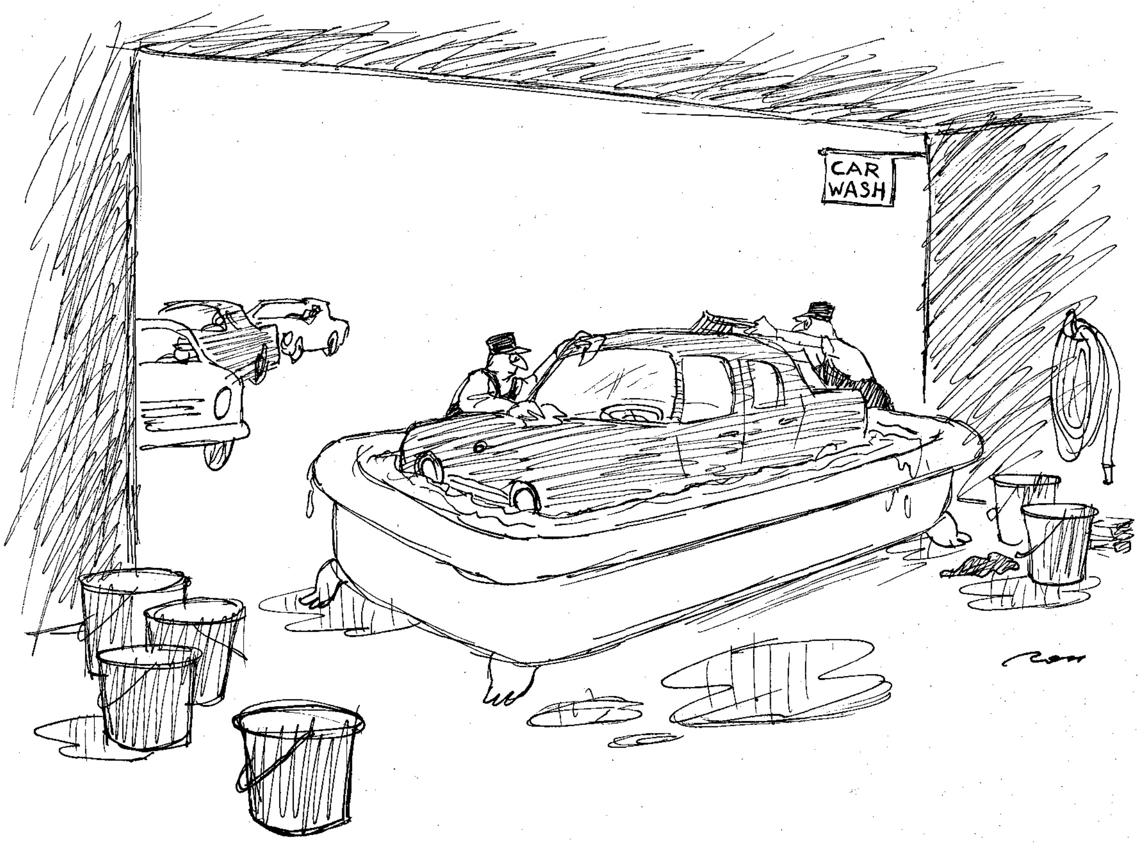
AS things turned out, the call that Marha made in the autumn of 1982 for experimental studies to determine whether pulsed low-frequency electromagnetic fields could produce harmful biological effects had, unknown to him, been partly answered. Five months earlier, Dr. José M. R. Delgado, a neurophysiologist, who was the director of research at the Centro Ramón y Cajal Hospital, in Madrid, had published the results of a discovery that would raise serious new questions about the effect of VDT radiation on embryonic development. Delgado, who was then in his late sixties, had received his medical degree from the University of Madrid in 1940, and for the next six years he had worked as an associate professor of physiology at the university's medical school. In 1950, he came to the United States, and between then and 1974 he served as a professor of physiology at the Yale School of Medicine, in New Haven. There he developed techniques for the electrical and chemical stimulation of the brain, which he applied to studies of primate and human behavior.

A man with a flair for drama, Delgado conducted a series of highly significant, if somewhat controversial, experiments during his years at Yale. In 1954, he demonstrated that real pain can be produced by electrical stimulation of the brain. Subsequently, by electrically stimulating different spots in the brains of monkeys, he was able to make the animals behave like puppets. In a 1969 book, "Physical Control of the Mind: Toward a Psychocivilized Society," he described how a human patient in whose brain an electrode had been implanted was forced against his will to make a clenched fist each time an electric current was passed through the electrode. In a flamboyant exploit that made the front page of the *Times* in May of 1965, he used one hand to wave a red cape before a bull in the bullring at Córdoba and then stopped the enraged animal in mid-charge simply by pressing the button of a small radio transmitter he held in his other hand. (He had previously implanted an electrode in the subcortical region of the bull's brain, which controls all motor activity.) Not surprisingly, it was an open secret that much of Delgado's behavioral research at Yale was indirectly financed by the Central Intelligence Agency.

During 1980 and 1981, Delgado and Jocelyne Leal, a cell biologist, who led one of Delgado's research groups at the Centro Ramón y Cajal Hospital, set out to investigate the biological effects of weak ELF magnetic fields on the embryonic development of chicks. (According to Leal, they did not know at the time that such fields are given off by video-display terminals.) In their experiment they kept fertilized eggs from white leghorn hens in an incubator for forty-eight hours while exposing them to ELF magnetic fields of ten, a hundred, and a thousand hertz, at intensities of 1.2, twelve, and a hundred and twenty milligauss. The results of this experiment, which were published in the May, 1982, issue of the *Journal of Anatomy*—a highly respected, peer-reviewed British medical publication—were extraordinary and surprising. Delgado and Leal reported that hundred-hertz magnetic fields of twelve milligauss in intensity had "a powerful effect on chicken embryogenesis, delaying or arresting it at a very early stage and limiting development to the formation of the three primitive layers, without signs of neural tube, brain vesicles, auditory pit, foregut, heart, vessels, or somites." Indeed, nearly eighty per cent of the eggs they used in their experiment developed abnormally. They noted that malformations of the cephalic nervous system were particularly prevalent. They emphasized the point that they had used very low-intensity pulsed magnetic fields, and that "thermal effects were therefore minimal and may be disregarded." They also pointed out that they had discovered power and frequency "windows" similar to those described by Dr. W. Ross Adey and Carl F. Blackman, a research biologist at the E.P.A., in their experiments with chick-brain tissue; for example, they found that magnetic fields of a hundred hertz had a much greater inhibitory effect on the development of chick embryos than fields of ten and a thousand hertz, and that a power intensity of only twelve milligauss produced a greater inhibitory effect than a power intensity a hundred times as strong.



Because the *Journal of Anatomy* was not widely read by the American scientists who were engaged in investigating the biological effects of radiofrequency and other non-ionizing radiation, nearly a year passed before the startling findings of Delgado and Leal came to the attention of most researchers in the United States. By then, Delgado, Leal, and a graduate student named Alejandro Ubeda had published a follow-up paper in the *Journal of Anatomy*, describing new experiments, which demonstrated that the shape of the magnetic-field pulse and the duration of its rise time—the time it takes to reach its peak intensity—might prove to be the "decisive parameter" in the inhibition of development in chick embryos. Apparently, neither these nor Delgado's earlier findings were of sufficient magnitude to impress some of his former colleagues at Yale. On January 4, 1984, Robert Handschumacher, of the Yale School of Medicine, told a special panel of Connecticut state legislators investigating the VDT health issue that existing radiation data from VDTs "do not warrant very much more attention." Robert Wheeler, a professor of applied physics at Yale, maintained that electromagnetic emissions from VDTs could be virtually eliminated by metallic shielding inside VDT casings. (Wheeler must have forgotten that the metallic shields of VDTs are virtually transparent to the pulsed magnetic fields emitted by the machines.) At the



same meeting, Dr. Florence Haseltine, a specialist in obstetrics at the Yale School of Medicine, assured the legislators that the "apparent clusters" of fetal abnormalities and miscarriages among VDT operators were statistically insignificant. She added, "We do not advise women to stop working on VDTs while they are pregnant."

Even as Dr. Haseltine spoke, NIOSH was investigating another cluster of pregnancy problems among VDT workers. This one involved VDT operators working on the fifth floor of the Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Company's data-processing center in Atlanta. There, six out of fifteen pregnancies had ended in miscarriage—an event that the NIOSH official in charge of the investigation suggested was another "random occurrence." Still another cluster came to light on February 16th, when an organization called 9 to 5, the National Association of Working Women, reported that between 1979 and 1984 twenty-four out of forty-eight pregnancies among VDT operators at the United Airlines reservation center in San Francisco had resulted in miscarriages, birth defects, neonatal deaths, premature births, and other abnormal outcomes. According to the Air Transport Association of America, a trade group that was engaged in trying to prevent enactment of VDT regulations and health measures by state legislatures around the nation, between seventy-five thousand and a hundred thousand terminals, most of them operated by reservations clerks, were then being used by air carriers in the United States.

In the spring of 1984, yet another cluster—the eleventh to be reported since 1980—came to public attention when it was learned that seventeen out of thirty-two pregnancies occurring between December of 1981 and March of 1983 among VDT operators working in the Alma, Michigan, office of the General Telephone Company of Michigan, a subsidiary of GTE, had ended in miscarriages, birth defects, or other abnormal circumstances. NIOSH officials, who had for so long been discounting any link between VDT use and miscarriages and birth defects, now began to change their tune. On May 15th, they announced that the long-delayed epidemiological study of reproductive risks among VDT operators had suddenly become a "very high priority," and that Dr. J. Donald Millar, the director of NIOSH, would describe the planned investigation later that month, when he was scheduled to testify before the House Education and Labor Committee's Subcommittee on Health and Safety. At about the same time, a spokesman for the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists said he would tell the subcommittee that radiation emissions from VDTs could not have caused the eleven reported clusters of miscarriages, birth defects, and other pregnancy problems.

Later that spring, *Microwave News* reported that Kjell Hansson Mild, of the Swedish National Board of Occupational Safety and Health, had confirmed the findings of Delgado and Leal but had observed a thirty-per-cent rate of malformation among chick embryos, as contrasted with the nearly eighty-per-cent rate seen by the Spanish researchers. By this time, the Office of Naval Research had become interested in Delgado's findings, and had made plans to send two scientists from the E.P.A. to visit Delgado's laboratory in Madrid, and to fly two of Delgado's associates to the United States to meet with American researchers. Thomas C. Rozzell, a radiation specialist with the Office of Naval Research, had already visited Delgado's lab and was said to have been impressed by what he saw there. According to a colleague, Rozzell had been told by the Spanish researchers that the orientation of the exposed chicken eggs in the earth's magnetic field was a crucial factor in the experiments.

Meanwhile, the Coalition for Workplace Technology, formed a year earlier, had continued to lobby against legislation designed to protect the health of VDT workers, and by the autumn of 1984 it had signed up no fewer than twenty-two national trade associations in its crusade and had managed to block, table, or defeat most of the VDT bills that had been introduced in state legislatures. Some of the language used in the Coalition's campaign resembled that once used by the Air Force to persuade residents of Cape Cod that the pulsed radiation from PAVE PAWS, a radar system designed to detect sea-launched ballistic missiles, was harmless. Charlotte Le Gates, the director of communications for the Computer and Business Equipment Manufacturers Association, declared that for pregnant operators to ask to be transferred away from VDTs "is like asking to be transferred away from a light bulb."

Barbara Shelley

I.B.M., a powerful supporter of the Coalition, had for some months been participating directly in efforts to prevent VDT measures from being enacted by state legislatures. In January of 1984, a company spokesman told Connecticut legislators that it would be premature to enact mandatory standards for VDTs. At about that time, I.B.M. issued a booklet about VDTs which quoted a 1983 Canadian Radiation Protection Bureau study that said, "There is no reason for any person, male or female, young or old, pregnant or not, to be concerned about radiation health effects from VDTs."

Early in 1984, I.B.M. had hired Professor Arthur W. Guy, the director of the Bioelectromagnetics Research Laboratory at the University of Washington, to analyze the literature on VDTs and measure the VLF electromagnetic fields emitted by VDT flyback transformers. Guy reported on some of his findings at a conference on "Office Hazards: Awareness and Control" sponsored by the university's Department of Environmental Health and held in Seattle in the late spring of 1984. Magnetic-field pulses from VDTs, he pointed out, were "characterized by a sawtooth-wave shape." (This shape results from a long magnetic-field pulse that regulates the horizontal tracing of a raster line from left to right by the electron beam of a VDT, and a very short electric-field pulse that causes the electron beam to fly rapidly back to the left-hand side of the screen to start a new line.) Guy also reported that average magnetic-field strengths at the surface of the terminals were on the order of ten milligauss, decreasing to between two-tenths and one and four-tenths of a milligauss at a distance of ten inches or so from the VDT screen. He told *Microwave News* that the intensity of the current induced by the VDT magnetic fields he had measured was "about the same" as that induced in the chicken eggs in Delgado's experiments, and that the pulse shape of the VDT magnetic field was somewhat similar to a signal that was being used to heal bone fractures.

In the September, 1984, issue of *Microwave News*, Slesin reported that an I.B.M. spokeswoman had refused to tell him whether company officials had seen Guy's data on the VDT magnetic-field waveforms. According to Slesin, the spokeswoman said that a report Guy had submitted to the company had been returned for revisions, and that I.B.M. was not planning to make the final report public. At the end of October, however, I.B.M. sent *VDT News*—a monthly newsletter Slesin had begun publishing earlier that year—a six-page summary of Guy's report, "Health Hazards Assessment of Radio Frequency Electromagnetic Fields Emitted by Video Display Terminals." The summary said that VDTs gave off ELF fields of sixty hertz and pulsed VLF fields of between fifteen and twenty-five kilohertz, but that the VLF fields were the more significant in terms of strength. It went on to say that VDT health effects had become an issue after publicity about clusters of birth defects and spontaneous abortions among VDT operators, but that "most investigators analyzing these problems have concluded that no causal link between VDTs and the reported effects can be established." Of the apparent similarities between VDT magnetic fields and the weak magnetic fields that Delgado and Leal had used in their experiments, the report had this to say:

> Delgado and his associates have found that pulsed magnetic fields of certain waveshapes can produce teratological effects in chicken embryos. Though some investigators placed importance on these findings in relation to possible effects from VDTs, there are several reasons to discount the likelihood of such a relationship. Delgado's group saw the effects only with unique combinations of magnetic field waveform amplitude, rise time and shape. None of the combinations used for producing the effects had characteristics that simultaneously matched the VDT magnetic field waveform. The only characteristics in common with the VDT waveform were the amplitude and the rise time, but Delgado's group also observed nonsignificant effects for waveshapes with these same amplitudes and rise times tending to rule out the significance of the parameters by themselves. Furthermore the waveform used by the Delgado group had a recurrence or fundamental frequency more than 150 times lower and a pulse width 10 times greater than the VDT waveform. However, the implication of the Delgado group's findings in terms of NEMF [nonionizing electromagnetic field] bioeffects in general demands careful replication of the work and further study of the phenomenon.

The summary of Guy's report concluded by declaring that "the author has found no valid evidence that would indicate any health hazards associated with NEMF exposures of persons operating VDTs."

Guy's claim that the waveform of the magnetic-field pulses used by Delgado and Leal did not exactly match those of the magnetic-field pulses emitted by VDTs was technically correct. However, in view of the fact that I.B.M. and other VDT manufacturers had long maintained that such weak fields could not possibly produce harmful biological effects, this was hardly cause for comfort. Moreover, two weeks before I.B.M. released its summary of Guy's report, Jane M. Clemmensen, a research engineer in the radio-physics laboratory of SRI International, a consulting firm in Menlo Park, California, had sent *Microwave News* a letter stating the importance of measurements not reported in the summary. Clemmensen noted that readings of pulsed magnetic-field emissions from VDT flyback transformers which she and some colleagues at SRI had taken were consistent with those reported by Guy, but she went on to say that "the electric and magnetic fields originating from the flyback transformers of VDTs and TV sets are also accompanied by strong electric and magnetic fields at harmonics of the 60 Hz power line frequency," and that because the magnitude of these fields was approximately equal to that of the fields from the flyback transformer, the sixty-hertz fields "must be measured in addition to VLF radiation."

In the spring of 1985, someone sent

Slesin the full sixty-six-page report that Guy had submitted to I.B.M. the previous October. In it Guy had disclosed that some older VDTs emitted levels of radiation that might be considered to cause biological effects, and had recommended that those terminals be shielded. In the April issues of *Microwave News* and *VDT News*, Slesin quoted Guy's recommendations in their entirety:

> Though it is highly unlikely that there is any relationship between the birth defect clusters and VDT emissions, the clinical work on magnetic bone growth stimulators and the magnetic field work of Ubeda et al. (1983) replicated by Mild (1984) does indicate that there could be a relationship. This perceived relationship prevails even though the waveform of VDT emissions differs markedly from those of bone growth stimulators and the Delgado apparatus. A major question, however, is the validity of the bone growth stimulation work and the reported effects by Ubeda et al. Until this validity issue is resolved, critics will use the results of the above works to argue that the level of emissions from VDTs are not safe. The localized E [electric]-fields at the surface of an unshielded cover of a VDT nearest the flyback transformer can reach extremely high values as a result of the associated high voltage and close proximity of the transformer to the cover. Since these fields have a capability of inducing much greater currents in an exposed user of the device than the relatively low magnetic field emissions it certainly is desirable to shield the cover of the VDT. Since such shielding is relatively inexpensive the benefit to cost ratio is large. Such shielding is generally present in newer models of VDTs to satisfy FCC [Federal Communications Commission] requirements for reducing electromagnetic interference. Since the magnetic fields emitted by the VDTs are significantly lower and induce much less current in an exposed subject, there is less need to provide magnetic shielding. Therefore unless it can be shown that there is a real hazard due to the magnetic field exposure such cost may not be warranted. Since the Ubeda, et al. (1982) work implies that there may be a hazard, however, the work should be replicated and the data carefully analysed to determine whether further research is needed to answer the questions concerning the applicability of the results to the VDT magnetic field waveform. Such work should be carried out by a team of highly reputable teratologists and engineers to minimize or eliminate possible artifacts in the exposure systems and the biological assay protocols. Also a careful and thorough characterization of the induced fields and currents in subjects exposed to VDTs should be carried out and the levels compared to levels known to be safe based on the most reputable scientific literature.

In both content and tone, this paragraph was a far cry from the final sentence of the six-page summary, according to which Guy declared that he had found no valid evidence of health effects associated with magnetic-field emissions from VDTs. The discrepancy received further attention on April 16, 1985, when the *Wall Street Journal* ran a front-page item describing Slesin's disclosure that Guy had recommended in his full report that older VDTs be shielded. According to the *Journal* story, an I.B.M. spokesman commented that Guy did not "recommend" shielding but said only that it was desirable. The *Journal* noted that Guy was unavailable for comment.

On April 30th, I.B.M.'s director of information, Robert J. Siegel, wrote this letter to *VDT News:*

> Your recent . . . story misinterprets a report prepared for IBM by Dr. A. W. Guy. Your story is inaccurate and grossly misleading.
>
> This is especially distressing since IBM provided you in advance with additional clarifying information. You also had Dr. Guy's report summary which states there is "no valid evidence that would indicate any health hazards associated with . . . persons operating VDTs."
>
> Dr. Guy since has added a preface to his full report which states "VDTs are safe to use." He adds that the emissions from "both older and newer model VDTs are well below the levels shown to cause harmful biological effects."
>
> Here, again, are the facts:
>
> —No place in the report or summary does Dr. Guy recommend refitting older VDTs with shielding because of possible health problems. Dr. Guy reconfirms this in his preface by saying: "I do not feel . . . that unshielded VDT emission levels represent a potential health hazard."
>
> —Dr. Guy does observe that there is a *perceived* problem based on *unverified* reports. In his preface, Dr. Guy explains that current shielding is desirable because it reassures individuals concerned by those reports, not because he has any health or safety concerns.
>
> —IBM has not kept Dr. Guy's findings confidential. In accordance with standard scientific practices, Dr. Guy has been reporting his findings at appropriate scientific forums and he will continue to do so. Also, Dr. Guy's summary has been available since September and the full report is available now.
>
> —Dr. Guy's basic conclusion is that VDTs are *safe* and present *no* health hazards to users.

> I have enclosed Dr. Guy's full report, including the preface.
>
> Because we believe that the public is best served by a discussion of VDT safety based on the facts, I would appreciate your printing this letter in its entirety in your next issue.

Slesin obliged Siegel by printing his letter in its entirety in the May-June, 1985, issue of *VDT News* and in the June issue of *Microwave News*. Beside it he ran, in both newsletters, a reply of his own. This is how it read in *Microwave News:*

> We strongly dispute IBM's contention that our story is inaccurate and misleading. We offered no judgment on the question of VDT safety. We simply reported what we consider to be a clear recommendation by Guy for shielding VDTs which do not meet the 1983 electromagnetic interference (EMI) rules set by the Federal Communications Commission.
>
> Referring to older model VDTs in a section entitled "Recommendations" on page 56 of his report to IBM, Guy states: "The localized E-fields at the surface of an unshielded cover of a VDT nearest the flyback transformer can reach extremely high values as a result of the associated high voltage and close proximity of the transformer to the cover. Since these fields have a capability of inducing much greater currents in an exposed user of the device than the relatively low magnetic field emissions, *it certainly is desirable to shield the cover of the VDT*" (emphasis added). We regret that IBM does not address this recommendation in its letter.
>
> Indeed, to avoid any possibility of misrepresenting Guy's advice to IBM, *Microwave News* reprinted the *full text* of his recommendations. We refer interested readers to page 11 of our April issue.
>
> On receiving IBM's letter, we contacted Guy at the University of Washington in Seattle, but he refused to comment on either our story or Siegel's letter.
>
> Guy's new preface, cited by IBM, is dated April 18; the original report is dated December 2. (By April 18, our April issue was already on its way to our subscribers.) While the preface may help everyone better understand Dr. Guy's position, in no way does it alter the contents of the report itself.
>
> Last fall, when *Microwave News* first learned that Dr. Guy was preparing a report for IBM, we repeatedly asked for a copy. We were told that it was for internal use only. Later, IBM released a six-page report summary that did not include Guy's recommendations. Only after we published our story did IBM finally release the full report.
>
> We stand by our story.

Slesin's refusal to be swayed by Siegel went unnoticed in the press. Attempts at persuasion on the part of I.B.M. had, however, been reported in the past. "People will adapt nicely to office systems—if their arms are broken," William F. Laughlin, an I.B.M. vice-president, told *Business Week* in 1975. "And we're in the twisting stage now."

STARTING in 1986, there was a surge in scientific activity concerned with VDT radiation. Thanks largely to the efforts of Thomas Rozzell, of the Office of Naval Research, a major international project to verify the findings of Delgado and Leal got under way when scientists at five different laboratories (ultimately, six laboratories participated) in the United States, Canada, Sweden, and Spain undertook to confirm the teratological phenomenon that had been observed by the Spanish researchers. The investigation, which became known as the Henhouse Project, called for the researchers to use eggs from white leghorn hens and identical exposure equipment, and to follow the same carefully detailed protocol in conducting their experiments. It also called for them to conduct the experiments only between April and early June and in September and October, in order to insure that embryonic development would not be affected by unusual ambient temperatures. Since the experiments performed by Leal had indicated that a key factor in the teratological effect was the orientation of the chick embryos relative to both the artificially pulsed magnetic field of the exposure system and the earth's static magnetic field, it was also decided that the project would investigate the role of the earth's magnetic field.

I.B.M. was not impressed. Thomas Mattia, an I.B.M. spokesman, said that the company had "strong reservations concerning the reliability of the Delgado findings." He stated that egg studies had little or no relevance to mammalian reproductive systems, and that there were "major and significant differences between the frequencies and waveshapes used by Delgado's apparatus and those generated by VDTs."

I.B.M. was not alone in expressing reservations. In November of 1985, the BellSouth Telephone Company, of Atlanta, had sent President Reagan's Office of Management and Budget (O.M.B.) a harsh critique of NIOSH's planned epidemiological study, which had by then been designed as a retrospective study comparing pregnancy risks among fifteen hundred women who used VDTs regularly with those observed among fifteen hundred women who did not use VDTs. The critique claimed that the NIOSH study design was critically flawed by inadequate definition of pregnancy outcomes, incomplete medical records on pregnancy outcomes, excessive data collection, lack of concern for recall bias, and insufficient population size. In December, O.M.B. officials rejected the NIOSH protocol, ruling that it was poorly designed and acknowledging that the BellSouth critique had influenced their decision.

Even as BellSouth was raising objections to NIOSH's proposed epidemiological study, the results of completed experimental studies indicated more strongly that VDT radiation could cause birth defects. On January 30, 1986, officials of the Swedish National Board of Occupational Safety and Health held a press conference to make public the findings of a study conducted by Dr. Bernhard Tribukait, a professor of radiobiology, and Eva Cekan, a research teratologist, both of the Department of Medical Radiobiology of the world-renowned Karolinska Institute, in Stockholm, and Lars-Erik Paulsson, an engineer at the National Institute of Radio Protection. The three researchers had discovered that weak pulsed magnetic fields similar to those emitted by VDTs—in this case, sawtooth-shaped pulses with field intensities of ten and a hundred and fifty milligauss—caused more congenital malformations in the fetuses of exposed mice than in the fetuses of unexposed control animals. (Indeed, the hundred-and-fifty-milligauss field caused nearly five times as many malformations.) At the press conference, Ricardo Edstrom, the Board's medical director, said that this result was "totally unexpected," and that "we can no longer rule out the possibility that radiation could affect fetuses." According to the press reports from Stockholm, Edstrom went on to say that the findings might force the Swedish government to change VDT work regulations to protect pregnant women.

In the United States, Tom Brokaw reported on the NBC Nightly News that a new Swedish study had shown that radiation from VDTs could cause fetal abnormalities in the offspring of pregnant mice. "The findings mean that we can no longer rule out the possibility that radiation could affect human fetuses," Brokaw said. As a result of NBC's report, the Swedish Embassy in Washington was swamped with inquiries. Two weeks later, however, officials of the Swedish National Board of Occupational Safety and Health issued a statement that sought to play down the results of the Karolinska study. "No hypothesis for an effect of the VDT's magnetic fields on humans has been confirmed," the statement said, "and those epidemiological studies that have been performed have not been able to demonstrate any effect as to reproductive outcomes."

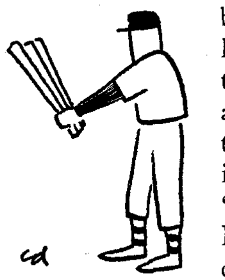
In the May-June, 1986, issue of the *Columbia Journalism Review* Slesin pointed out that in spite of Brokaw's mention of the Karolinska study on the NBC Nightly News no major daily newspaper in the United States had picked up the original Reuters dispatch from Stockholm, a circumstance "providing further evidence of a blind spot in print journalism" to the VDT-radiation hazard. After describing the findings of Delgado and Leal, and the Henhouse Project, which would soon get under way to verify them, Slesin criticized the extraordinary slowness with which NIOSH had proceeded to implement its four-year-old promise to conduct an epidemiological study of pregnancy problems among women who operate VDTs. He also criticized the Reagan Administration's O.M.B. for stalling the project. He concluded:

> If it turns out that VDT radiation is biologically active, the prevailing apathetic response to questions about VDT safety might well be regarded as irresponsible. People would no longer be asking why no one cares to know if VDTs can cause pregnancy problems, but why so few cared to investigate the issue. For journalists, there would be no excuse, since the story had been there all along, right in front of every publisher's and editor's nose.

No leading newspaper in the United States sent a reporter to cover the first major international conference on VDTs, which was held in Stockholm in mid-May of 1986. Among the researchers from thirty different nations who attended the conference was Lars-Erik Paulsson. He disclosed that new data gathered by him, Dr. Tribukait, and Cekan continued to indicate a statistically significant increase in fetal malformations among the offspring of mice exposed to sawtooth-shaped magnetic-field pulses similar to those emitted by the flyback transformers of VDTs. The only American journalists at the conference were Slesin and Mark A. Pinsky, the editor of *VDT News*, who reported that two studies—one Swedish and one Finnish—showed increased risks of cardiovascular abnormalities in children born to women who used VDTs.

ON September 2, 1986, Representative Ted Weiss, the chairman of the Subcommittee on Intergovernmental Relations and Human Resources of the House Committee on Government Operations, wrote to Otis Bowen, the Secretary of Health and Human Services, asking him to override a decision by the O.M.B. to delete queries about stress and fertility from a questionnaire that NIOSH had proposed to send to some four thousand married women working with VDTs at BellSouth and A.T. & T. In his letter Weiss pointed out that the congressional Office of Technology Assessment and several outside experts had warned that the O.M.B. deletions would diminish chances that the results of the NIOSH study would be credible. On November 12th, Bowen informed Weiss that he did not support NIOSH's objections to the O.M.B. deletions, and that he believed the study questionnaire to be adequate.

Meanwhile, on October 2nd, Weiss wrote to James C. Miller III, the director of the O.M.B. After reminding Miller that the O.M.B.'s Office of Information and Regulatory Affairs had refused to approve the NIOSH study protocol upon receiving complaints from BellSouth, Weiss suggested that BellSouth had a conflict of interest. "At the same time that BellSouth was opposing the questions on stress in the NIOSH VDT study, they were aware of a health hazard evaluation that NIOSH was conducting at BellSouth in North Carolina, to determine if VDT workers were suffering from angina," Weiss told Miller. "The evaluation, completed in May 1986, found that men and women who use VDTs are more likely to suffer from chest pain than workers who do not use VDTs. NIOSH also found that chest pain was more likely among workers who used VDTs more frequently, and who felt a lack of control in their jobs. Chest pain is usually associated with stress, as is a feeling of lack of control in one's job." Weiss also told Miller that failure to include the deleted questions—they included queries about birth control, smoking, and drinking—would weaken the NIOSH study, and that because some ten million Americans were using VDTs every day research designed to assess potential VDT hazards was of great importance.



In a letter received on November 7th, Miller replied to Weiss's letter of October 2nd, saying, "We required that NIOSH delete the questions about fertility because the study plan submitted to O.M.B. contained no hypotheses relating fertility to VDT exposure and because the proposed study did not have the statistical power to test any such hypotheses." Concerning the O.M.B.'s insistence that questions about stress also be deleted from the NIOSH proposal, Miller told Weiss that "if a relationship emerges in this study between exposure and miscarriages and if this relationship is confirmed by other ongoing studies, we believe that further research in this area is warranted to determine whether stress or radiation is the cause." Miller predicted that the NIOSH study "will probably leave unresolved the issue of adverse health effects of VDT exposure."

In the end, the O.M.B. refused to allow NIOSH to reinstate the questions about stress and fertility, thus reinforcing the likelihood that Miller's prophecy would be fulfilled. When the study got under way, in July of 1987, Teresa Schnorr, a NIOSH epidemiologist, who was in charge of the investigation, said that it would be completed in the fall of 1988. The study was delayed, however, and its results are not expected to appear until the end of 1989—more than seven years after it was proposed.

While the Reagan Administration was doing its best to sabotage the NIOSH study in the autumn of 1986, the epidemiological waters were further muddied when the *Journal of Occupational Medicine* published the results of an investigation that had been conducted by Dr. Alison D. McDonald, the research director at the Institut de Recherche en Santé et en Securité du Travail du Québec, in Montreal. With several colleagues—including her husband, Dr. J. Corbett McDonald, who was a professor at McGill University's School of Occupational Health, in Montreal—McDonald had gathered data on more than a hundred thousand current and previous pregnancies in eleven Montreal hospitals between 1982 and 1984, and had determined that seventeen thousand six hundred and thirty-two of the patients concerned had worked in occupations involving "substantial use" of VDTs. McDonald and her associates reported that in both the current and the previous pregnancies the rate of children born with congenital abnormalities had been similar among users and non-users of VDTs, and that during the previous pregnancies there had been no difference in the rate of spontaneous abortion among users and non-users of VDTs. They found, however, that in the current pregnancies there was a statistically significant excess of spontaneous abortions among some users of VDTs as compared with non-users—the largest increase being among women who worked at the machines for between seven and twenty-nine hours a week. They added that this excess could have been the result of "biased recall" on the part of the women they interviewed. As a result, McDonald and her associates concluded that their study "does not support the suggestion that work with a [VDT] in pregnancy increases the risk of congenital defect or spontaneous abortion."

Because McDonald and her coworkers had designed their study as a broad general survey of pregnancy outcomes in Montreal, they had included only two questions about VDT work: whether a woman used a VDT and, if so, for how many hours a week. Moreover, by ascribing the excess of spontaneous abortions in recent pregnancies to faulty memory on the part of the women they had interviewed, McDonald and her colleagues laid themselves open to some heavy criticism. Jeanne M.

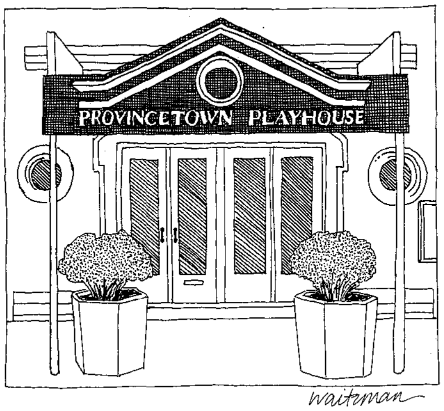
Stellman, of the Women's Occupational Health Resource Center, in Brooklyn, who is on record as being skeptical that VDTs can cause miscarriages, described McDonald's use of recall bias to explain a positive finding as "specious," pointing out that her reasoning "calls into question the validity of all census and socioeconomic data, which are based on the assumption that people can be relied upon to remember and report recent events."

A further indication that investigation into the association between VDT use and reproductive risks would continue to be controversial came in March of 1987, when the Council on Scientific Affairs of the American Medical Association published a report in its *Journal* which concluded, "No association has been found thus far between radiation emissions from VDTs and reported spontaneous abortions, birth defects, cataracts or other injuries." The A.M.A. report went on to dismiss VDT radiation as a possible hazard, saying that radiation levels "have been well below presently accepted standards of exposure"—meaning standards designed only to protect against the heating of tissue.

In an editorial in the March-April, 1987, issue of *VDT News*, Slesin pointed out that the A.M.A. report had completely ignored the findings of the Karolinska Institute study, which he described as "incriminating," and he called attention to the fact that no effort was under way in the United States to repeat this important investigation. Shortly thereafter, Professor Gunnar Walinder, the director of the Radiobiological Oncology Unit of the Swedish University of Agricultural Sciences, in Uppsala, and his colleague Hakon Frölen reported that they had found a significant increase in fetal deaths and fetal losses by resorption among pregnant mice exposed to weak pulsed magnetic fields, compared with those occurring in non-exposed test animals. The Swedish researchers also found a higher (though not statistically significant) incidence of congenital malformations among the exposed animals. Dr. Tribukait told *Microwave News* that the difference in the rates of congenital malformation between the Uppsala study and the one he and his colleagues had performed at the Karolinska Institute might be due to the fact that the Uppsala researchers had exposed their animals for the first nineteen days of pregnancy, whereas he and his co-workers had exposed the mice in their experiment for only the first fourteen days of pregnancy, and he suggested that "malformed animals might have been killed during the longer exposure period." In any case, he emphasized that the two studies had generally produced the same effect and that "it is rather clear that the effect is real."

In June of 1987, Dr. Ingrid Nordenson, of the Department of Medical Genetics of the University of Umea, and Mild, of the Swedish National Board of Occupational Safety and Health, reported the preliminary results of an ongoing series of experiments: they had found that radiation similar to that emitted by VDTs could cause genetic effects in exposed tissue samples. A salient aspect of the Karolinska, the Uppsala, and the Umea studies was that the radiation exposures in each of them had been designed to mimic as closely as possible the magnetic-field pulses that are emitted by VDTs.

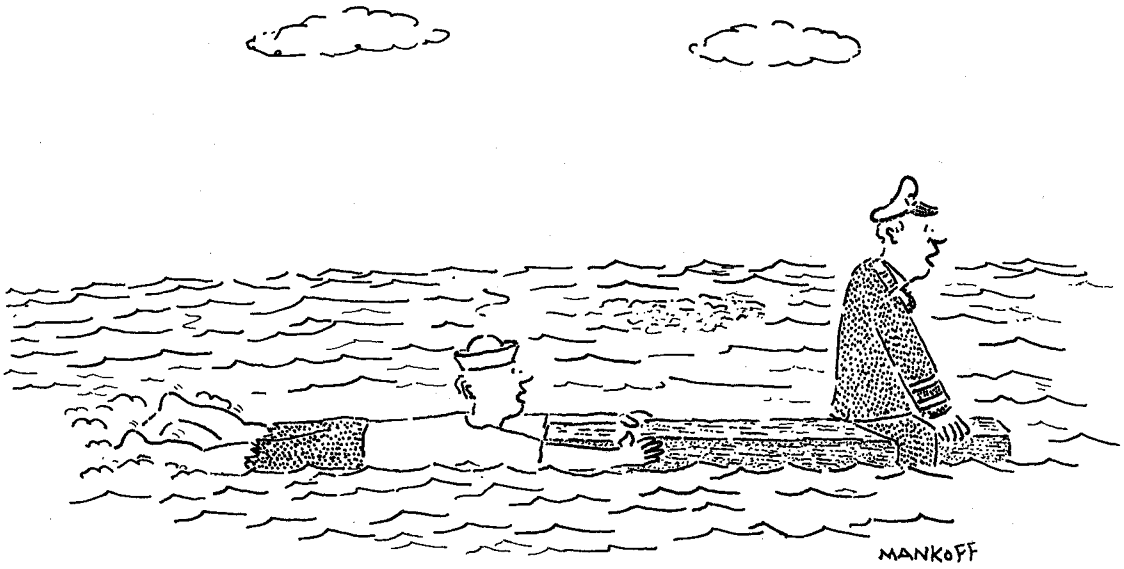
Convinced that the latest results from Sweden were extremely important, Slesin issued a special *VDT News* press advisory about them on July 27th, and sent it to twenty leading daily newspapers and magazines in the United States and Canada. He pointed out that the findings of the Uppsala study supported those of the Karolinska study. "These two sets of data, taken together, add credibility to claims that VDT radiation presents a risk to pregnant women," he noted. He also pointed out that although the VDT magnetic fields were weak, they were "of the same order" as the magnetic fields that had been linked to childhood cancer by the much discussed replication of Nancy Wertheimer's investigation which David A. Savitz, an epidemiologist at the University of North Carolina, had performed for the New York State Power Lines Project.



In the United States, the advisory was picked up by only one newspaper—New York *Newsday*, which on August 3rd ran a small story about the new Swedish study, on the third page of its business section. Ironically, just two and a half months earlier *Newsday* had run an editorial criticizing legislation then being considered by the Suffolk County Legislature to protect the health of VDT workers. The editorial had warned that a state or a locality that discouraged economically rewarding businesses from using computers "might pay a heavy price," and had gone on to resurrect the discredited industry bromide that radiation emitted by VDTs was "less than that produced by such common household appliances as irons and hair dryers."

Toward the end of 1987, it emerged that Ontario Hydro and I.B.M. would jointly sponsor a study of the possible link between pulsed magnetic fields from VDTs and adverse pregnancy outcomes. Declaring that "extensive studies to date show no proof of hazard," an I.B.M. spokesperson nevertheless acknowledged that questions about VDTs and reproductive risks had been raised by the Spanish and Swedish research. Under the study protocol, four groups of mice, totalling about eight hundred animals, would be used in the experiment, which was to be conducted by scientists from the University of Toronto's Faculty of Medicine. According to Ontario Hydro's Stuart Harvey, who was designing the exposure system, three of the groups of mice would be exposed to twenty-kilohertz VLF pulsed magnetic fields at three different intensities, and the fourth group would serve as non-exposed control animals. In an interview with *VDT News*, Harvey said that the exposure levels would range between forty and two thousand milligauss—much greater than the exposure of the average VDT operator, which he estimated to be about two milligauss.

Interestingly, the planned collaboration between I.B.M. and Ontario Hydro contained no provision for investigating the biological effects of the pulsed sixty-hertz magnetic fields that



"Flotsam off the starboard bow, Captain." *"Steady as she goes, sailor."*

• • • •

were known to be given off by VDTs. This took on additional significance when word got around about the results of a study that had been conducted by Jukka Juutilainen and Keijo Saali, of the Department of Environmental Hygiene of the University of Kuopio, in Kuopio, Finland, which were published in the *Scandinavian Journal of Work, Environment, and Health* in 1986. The two Finnish researchers had measured ELF magnetic fields given off by seven different VDT models, and had found that in all cases the fifty- or sixty-hertz fields from their vertical-deflection coils were considerably stronger than the VLF fields (of twenty kilohertz) emitted by their horizontal-deflection coils. Considering that Wertheimer and Savitz had found an excess of cancer among children who had lived in homes where magnetic-field strengths were only two to three milligauss, the strength of some of the ELF magnetic fields emanating from the vertical-deflection systems of the VDTs was worrisome, to say the least. For example, Juutilainen and Saali found a magnetic field of just over eight milligauss at a distance of about twelve inches from one of the machines and a level of almost four milligauss at the operator position—about fifteen inches from the viewing screen—of another. They reported that these ELF magnetic fields dominated the fifty- or sixty-hertz power-line fields everywhere around a VDT except in the immediate vicinity of its power transformer.

FACED with a virtual blackout in the American press of reports about the Spanish, Swedish, and Finnish research, Louis Slesin carried on during the winter of 1988 as best he could. In the January-February issue of *VDT News*, he published an editorial pointing out that the key conclusion to be drawn from the Karolinska and Uppsala studies was that pulsed magnetic fields similar to those emanating from VDTs could affect the fetuses of mice, and were thus biologically active. He noted that although it was clearly possible that VDT fields could affect the development of the human fetus, there were no federal health standards governing emissions from or exposures to the VLF or the ELF radiation given off by the machines. "If it turns out that weak VDT fields present a risk to human health, it would force a downward revision for the health criteria of all types of non-ionizing radiation," he wrote. "This would undoubtedly cause severe impacts on a large number of key military and industrial interests. When seen in this context, the stakes in the outcome of the VDT issue are much higher than would at first appear."

A few weeks after Slesin's editorial, Ezra Berman, a veterinarian at the E.P.A., who had taken over from Rozzell as coördinator of the Henhouse Project in late 1986, announced that the combined results of the six-lab chick-embryo experiment indicated that extremely weak pulsed magnetic fields could indeed adversely affect the development of chick embryos. Berman went on to say that researchers in five of the six laboratories had found increases in the number of abnormalities among exposed embryos, and that although the increase was statistically significant in only two of the labs, the data taken as a whole were highly significant. (The one lab that failed to produce the effect had been unable to secure the white leghorn hens that were used by all the others and had substituted eggs from another strain of chicken.)

In a press advisory released on February 19, 1988, the Center for Office Technology, as the Coalition for Workplace Technology was now called, tried to put the best face on these findings, pointing out that the results of chick-embryo studies could not be applied to human beings with certainty. "Epidemiological data should be given serious consideration when analyzing any finding from animal research," the Center claimed. Once again, however, as had happened so often in the nine years since VDT radiation was first suspected of causing miscarriages and birth defects, the reality of biological research intruded upon the wishful thinking of the computer manufacturers. In an article entitled "The Risk of Miscarriage and Birth Defects Among Women Who Use Visual Display Terminals During Pregnancy," which appeared in the June issue of the *American Journal of Industrial Medicine* (published by the Mount Sinai School of Medicine, in New York), Marilyn K. Goldhaber, Michael R. Polen, and Dr. Robert A. Hiatt, of the Division of Research of the Northern California Kaiser Permanente Medical Care Program, in Oakland, California, reported the results of a case-control study they had conducted of fifteen hundred and eighty-three women who had attended Kaiser Permanente obstetrics and gynecology clinics in the South Bay Area of San Francisco during 1981 and 1982. It had been the purpose of an initial, and much larger, investigation to study the effect of the pesticide malathion on pregnancy outcome, malathion having been sprayed in the area during 1981 and 1982 in order to combat Mediterranean fruit flies that were threatening the state's agricultural crops. In the autumn of 1982, however, prompted by the many clusters of miscarriages and birth defects that were being reported among VDT operators, NIOSH asked the researchers at Kaiser Permanente to include questions on VDT use in their study. When NIOSH and Kaiser Permanente subsequently could not agree on how to collaborate, Kaiser went forward with the VDT study on its own.

Goldhaber, Polen, and Hiatt wrote that they had found that women who worked with VDTs for more than twenty hours a week experienced a risk of both early and late miscarriage eighty per cent higher than the risk for women who performed similar work without using VDTs. They also found that the offspring of the women who used VDTs had an increased rate of birth defects, but this finding was not considered statistically significant. They stated that a review of several previous epidemiological studies of women VDT workers provided "consistent evidence" to indicate that the excess risk of miscarriage among these women could be caused by their exposure to VDTs. Their article concluded:

> Our case-control study provides the first epidemiological evidence based on substantial numbers of pregnant VDT operators to suggest that high usage of VDTs may increase the risk of miscarriage. The implication of this finding is as yet unknown. No biological mechanism has been postulated, nor has a clear pattern of risk been observed across all occupational categories. Our data do suggest, however, the need for further investigations. Most needed are large cohort studies of working women that will provide objective measures of VDT exposure, ergonomic factors and job stress during pregnancy.

The Kaiser Permanente study finally started to shake the press out of its decade-long lethargy in reporting the adverse health effects of VDTs. In a two-column article that appeared in the Sunday edition of the New York *Times* on June 5, 1988, Lawrence K. Altman, the newspaper's leading medical writer, described the results of the investigation in considerable detail. Eleven days later, the *Times* ran a front-page story by Philip M. Boffey which began, "After years of relative quiet, the possible health effects of video display terminals have again become a public issue, fueled by a new scientific study and a new law on Long Island."

The law Boffey mentioned was a measure designed to protect VDT operators from eyestrain, stiff neck, and back problems. It had been passed by the Suffolk County Legislature on May 10th. On May 26th, the *Times* had published an editorial describing the bill as "bizarre" and warning that it would set a "reckless precedent" for other legislators. "In a decade, video display terminals have revolutionized much of American life, including the newspaper business and this newspaper," the editorial said. "VDTs, with their television-style screens and typewriter-style keyboards, enable people to run mighty computers at work and publish volumes from home desktops. But there are fears of radiation dangers, or at least eye and back strain." The *Times* went on to claim that there was no basis for those fears, "or for anything more than continued watchfulness and the ordinary prudence associated with any other office or home machine, say an electric typewriter." The newspaper then castigated the Suffolk County legislators for requiring employers to pay eighty per cent of the cost of annual eye examinations and of new eyeglasses that might be needed as a result of VDT work. The *Times* did not acknowledge that a decade earlier it had been involved in a bitter dispute over workmen's-compensation claims brought by the two copy editors who had developed cataracts after working on VDTs, or that during the previous six years it had not published a single word about the extraordinary Spanish and Swedish research on the harmful biological effects of VDT magnetic fields. The editorial concluded, "It's one thing to blaze trails in coping with known environmental hazards like tobacco and pop bottles. It's quite another to set picky, commerce-inhibiting rules for hazards feared but not demonstrated. Such a measure may never be necessary. It is surely not needed now."

SABRETT
FRANKFURTERS & ROLLS
EAT george's
HOT DOGS
Hot SAUSAGE
ICE COLD SODAS

During the late spring and the early summer of 1988, a spate of newspaper stories and television reports about the results of the Kaiser Permanente study unsettled many people—especially pregnant women working with VDTs. Some health experts insisted that there was no need for pregnant VDT users to take any special precautions. Other health experts advised women to transfer from VDTs while they were pregnant or were attempting to conceive. Slesin suggested that they switch to laptop computers, which use liquid crystals instead of cathode-ray tubes, pointing out that "women are most at risk in the early weeks of pregnancy, when they might not know they are pregnant." In the autumn, Dr. Irving J. Selikoff, professor emeritus of medicine at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine, and long acknowledged to be the world's foremost authority on the occurrence of asbestos disease, observed that an epidemiological study of the effects of VDT radiation on pregnant women "should have been done ten years ago."

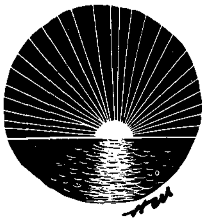
Late in June, the *Times* ran a piece by Philip Boffey about the ocular hazards associated with VDTs. Boffey began by saying, "Vast numbers of American workers are suffering eyestrain from prolonged work with video display terminals, most of it avoidable by wearing the proper glasses or changing the work environment, according to experts who have studied the problem." According to Boffey, the experts were of the opinion that working with VDTs would not cause permanent impairment of vision. Boffey did not, however, cite any specific research upon which this opinion was based. The closest he came to mentioning radiation was in quoting Dr. Lowell Glatt, an optometrist in Hicksville, Long Island, who is a member of the

American Optometric Association's study group on environmental and occupational vision. "The VDT does not bombard the eye with mysterious things that are going to chew it up," Glatt said. He told Boffey that VDT work would not cause good vision to deteriorate but "will take a weak link in the vision system, magnify that weakness, and take the system to a stress breakpoint earlier."

Early in August, Boffey returned to the subject of VDTs and vision. This time, his article described the findings of a study that had recently been conducted by Dr. James Sheedy, an associate clinical professor of optometry at the School of Optometry of the University of California, Berkeley. Speaking at a conference sponsored by NIOSH, Dr. Sheedy reported that an evaluation made at the school's Video Display Terminal Eye Clinic of more than a hundred and fifty patients who had worked with VDTs for an average of six hours a day over four years revealed that two-thirds of them had difficulty focussing their eyes. "I do think we have to seriously consider whether the VDT might be causing some breakdown in the eye-focussing mechanisms," Sheedy told Boffey.

At about this time, the Swedish Telecommunications Administration—Sweden's largest purchaser and user of VDTs—announced that it would retrofit, at a cost of about five hundred dollars apiece, all the machines that were being used by thirty-five hundred directory-assistance operators it employed, in order to reduce their electromagnetic-field exposure. Here in the United States, four businesses on Long Island filed a lawsuit to overturn the VDT measure requiring eye examinations and workplace-lighting improvements which had been passed by the Suffolk County Legislature.

Meanwhile, the Washington *Post* appeared to be having trouble understanding the findings and implications of the Kaiser Permanente study. On June 7th, an article in the newspaper's Tuesday health section reported that the study had found a "1.8 percent elevated risk of miscarriage in the first three months of pregnancy for women working at a computer terminal for more than 20 hours a week." The *Post* was off by a hundred per cent. Actually, the study had determined that such women were 1.8 times—or a hundred and eighty per cent—as likely to suffer miscarriages as non-users of VDTs. Two weeks later, the *Post* published a five-line correction. However, it soon committed another error. On August 20th, *Editor & Publisher* printed an angry letter to the editor from Lawrence Wallace, the *Post's* vice-president for industrial relations, charging that the headline of an article about the Kaiser Permanente study in the July 16th issue of *Editor & Publisher*, which read, "STUDY LINKS MISCARRIAGES TO VDT USE," was "extremely misleading and inflammatory." According to Wallace, the authors of the study merely reported that women who worked more than twenty hours a week with a VDT had an "apparent" increased rate of miscarriage. "Life is difficult enough for working newspaper people, particularly females," Wallace declared. "Scare headlines add to the psychological and stress burden."



Wallace and the *Post* were set straight by Louis Slesin, in a letter that was published in *Editor & Publisher* on October 22nd. Slesin accurately quoted the authors of the Kaiser Permanente study as writing, "We found a significantly elevated risk of miscarriage for working women who reported using VDTs for more than 20 hr per week during the first trimester of pregnancy compared to other working women who reported not using VDTs." Slesin went on to observe, "Instead of denying the risk—or engaging in wishful thinking—executives like Mr. Wallace should be encouraging the search for the cause of the increase and then finding solutions."

By this time, new data from Hakon Frölen, at the Swedish University of Agricultural Sciences, supported his earlier finding that pulsed magnetic fields could cause significant increases in fetal deaths and fetal losses among pregnant mice. "The fetus is most sensitive to [pulsed magnetic fields] in the early stages of pregnancy," Frölen told *VDT News*. He added that he did not think that pregnant VDT operators were at risk from VDT magnetic fields, because their exposure was limited, and because VDT fields were weaker than those he used in his experiment. Frölen's finding in mice was consistent with that of Jocelyne Leal, in Madrid, and of Dr. Alexander Martin, of the Department of Anatomy of the University of Western Ontario, in London, Ontario, both of whom reported that chick embryos were most sensitive to pulsed magnetic fields during the early stages of development. Meanwhile, Juutilainen and Saali, of the University of Kuopio, not only found this to be the case but also discovered that the head-tail axes of chick embryos had "a tendency to be oriented perpendicularly to the magnetic field," and "thus have properties resembling those of magnetic dipoles."

Except for the readers of *VDT News* and *Microwave News*, few researchers in the United States seemed to know about the disturbing Spanish, Swedish, and Finnish findings, and some researchers appeared not to care. On November 4, 1988, the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development (N.I.C.H.D.), an agency of the National Institutes of Health, held a workshop meeting in Bethesda, Maryland, which was in part a response to a proposal by Representative Weiss that instead of waiting for the results of the long-delayed NIOSH investigation the N.I.C.H.D. sponsor its own epidemiological study of reproductive risks from VDTs. Among those at the meeting who favored Weiss's proposal were Dr. Hiatt, one of the authors of the Kaiser Permanente study; David Savitz, who had confirmed Wertheimer's findings about the association of power-line magnetic fields with childhood cancer; and Teresa Schnorr, the director of the ongoing NIOSH epidemiological study, who acknowledged that the question of whether VDTs caused reproductive risks could not be determined by her investigation alone.

Among those opposed to the proposal that the N.I.C.H.D. undertake its own study was Dr. Joe Leigh Simpson, the chairman of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology of the University of Tennessee in Memphis, who was the chairman of the workshop. Dr. Simpson told *Microwave News* that working at a VDT "is not any different from walking out in the sun." This analogy recalled statements by John Osepchuk, of Raytheon (the prime contractor for the PAVE PAWS radar system), who once testified before Congress that the chances of being harmed by low-level non-ionizing radiation were similar to the chances of getting a skin tan from moonlight, and by Jerome Krupp, of the Air Force’s School of Aerospace Medicine, who dismissed the hazard of the pulsed microwave radiation emitted by PAVE PAWS on Cape Cod by declaring it to be “almost like sitting under a light bulb.”

On December 9th, the Washington *Post* ran a front-page story disclosing that since September of 1987 fourteen miscarriages had occurred among women working in the fourteenth- and fifteenth-floor newsrooms at the headquarters of *USA Today*, in Arlington, Virginia. According to an informal survey taken in April of 1989, at least thirteen of thirty-six newsroom employees who had become pregnant after December of 1987 had suffered miscarriages. To begin with, there was speculation that the problem might be related to construction work taking place in the newsroom, or to the use of VDTs there. Later, it was suggested that excessive levels of lead in drinking water at the headquarters building might be to blame. A health-hazard evaluation of the situation is being conducted by NIOSH.

FOR nearly a decade during which most government officials, newspaper editors, and members of the medical and scientific community have avoided facing up to the serious potential health risks posed by exposure to electromagnetic fields from power lines and computer terminals, Louis Slesin has insisted upon the necessity of investigating the problem fully. A dark-eyed man of forty-two, he was born and brought up in New York City. He received a B.A. in chemistry from Johns Hopkins University, in 1968; an M.A. in chemical physics from Columbia University, in 1970; and a Ph.D. in environmental policy from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in 1978. In 1977, while he was working for the Natural Resources Defense Council (N.R.D.C.), an environmental group based in New York and Washington, D.C., he became interested in the biological effects of microwave and radio-frequency radiation, which was then just beginning to be recognized as a potential public-health hazard.

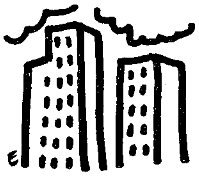
During 1977 and 1978, Slesin researched the microwave problem for the N.R.D.C., hoping to encourage government and industry to take it seriously, and looking for ways to finance the studies that would be necessary for promulgating exposure standards and health regulations. “It was a frustrating experience, because at that time you simply could not get a straight answer about even the most minor aspects of the problem,” he recalls. “There was an extraordinary amount of obfuscation on the part of people in the military and the electronics industry, and a lot of wishful thinking on the part of practically everybody else that the whole issue might just get up and go away. Finally, it became clear to me that if I wanted to get accurate information about the microwave problem to the public the best thing I could do was start up a newsletter.”

Working out of his Manhattan apartment, Slesin published the first issue of *Microwave News* in January of 1981. To begin with, the newsletter had fewer than a hundred subscribers; today, it has fewer than five hundred. Its influence, however, can be judged by the fact that it is read avidly by researchers in the field of non-ionizing radiation; by officials in some thirty government agencies, including the E.P.A., the F.D.A., the Departments of Defense and Energy, the F.C.C., and the F.A.A.; and by officials of many large electronics and communications corporations, including I.B.M., RCA, G.E., Hughes Aircraft, Raytheon, I.T.T., and A.T. & T.

Nevertheless, Slesin soon realized that *Microwave News* was not going to set the world on fire. “In November of 1981, Martha Zybko, an assistant who has been with me from the beginning, and I published a piece on the growing number of clusters of miscarriages and birth defects among VDT operators,” he says. “I thought that our article would be snapped up by the newspapers and all hell would break loose. I couldn’t have been more wrong. Few newspapers would even touch the subject, and there was scarcely any reaction. In 1982, we described some of the major lawsuits, past and present, that involved microwave radiation. There were about forty in all, and most of them had been settled out of court, with a gag provision imposed by the defendant companies on all information developed by the plaintiffs. This, of course, helped to keep a lid on the microwave problem, because it meant that each new plaintiff who came along would have to build his case from scratch. It also helped to convince me that a major coverup was in progress.”

Slesin is proud that in 1983 *Microwave News* became the first publication in the United States to take note of Delgado and Leal’s research on weak pulsed magnetic fields. “A concerned official at one of the federal regulatory agencies tipped me off about their experiment,” he says. “The thing to remember about it is that the strength of the fields that were affecting the chick embryos was minuscule. When I met Jocelyne Leal at a scientific meeting in Florence a year later, and told her that interest in her work centered largely on its possible relation to the magnetic fields being emitted by video-display terminals, she was surprised, because the VDT connection had never been brought to her attention. She was also surprised when I told her about all the clusters of miscarriages and birth defects that had been reported among VDT operators. Now that I think back on it, I find myself troubled that between 1981 and 1985 *Microwave News* and *VDT News* were just about the only publications in the United States that had any in-depth reporting on those events. During that entire period, the people at NIOSH either didn’t want to talk about the association between VDTs and reproductive risks or simply dismissed it out of hand. Except for Ross Adey, Robert Becker, Karel Marha, Carl Blackman, and a few other pioneers, most of the researchers in the field either believed or pretended to believe that non-ionizing radiation could cause injury only by heating up tissue. As a result, the problem of low-level, nonthermal effects remained shrouded in the realm of see-no-evil, hear-no-evil while the computer manufacturers churned out VDTs by the million and put them in virtually every office, home, and school in the nation. The manufacturers were afraid that if it got out that the Delgado findings were important and relevant the whole electromagnetic universe would be suspect. That attitude also infected a lot of scientists and researchers who knew better but didn't speak out, because they feared that their research grants depended on their continuing to give lip service to the obsolete notion that the only hazard from non-ionizing radiation was the thermal effects of high-intensity exposure.”

According to Slesin, a major attempt to cover up the non-ionizing-radiation hazard occurred in the summer of 1984, when the Air Force tried to claim that the results of a study performed by Professor Guy and his colleagues at the University of Washington on the effect of low-level microwave radiation upon rats were negative when in fact it was clear that the radiation had caused a remarkable excess of cancers of the endocrine systems of the exposed animals. “The important thing to remember about Guy's study was that it was the first and only experiment to test the effect of long-term subthermal doses of microwave radiation,” Slesin points out. “If it hadn't been for Sam Milham”—of the Washington State Department of Social and Health Services—“speaking up at the Bioelectromagnetics Society meeting, the true story about its findings might never have got out, let alone made the CBS Evening News. That whole episode taught me never to underestimate the capacity of the military for deceiving the American people, and for being utterly brazen in their manner of doing so.”



Slesin says that a turning point in the long debate over the biological hazards of power-line radiation took place in the fall of 1986, in Toronto, when Richard Phillips, of the United States Environmental Protection Agency, declared publicly that he would not buy a home within a high-voltage-power-line right-of-way. “That was a bombshell,” Slesin recalls. “No one ever dreamed that Phillips would say a thing like that. Practically everybody at that meeting was assuming that Savitz's replication of Wertheimer's study would not confirm her findings about the association between sixty-hertz magnetic fields and childhood cancer, and that the whole issue would be laid to rest forever. Yet here was a senior official of the E.P.A. telling the meeting in the most vivid manner possible that he believed that the power-line hazard was for real. By the time Savitz announced, a month or so later, that he had in fact confirmed Wertheimer's findings, the sense of distress in everybody—from the researchers in the field to officials of the utility industry—was almost palpable. In short, everybody knew that the problem was not going to go away.”

Since then, Slesin points out, there has been a veritable cascade of publicity about the biological hazards of low-level magnetic fields, and these revelations have put officials of the utilities and computer industries in a quandary. “If they acknowledge the validity of the Wertheimer, Savitz, and Delgado results, the extraordinary Swedish studies, and all the other data, not only do they drastically increase the legal liability of their industries but they also jeopardize their plans for future growth,” he says. “So they have decided to keep on denying that a problem exists. The utilities people are being helped by the fact that few people seem to be aware that the magnetic fields associated with childhood cancer are emitted not just by the high-voltage wires they can see strung across the countryside on huge steel and wooden towers but also by the ordinary high-current electrical-distribution wires that are strung on telephone poles on the streets of practically every city, town, and village in America.”

Slesin expects that utilities officials and computer manufacturers will continue to deny the ubiquitous public-health problem posed by electromagnetic radiation from power lines and video-display terminals, because their attorneys are advising them that that is the best course to follow. “It is a foolish tactic, however, because, just as toothpaste can't be put back in its tube, the ELF- and VLF-radiation hazard can no longer be suppressed,” he warns. “It is also an irresponsible tactic, because the problem demands immediate action. Congress should initiate and finance a crash program of studies of the radiation hazard by independent agencies. The scientific investigation of this hazard should not be allowed to remain under the control of the military, the utilities, the Electric Power Research Institute, and the

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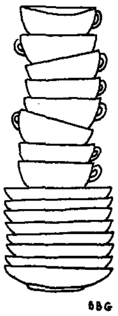
computer manufacturers, all of whom have a vested interest in its outcome.”

THAT further investigation of the ELF-radiation hazard may lead to some highly discomforting findings can be seen from a recent experiment conducted by Reba Goodman, a geneticist and cell biologist at Columbia University’s Medical Center, and Ann S. Henderson, a molecular biologist at Hunter College. Goodman, who received a Ph.D. in developmental genetics from Columbia in 1956, first went to work at the Medical Center in 1961. There she began to investigate transcription—how the genetic code is passed on from the DNA to the RNA, and thus from the nucleus of a cell into the cytoplasm, which is the region of the cell that lies between the nucleus and the outer membrane. “I investigated transcription by studying the salivary-gland cells of the sciara fly, because they contain giant chromosomes that are highly visible and metabolically active,” she explains. “What I was trying to find out was the secret of how the genetic code works. In other words, how a whole organism can develop from a single fertilized egg.”



Goodman pursued this line of inquiry throughout the sixties and seventies—using various tools, such as hormones, to stimulate gene activity in sciara salivary cells—and she was still pursuing it in 1981, when she became aware that for some years she had been working in a laboratory that was on the same floor as a clinic being operated by Dr. C. Andrew L. Bassett, an orthopedist, who had developed the use of electromagnetic signals to heal difficult bone fractures. “I kept seeing people being rolled into Dr. Bassett’s clinic in wheelchairs and later walking out under their own power,” she says. “When I got around to asking how he was treating them, and learned that he was stimulating bone growth with pulsed signals, I realized that he must also be stimulating gene activity. So, naturally, I got the idea that I ought to try stimulating gene activity in the salivary-gland cells of my sciara flies with his bone-healing signals. Those signals, it turned out, were specially generated asymmetrical waves of fifteen and seventy-two hertz, which Dr. Bassett and his colleagues had designed to mimic electromagnetic ELF signals that are given off by broken and deformed bones. When I told Dr. Bassett what I wanted to do, he allowed me to borrow the generator and coil he used to produce those waves, and to use them in my experiment. In short order, I found out that when the salivary-gland cells of sciara flies are stimulated with such signals they produce more of a type of RNA that is known to carry the genetic code than unexposed cells do.”

At that point, Goodman realized that she did not have the necessary experience in molecular technology to analyze her observations, so she went across the street to get the advice of Ann Henderson, who had spent ten years at the Medical Center finding and mapping specific gene sites on human chromosomes. “She was interested in what I was doing, so we decided to investigate the phenomenon as a team,” Goodman says. “In the course of subsequent experiments, we found that transcription could be induced after only fifteen minutes of exposure to the ELF signal. We also found that it could be detected both at the biochemical level, meaning in all the different types of RNA that we could measure, and at the cytological level, meaning where the ELF-induced RNA chains were present on the DNA of a chromosome.”

Between 1985 and 1987, Goodman and Henderson decided to test the effects of symmetrical signals of sixty and seventy-two hertz on genetic material, because these signals are similar to those of the electromagnetic fields that are carried by power lines. “We switched from using the salivary cells of sciara flies to using those of drosophila, which are common fruit flies,” Goodman says. “We studied the drosophila cells to see if their protein patterns could be induced or altered by exposure to electromagnetic signals of five different frequencies, including the power-line frequency of sixty hertz. We found that all the signals not only caused detectable changes in the protein patterns of the drosophila cells but also increased their total protein production. That confirmed our previous observation that RNA transcription is extraordinarily sensitive to specific electromagnetic signals. This work was published in the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences* in June of 1988. During 1987, we exposed cultured human leukemia cells to the five signals and measured common gene products, such as histone, actin, and *c-myc*. Histone is a protein that helps to regulate DNA. Actin is a protein that is found in many cells, and plays a role in cell division. *C-myc* is a protoöncogene—a normal protein component of all cells, but one that is also frequently found in tumor cells. During our experiments, we observed that each of these gene products was increased by exposure to the five ELF signals, but especially to the symmetrical signals. The fact that a sixty-hertz signal can enhance the expression of a specific oncogene may, of course, help us to understand how power-line radiation might act to trigger the development of cancer.”

Together with the work of Ross Adey and his colleagues, the experiments of Goodman and Henderson provide evidence to support the association between power-line magnetic fields and childhood cancer which Nancy Wertheimer observed soon after she embarked upon her pioneering journey of discovery on the streets of Greater Denver fifteen years ago. Since then, power-company officials, computer manufacturers, and some members of the scientific community, who are reluctant to admit the possibility that weak fields can produce biological effects, have greeted virtually every epidemiological study suggesting that sixty-hertz magnetic fields cause cancer with the claim that the evidence was unsupported by information to indicate the mechanism by which the disease could occur. A recent example of this response took place on March 14, 1989, when a seven-member panel convened by the National Academy of Sciences’ National Research Council expressed doubt that weak ELF fields could play a role in the development of cancer. The panel members did so in spite of hearing David Savitz describe the results of his childhood-cancer study that confirmed Wertheimer’s original findings, and of being warned by Savitz and Dr. David O. Carpenter, of the New York State Health Department, that the cancer risk of power-line fields may have been underestimated as a result of inadequate knowledge on the part of scientists about the total exposure of the general population to magnetic fields.

One of the panel skeptics was Herman P. Schwan, professor emeritus of biomedical electronic engineering at the University of Pennsylvania and a longtime consultant to the electronics industry. Schwan developed the thirty-six-year-old theory that the only way non-ionizing radiation can affect tissue is through heating; he testified at hearings in New York State that power-line fields were harmless; and he was instrumental in persuading the members of the National Academy's 1976 committee on the biological effects of ELF electromagnetic fields to conclude that such fields posed no threat whatever to human health.

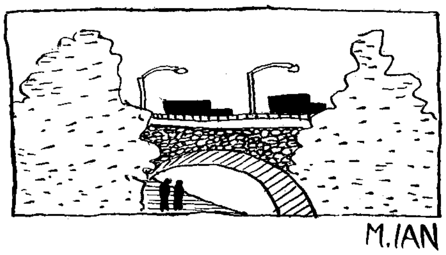
Another of the skeptics was Robert Pound, a physicist from Harvard University, who in 1980 proposed heating people directly with microwave radiation in order to conserve energy in homes. Still another panel member, Dr. Clark Heath, of the American Cancer Society, described the epidemiological studies showing an association between magnetic fields and cancer as "interesting, but inconclusive," and the panel chairman, Richard Setlow, a biophysicist at the Brookhaven National Laboratory, on Long Island, who has specialized in the biological effects of ionizing radiation, described them as "interesting, but not convincing." What seems not only interesting but also alarming is that the childhood-cancer studies of Wertheimer and Savitz are accompanied by some twenty investigations from around the world showing that a significantly higher proportion of workers employed in electrical occupations—electricians, electrical engineers, utility-company servicemen—die of leukemia and brain cancer than do workers who are not occupationally exposed to electromagnetic fields.

Other scientists have expressed reservations about reports suggesting that the pulsed electromagnetic fields given off by computer terminals can cause birth defects and miscarriages. The fact remains, however, that the Kaiser Permanente study has shed disturbing light on the dozen or more unexplained clusters of birth defects and miscarriages that have occurred in North America during the past decade. So have the Swedish experiments showing that VDT pulsed magnetic fields can cause malformations in the fetuses of mice, and the Spanish studies showing that similar fields can adversely affect the development of chick embryos. Most unsettling of all, perhaps, is the fact that the pulsed VLF and ELF magnetic fields found routinely within a radius of about two feet from the average CRT computer terminal can be as strong as, or even stronger than, the sixty-hertz magnetic fields found inside the homes in which Wertheimer and Savitz discovered children to be dying unduly often of cancer.

As for the efforts of governmental regulatory agencies to investigate the health problem posed by low-level electric and magnetic fields, they have been inadequate. A case in point is illustrated by an article that appeared in the May, 1989, issue of *F. D. A. Consumer*, a magazine that the Food and Drug Administration publishes each month to provide information and guidance on health and safety issues for the public. The article starts out by claiming that the F.D.A. has found "no conclusive evidence that electric blankets are a health hazard," and ends by declaring that the F.D.A. "sees no reason for people to stop using electric blankets," but will "continue its research in this area and will monitor the research of other organizations." The second paragraph of the article reads:

> Electric blankets—like many other home appliances, including toasters, vacuum cleaners, and computers—produce low-intensity electric and magnetic fields. For the past decade, FDA and other scientists have been investigating whether magnetic fields affect human health. A study conducted in Colorado in 1979 suggested a relationship between exposure to electromagnetic fields and childhood cancer, but a similar study conducted in Rhode Island did not show such a relationship. And a 1988 study in Los Angeles County found no association between the use of electric blankets and adult leukemia. Animal studies have also proved inconclusive.

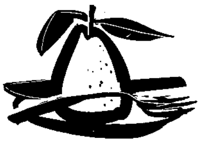
If the F.D.A. were truly intent on keeping the public well informed about research on the biological effects of magnetic fields, why did it not point out that the average person is not chronically exposed over long periods of time to fields from most household appliances, like toasters and vacuum cleaners, but can be chronically exposed to fields emanating from power lines, electric blankets, and computer terminals? Why did the F. D. A. not see fit to inform the readers of *F. D. A. Consumer* that Wertheimer and Leeper's 1979 study of the association between childhood cancer and exposure to low-level magnetic fields had since been confirmed by the major epidemiological study that Savitz conducted for the New York State Power Lines Project? Why did the F.D.A. fail to mention Wertheimer's 1986 study showing that the use of electric blankets and electrically heated water beds increases the risk of miscarriage? Also curious is the F.D.A.'s omission of the fact that a month after the *American Journal of Epidemiology* published the Rhode Island study, in its March, 1980, issue, it published a letter from Wertheimer and Leeper, who pointed out that the Rhode Island researchers had collected birth addresses of their control population in a way that introduced serious bias into their study. In the letter Wertheimer and Leeper said that when they reworked the data to reduce the bias, they found that leukemia had, indeed, occurred more often among Rhode Island children living in homes near high-current wiring than among children living in homes near low-current wiring. What makes the F.D.A.'s omission even more egregious is that although the authors of the Rhode Island study were invited by the editors of the *Journal* to respond to Wertheimer and Leeper's critique, they declined to do so.



By expressing reservations about or by ignoring the epidemiological studies suggesting that low-level electric and magnetic fields may be hazardous to human health, and by questioning the experimental studies showing that ELF fields can alter brain chemistry in cats, produce learning disability in rats, and cause malformations in the fetuses of mice, the doubters within the government and the medical and scientific community have sought to discredit and disregard an entire body of medical and scientific data simply because it cannot be explained on the basis of existing theory. This does not provide a rationale for sound public-health policy, any more than the fact that the mechanism by which asbestos fibres cause cancer remains unknown could justify delaying the development of measures to prevent exposure to asbestos.

A far wiser policy with regard to the

potential hazards of ELF and VLF electromagnetic fields would be to let the existing data speak for themselves—indeed, to err on the side of caution by assuming that they are valid—while undertaking a crash program of government-financed studies to determine the full extent of the risk that such fields pose to human health. The fact that scientists in the United States have yet to carry out a single experiment to determine either the short-term or the long-term biological effects of the pulsed ELF and VLF fields emanating from video-display terminals gives some indication of the research vacuum that exists. The fact that more than twenty epidemiological investigations already suggest that exposure to alternating-current magnetic fields from power lines and other sources is carcinogenic in human beings, together with the fact that pulsed electromagnetic fields such as those given off by computer terminals are known to be more biologically potent than non-pulsed fields, makes it imperative that these experiments be undertaken as soon as possible.



What may well delay the implementation of such badly needed research is fear among people in positions of authority and responsibility in the private sector, as well as in the state and federal governments, that if further investigation supports present indications that low-level electric and magnetic fields pose a health hazard, correcting the problem will prove to be not only tremendously expensive but also disruptive. It is undoubtedly for this reason that when officials of utility companies and state power commissions talk about the necessity of measuring magnetic fields from power lines, and about ways to reduce their strength, they are invariably talking about the magnetic fields given off by the high-voltage transmission lines that crisscross the countryside, and not those given off by the distribution wires feeding power into homes. For that matter, virtually all of the dozens of citizens' groups that have been formed to oppose the construction of power lines near schools and in residential neighborhoods are concerned only with high-voltage lines and not with local distribution wires. Yet it is precisely the ubiquitous neighborhood distribution wires, which Wertheimer and Leeper studied in Greater Denver during the mid-nineteen-seventies, and Savitz and his colleagues restudied some ten years later, that are associated with the increased incidence of childhood cancer that both sets of investigators found in homes close to high-current wires.

A somewhat similar situation exists with regard to computer terminals, which are rapidly becoming ubiquitous. In 1976, there were fewer than a million VDT workstations in the United States; today, there are more than thirty million. According to the Computer and Business Equipment Manufacturers Association, almost one out of every fifteen white-collar workers now uses some type of computer workstation, and by the end of the century every white-collar worker will use one. Thus, if the magnetic fields given off by computer terminals should prove to cause cancer or otherwise be harmful to health, an immense and continually growing segment of the nation's population will have been placed at risk.

What can be done about a problem whose very magnitude inspires either silence or denial among most officials of industry and government, and among so many members of the medical and scientific community? The basic answer lies, of course, as it did in the recent case of the apple industry and the growth regulator Alar, with public awareness and public insistence that preventive measures be undertaken. The question is how to proceed. Some steps are more easily taken than others. Electric blankets, for example, can be discarded and replaced with blankets that have been redesigned to reduce magnetic-field emissions. Neighborhood power lines, however, pose a much more difficult problem. In some cases, restringing or burying them may be sufficient to reduce magnetic-field exposure. In other cases, it might be necessary to develop ways of changing the present grounding system, which, because it often allows unbalanced currents to flow through plumbing systems, can create relatively strong magnetic fields in many homes. The trick will be to accomplish this without losing protection against electric shock. Possible solutions include using nonconductive plumbing, or installing dielectric unions in existing plumbing to interrupt the flow of electric current in conducting pipe.

As for what to do about computer terminals, I.B.M. and several other companies have provided an answer—albeit a somewhat selective one—by marketing in Scandinavia terminals shielded against VLF (though not ELF) magnetic-field emissions, in order to comply with Sweden's 1988 guideline specifying that VLF emissions not exceed the equivalent of one-half a milligauss at a distance of twenty inches. Although I.B.M. has not introduced this model in the United States, a Norwegian firm is now marketing a line of VLF-shielded display terminals in this country. Meanwhile, a Massachusetts company has introduced a flat liquid-crystal display terminal that does not emit VLF magnetic fields, and has been shielded against ELF magnetic fields with a special metal called Mu-metal. An even more effective solution to the problem may be the one provided by the Fund for the City of New York—a nonprofit organization established by the Ford Foundation—which has designed its new offices so that all VDT operators sit at least twenty-eight inches from their own terminals, and about forty inches from other terminals. This, of course, is essentially the same solution that Karel Marha recommended almost seven years ago.

Thus, although the problem of electromagnetic-field exposure is potentially serious and obviously growing, there are a number of preventive measures to be explored, and some that can be implemented even as further studies are undertaken. Meanwhile, the de-facto policy that power lines, electric blankets, and video-display terminals be considered innocent until proved guilty should be rejected out of hand by sensible people everywhere. To do otherwise is to accept a situation in which millions of human beings continue to be test animals in a long-term biological experiment whose consequences remain unknown. —PAUL BRODEUR

(*This is the third part of a three-part article.*)

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[*James Lileks in the Athens* (*Ga.*) *Banner-Herald*]

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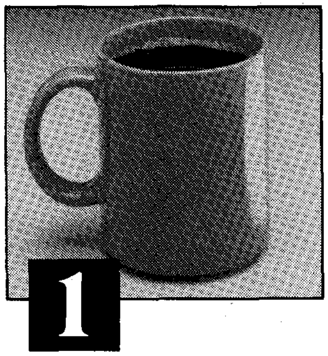

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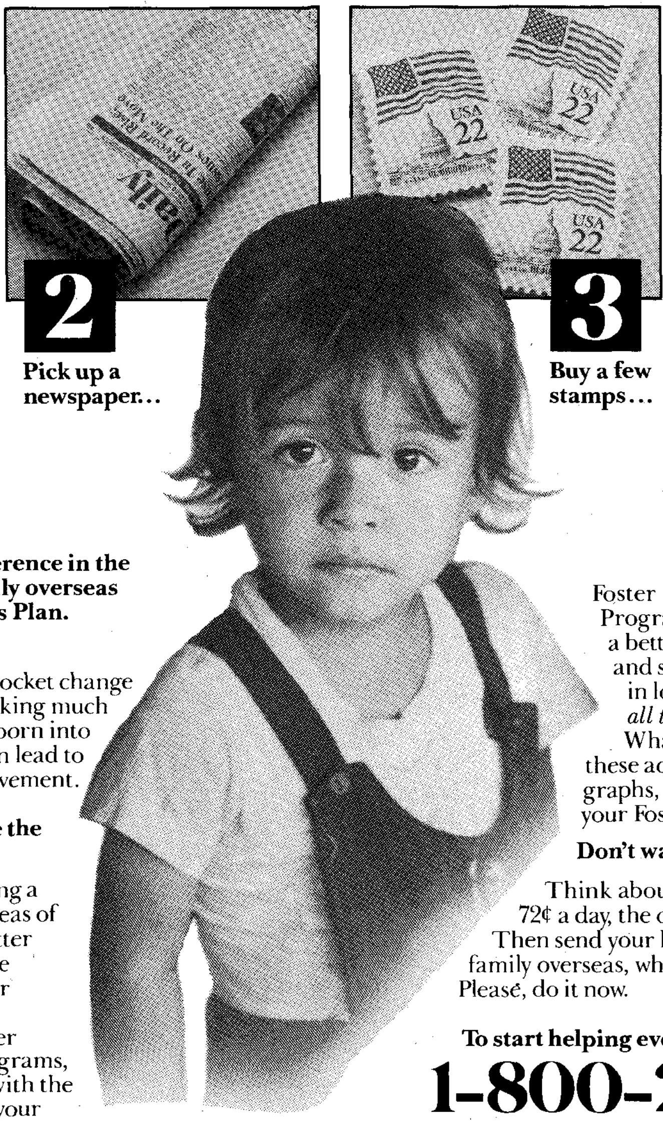

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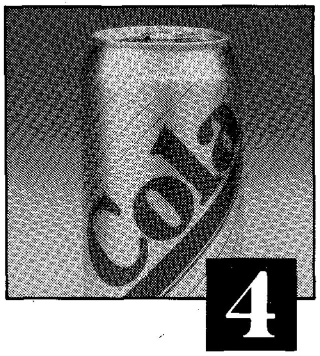

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Stonework

IN "Dead Poets Society," Robin Williams plays John Keating, an eager, dedicated teacher with a gift for liberating his students. Crushed, frightened prep-school boys flower in Keating's class. He talks to them about the passions expressed in poetry, and they become emboldened. The creative impulses they'd kept hidden—or didn't know they had—are released.

Robin Williams' performance is more graceful than anything he's done before. He's more restrained, yet he's brisk, enlivening, a perky, wiry fellow. In class, when Keating gives his attention to a boy who's distressed, you feel that he intuitively enters into the boy's fears. He's totally, concentratedly there (though the camera is too much there), and with his encouragement the shy boy makes up a poem, line by line, while standing in class. (In that moment, the young actor shows us the passion that Keating has been talking about—the passion that transcends the conventional.) And even when Keating can't help the boys he listens to them with all his being; he hears them, and he speaks to them directly. He respects them far more than he does the other teachers, whom he treats equably, with a few dry words. Keating's generosity is reserved for the students.

An iconoclastic teacher can be off-putting to some of his charges because he's sure and high-flown and flaky (compared with polite, basically bored teachers). The teacher who stands out is usually a talker, and that can worry students who are anxious about exams and want to know what they're going to be graded on. But Keating isn't that kind of overpowering teacher; he's not like the characters John Houseman played in "Paper Chase" and Maggie Smith played in "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie"—he doesn't have his students in thrall to him. The scriptwriter, Tom Schulman, has written a character whose center is his rapport with the boys. Keating is simply a former Welton Academy honors student who has just returned from teaching in London, and Williams carries out this conception. Keating is supremely tactful; he has no assertiveness —he tries to help the kids develop on their own—and in emergencies he advises caution.

"I jumped over the moon last night."

Williams stays in character, but he understands that a teacher who wakes kids up is likely to be a standup performer, maybe even a comic, and certainly quick on his feet. Williams reads his lines stunningly (he's playing a bright man), and when he mimics various actors reciting Shakespeare there's no undue clowning in it; he's a gifted teacher demonstrating his skills. That's what he's doing when he hops around the classroom and makes the kids laugh. I saw the movie right after reading the just-published "Mudrick Transcribed" (College of Creative Studies, University of California, Santa Barbara, California 93106; $20), a collection of talks on literature by the late Marvin Mudrick, recorded by his students. I can't imagine a better book on how an inspired teacher's mind works; Mudrick's easy rhythms make you aware of how he arrives at the humor that shoots up, geyser after geyser. You know at once why his students would be swept along by his words—he's thinking on his feet, getting high on his thoughts. And that's what Robin Williams shows Keating doing: Williams' performing rhythms reveal the free workings of Keating's mind. If only "Dead Poets Society" got into the subject of what Keating gives to teaching and what it gives back to him!

But the movie shifts from one genre to another: the dedicated teacher gives way to the sensitive, misunderstood kid —in this case, Neil Perry (Robert Sean Leonard), an all-A student who wants to be an actor. The link is that the boy, soaring on the confidence he experiences in Keating's class, lacks the shrewdness and courage to deal with his rigid, uncomprehending father (Kurtwood Smith). The shift in genres sidelines the one performer who sparks the viewer's imagination and substitutes a familiar figure: the usual romantic victim to identify with. Many older moviegoers had parents who objected to their artistic inclinations, and for young audiences this may still be an ongoing misery. If you want to be a musician or a dancer or poet or painter and your parents don't think you're being practical, this movie, though it's set in 1959, can feel like your life story. And it can have you sobbing in regret, self-pity, nostalgia.

The title refers to a secret club that Keating founded when he was a student at the school and which is now revived by seven of his boys. On the surface, the club's nighttime gatherings could not be more innocent: the boys recite poetry, tell ghost stories, socialize. But in a deeper sense these clandestine meetings (at a rough cave in the woods) are an act of defiance; this is something the boys have organized for themselves—it isn't controlled by the school. And so, when the boys' new independence leads to a crisis, they're up against the slimy, cunning headmaster (Norman Lloyd) and the parents who have placed them in this exclusive, traditional, disciplinarian setting, and who believe what the headmaster tells them. (The way the movie is shaped, there isn't a perceptive parent in the bunch.)

Everything in the movie has been carefully thought out. The heavy stonework of Welton's twenties-Gothic buildings contrasts with the primitive natural wildness of the cave. The crew of Waspy boys have varied psychological profiles. The doomed Neil Perry is a natural leader. The financially privileged but emotionally deprived Todd Anderson (Ethan Hawke) is afraid to speak in class until Keating soothes his fears. Knox Overstreet (Josh Charles) is comically lovestruck. Charlie Dalton (Gale Hansen) has a streak of wild daring—in his best moment he mocks the school's pomposity, saying he had a telephone call from God—but he goes off half-cocked. And so on; it takes a while to sort them out. The young actors are presentable—even admirable—but they're all so camera-angled and director-controlled that they don't have a zit they can call their own.

There are lovely pauses and beautiful transitional shots; the unhurried storytelling is polished. Peter Weir is still in his mid-forties and the editing is swift, yet this is conservative craftsmanship. He works the way some of the major Hollywood directors (William Wyler, George Stevens, John Ford) did as they got middle-aged. The picture draws out the obvious and turns itself into a classic.

It's too lulling to watch a movie in which everything is overprepared. I wanted to claw and scratch at the succession of autumnal images, followed by wintry beauty. Every textured detail falls into place: the mist in the woods outside the mythic cave; the glowing skies; Keating taking his boys outside the classroom; the headmaster's foxy-eyed unctuousness; his brute attempt to break the spirit of a boy he paddles. Even Neil Perry's killing himself has no messy, bewildering motives—you see exactly what drives him to it, just as you see that he's the product of a domineering, guilt-pushing father and a hysterical, helpless mother, whom he resembles. His high cheekbones intensify the poignancy of his death; he's meant to haunt you. Yet the young actor can't make the suicide credible: we don't feel that the boy is holding anything back, we don't feel any buried anger. He's transparent.

When the audience applauded at the end, I was reminded of the audience reaction twenty-odd years ago to "A Man for All Seasons"—a picture with a comparable tasteful romanticism. Most recent American movies, in their crudeness, have escaped this kind of middlebrow highmindedness. "Dead Poets Society" is anomalous—a prestige picture. It's on the side of youth, rebellion, poetry, passion. And, like Weir's "Gallipoli," it has a gold ribbon attached to it. But the film's perception of reality is the black and white of pulp fiction (without the visceral excitement). The picture doesn't rise to the level of tragedy, because it's unwilling to give us an antagonist who isn't hopelessly rigid. (Neil Perry gets all A's, so his father can't even have a rational objection to his extracurricular activities.) There's no other side to anything in this movie—Weir, it appears, is more interested in the elegiac than in the dramatic. And the enthusiasts in the audience seem to be left applauding themselves for being sad, for being uplifted. —PAULINE KAEL

•

HISSES WE DOUBT EVER GOT HISSED

[*From page 195 of "Crimson Joy," by Robert Parker*]

"Gotcha," I said.

Felton smiled faintly. He shrugged his shoulders. From the couch his mother hissed at him.

"Run."

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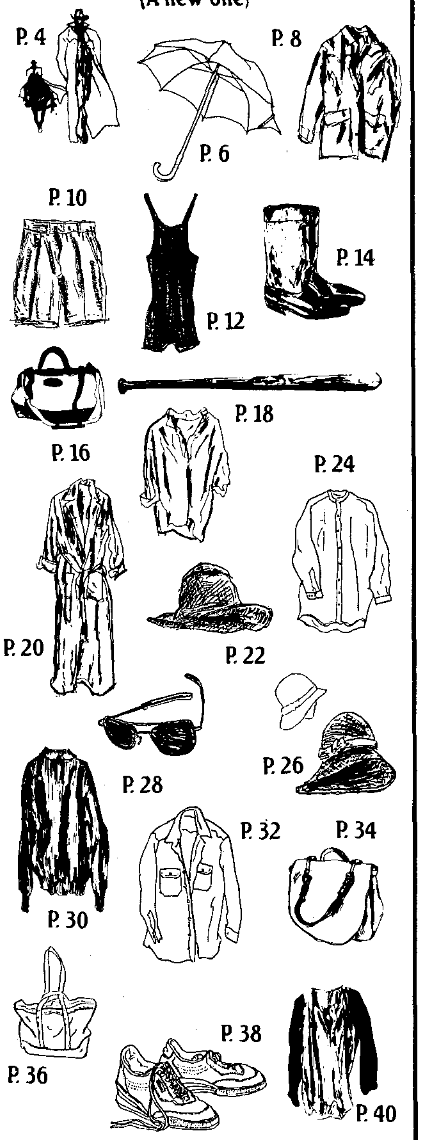

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

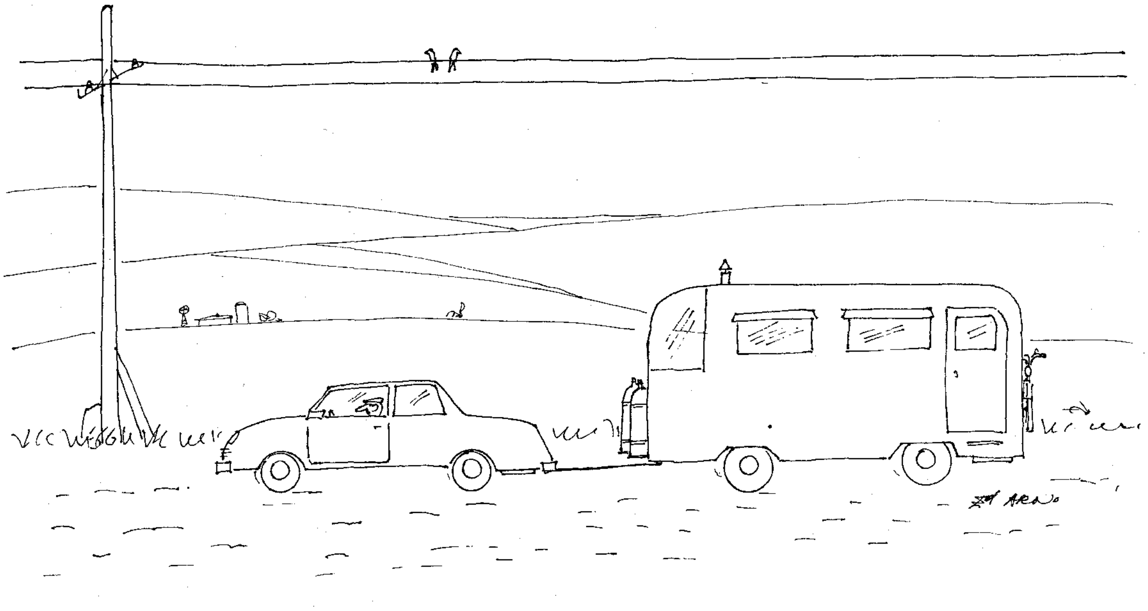
JUNE 15

THE Bush Administration is groping its way toward its foreign policy—or, rather, a set of foreign policies—with varying degrees of success. The policies tend to be ad hoc rather than conceptual, based upon and in reaction to the exigencies at hand. But as of now most of the policies (some are yet to be formed), if not very imaginative, end up at a sensible place and, after what seems like a long time, reëstablish the United States as a leader in the world. If the watchword of the Bush group is caution, we at least are not endangered by impulsiveness, and we have seen in the past that conceptualizers (Kissinger, Reagan) can lead us into difficulties. Part of the problem of the Administration is the stage on which it is playing: a world going through stunning changes, one in which old assumptions go by the boards and there are no new guidelines. Set against this dramatic scene are some fairly undramatic people—ones who are more comfortable with pragmatism than with vision, ones to whom sweeping rhetoric does not come easily. Further, we have no historical guide for how to deal with the disintegration of a Communist regime. Neither George Bush nor his top foreign-policy advisers are philosophers. John Kennedy and Ronald Reagan gave us soaring rhetoric, which thrilled millions, but they were exceptions in the postwar period, and their policies weren't necessarily as successful as their rhetoric.

Bush and Brent Scowcroft, his national security adviser, and James Baker, his Secretary of State, are all prudent if sometimes overcautious men. Dick Cheney, his Secretary of Defense, is more ideological (for which read: hard-line) than the others, but he's not off the charts. Also, having been in politics for some time, he has a keen sense of political reality. Still, when Cheney, in late April, said in a CNN interview that he thought Mikhail Gorbachev "would ultimately fail" and is "likely to be replaced by somebody who will be far more hostile," he was simply being (as was his wont as a member of Congress) straightforward about what he thought, and he was reflecting a view held by some other officials as well. (It is also the sort of thing one must say in order to protect the defense budget.) But the statement didn't fit the politics of the time, and other parts of the Administration were quick to disown his remarks.

There are, in fact, no great fissures among the President's foreign-policy advisers, though there are the normal, predictable rivalries and differences of degrees in their views. There have not been as yet, nor are there likely to be, towering struggles such as occurred between Zbigniew Brzezinski and Cyrus Vance; though the officials have a healthy dose of self-regard, there are no egomaniacs like Kissinger and Alexander Haig. Much has been made of the point that all of Bush's top foreign-policy officials were closely tied in one form or another to the Nixon-Kissinger-Ford era of détente and saw Ford nearly get denied the Presidential nomination at the hand of Reagan, who came at him from the right on foreign policy. It is said that none of these people want to get caught out too far again (and they have to keep the Republican right in mind). But too much can be made of the point. While these people have probably assimilated their experience, it is far from the only restraint on their thinking or their action. In fact, there seems to have been an evolution in their thinking since they took office; they seem, after a long hesitation and much skepticism on their own part, more comfortable about getting in the game with Gorbachev, and also more accepting of the idea that Gorbachev is for real. To varying degrees, they seem more open to the proposition that Gorbachev doesn't have some gigantic, diabolical trick up his sleeve.

In January, Scowcroft said, on "This Week with David Brinkley," that Gorbachev is "interested in making trouble within the Western alliance" through his so-called peace offensive, and that until there is "better evidence to the contrary" we should operate on the assumption that once he solves his economic problems he would go back to the Soviet Union's old ways. Three months later, on "Meet the Press," he said that, given recent events—including elections in the Soviet Union, the Polish government's agreement with Solidarity to hold elections, the loosening of the grip of the Hungarian government—"we might be prepared to conclude" that Communism doesn't work. He added, "What we're seeing now is evidence . . . that the West has won," and, "We're no longer worried about Communism sweeping Western Europe."

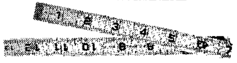
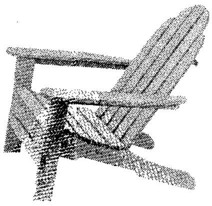
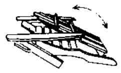


Fred Staska Driving His Novel in Progress from New York to New Mexico

Scowcroft's concern, which continues, is that a premature declaration of the end of the Cold War could lead the West to drop too much of its guard too soon, that other countries would feel they're off the hook in terms of contributing to the West's defense. Scowcroft's deputy, Robert Gates, the former deputy director of the C.I.A., has publicly expressed his view that an understanding of the Soviet Union's history requires us to be skeptical of "thaws" in the relationship. Scowcroft is a decent and thoughtful man, a stable person whom it is good to have in a responsible position; his lack of flair keeps us from going off the deep end but contributes to the workmanlike quality of the President's utterances on foreign policy; his caution keeps the policies from seeming as interesting as they might be. In an interview in early May, he said to me, "I think we ought to reach out to the Soviets in a way, but only in a way that makes it as easy for us to change as it is for the Soviets. It's a very delicate time, because they are still a massive military power, and they still have a lot of individuals around who don't wish us well. We can't just deal with Gorbachev; we have to deal with the Soviet Union." While there was no question the Soviet Union was going through change, Scowcroft said, it was still more rhetoric than change, and "if we sound too future-oriented, people will conclude it's already happened." At the time, Scowcroft was struggling with a series of foreign-policy speeches Bush was to give and was aware that talk about "managing a transition" was not particularly exciting. But there was not, at the time, any policy to put behind the speeches, to give them substance.

BAKER took his new job, which he had long wanted, with only indirect experience in foreign policy: as Treasury Secretary, he had dealt with international economic policy, and since the beginning of the Reagan Administration had sat in on meetings of the National Security Council. Baker is a man of considerable intelligence and political acumen; he is the proverbial quick study. He goes into a meeting, or a negotiation, well briefed and read up. But his is not a particularly reflective mind. He is knowledgeable, but doesn't seem to have a deep knowledge of history. But Baker makes sure that he knows what he needs to know for the task at hand. Baker's mind, says someone who has worked with him, is a set of ongoing, interrelated negotiations. He has had great success at doing deals that solve the problem of the moment. His working out, earlier this year, with the various factions in Congress a deal that removed military assistance to the Contras as an issue (in exchange for considerable congressional say-so on continued humanitarian aid) without suddenly abandoning the Contras (and stirring up the right) was a typical Bakerian move. Moreover, Baker is an activist, and will want substantial foreign-policy achievements next to his name. Yet, though he is a supremely self-confident man, Baker betrayed a certain lack of confidence as he embarked on his latest job. It was nothing you could put your finger on, but it showed in his body language, in his public performances. At the heart of it may be that not only was Baker not deeply versed in the subject matter but he was, for all his experience, not so experienced at being a public figure. His natural habitat has been the back rooms, the telephone; he had been less the spokesman and innovator than the tactician, the schmoozer, the stroker, the negotiator. This, plus the supreme self-confidence, probably lay behind some other things that marked Baker's débût as Secretary of State.

Accustomed to working with a small, tight group of smart and fanatically loyal aides, Baker approached his State Department job in the same manner. He and his people weren't at any pains to hide their disdain for the State Department bureaucracy, referring to it in private conversations (which didn't remain private for long) as "the building." The State Department bureaucracy can be an institutional drag, but it also has within it some very knowledgeable and talented people; and no Secretary of State, no matter how smart he and his immediate entourage are, can do without it. (Moreover, as the Baker group found, it has considerable skill in backstabbing.) Steps Baker has taken since the early weeks to pacify the somewhat hostile and demoralized bureaucracy, and to include some of it in his seventh-floor deliberations, have been only partially successful. The Administration still has a large number of foreign-policy posts unfilled. As of now, only six nominees to assistant secretaryships (there are sixteen of them) have been confirmed, and a sizable number of ambassadors are yet to be even nominated, and sixteen are awaiting Senate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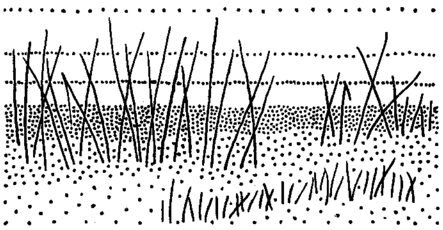
confirmation. (A few weeks ago, one ambassador-designate attended a White House swearing-in of a colleague, and Bush, upon seeing him, said, "Ah, [name], back from [name of capital] already?" The ambassador-designate replied, "No, Mr. President, you haven't nominated me yet.") The slowness in getting staffed is attributable in varying degrees to the Administration's own delays in making decisions, to the increasingly burdensome clearance process that must be undergone (even by people who are already in the government), and to the F.B.I.'s increasingly thorough background checks (as a result of certain embarrassments), and also the delays in the confirmation process imposed by Senate Foreign Relations Committee members—liberals pursuing the Iran-Contra affair and conservatives still pursuing Kissinger.

When I interviewed Baker last week, I was struck by his response when I asked him his views about Gorbachev, with whom he had met in Moscow in early May. Baker's immediate reply was "He's a good lawyer." As it happens, Gorbachev did train to be a lawyer, and Baker says that the two of them talked about this for some time. Baker was impressed that Gorbachev came to their meeting well prepared, with handwritten notes, and that Gorbachev had clearly spent a lot of time preparing for it. These are characteristics that Baker admires. I came away from the interview with the strong impression that Baker sees in Gorbachev a fellow-pragmatist, someone he could do deals with. (Like Margaret Thatcher—who was onto this before most—he sees Gorbachev as someone with whom, as she put it, "we can do business.")

Baker sees Gorbachev as overridingly concerned with the Soviet economy, and also as having his hands full with the outbreaks of nationalist movements within the Soviet Union. Baker believes that the Soviets' being "in a hurry" to help their own economy presents us with new opportunities. As he sees it, the United States has a large stake in Gorbachev's success, because his success will make the Soviet Union more stable and secure and open. Baker takes care to point out that there remain some dangers, including the historical Russian "paranoia" about attack from without, but it is clear that he now sees opportunities to change the face of Europe, lessening the military orientation of both East and West, and also of working with Gorbachev to diminish tensions elsewhere in the world. He thinks that, if for no other reason than that they can't afford it, the Soviets have abandoned the idea of financing surrogates—and that if they could they would stop spending money on Fidel Castro and other pursuits in Central America. Baker points to the Soviet withdrawals from Afghanistan and Mozambique. (He figures that for some time to come the Soviets will push us on our continuing support of rebel forces in Afghanistan, and we will push them on their continuing support of Castro and the Sandinistas.) He believes that the Soviets would be helpful to us in the Middle East, by leaning on Syria, and by accepting the idea, proposed by the Israelis, of elections in the West Bank and Gaza to choose representatives to negotiate with Israel over self-government. Others in the Administration are less sanguine. (The Bush Administration, having urged Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir to bring something new with him when he came to Washington, in early April, glommed onto Shamir's proposal for elections, sketchy as it was, as somewhere to begin in the Middle East, and it pushed Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak and King Hussein of Jordan, in their visits here in April, to think and act positively about the Israeli proposal.)

The Bush people have little taste for the high-visibility "shuttle diplomacy" that can wear out officials, raise the stakes, and only occasionally bring results. The Bush Administration has not, as George Shultz did for a long time, put the Middle East in the "too hard" box (Shultz felt betrayed by the Syrians on the subject of Lebanon), but neither is it giving the Middle East top priority. A few weeks ago, Baker himself made an unusually blunt speech about the Middle East, to AIPAC, a powerful pro-Israeli organization. Baker's speech had been agreed upon within the Administration, which then took a lot of flak from Jewish groups because of it. In the speech, Baker called on Israel to give up "the unrealistic vision of a greater Israel," and stop Israeli settlements in the West Bank and Gaza, and also said that Arab governments should "take concrete steps toward accommodation with Israel." He also demanded that the Palestinians amend the P.L.O. covenant to drop the call for the elimination of Israel. The idea of the speech, says an official, was to demonstrate the Administration's seriousness about getting things moving.



Baker's positive attitude about the possibilities of dealing with Gorbachev reflected the Administration's growing sense of both the possibilities and necessity—because of both domestic and international opinion—of demonstrating a more positive view. It also grew following Baker's trip to Moscow, during which Gorbachev showed a seriousness about mutual reductions in forces in Europe and indicated his willingness to make unprecedented concessions. But the Bush Administration's attitude was a long time in evolving, and was brought about by the force of events as much as anything else.

CONCERNED that the Reagan Administration had itself got caught up in "Gorby-mania" and had rushed into too many dealings with the Soviet Union, dubious about the strategic-arms-reduction proposals of the Reagan Administration, and wishing to buy time, the Bush Administration essentially put foreign-policy making on hold for nearly five months while it conducted an interagency review. It was an odd way to begin a new Administration. The idea of conducting such a review is said to have been Scowcroft's, but no one put up any strong objection. (While he was still a private citizen, Scowcroft had been quite critical of the Reagan Administration's strategic-arms-reduction position, as well as of the intermediate-range nuclear-force reduction, or I.N.F., treaty reached with the Soviets in December, 1987.) Reagan had gone from calling the Soviet Union an "evil empire" to throwing his arm around Gorbachev in Red Square, and the Bush people wanted to avoid such wide swings in policy. They were seeking a policy that would have consistency and would define when to reach out to the Soviet Union and when to be tough on it. But, as anyone could have predicted, the interagency policy review yielded little. For one thing, anything that goes through an interagency process is likely to come out oatmeal; for another, a review of policy by the people who had made it (few Bush people were in place) is not likely to come up with a very different one. A Democratic senator who watches foreign policy carefully says that he doesn't think the review was a waste of time, because it showed Bush and other high officials some things that wouldn't work. Still, this was supposedly the most experienced foreign-policy team in memory to have taken office.

It took no particular genius to figure out that the meeting of the heads of the NATO nations, to be held in Brussels at the end of May, to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the founding of NATO would be a very important forum for the President, one in which he would have to show that he was the leader of the Western alliance. Bush and his top advisers understood that from the outset. It was also clear that the Administration had to figure out a way to deal with Gorbachev, to confront his various proposals, some more real than others, to lessen tensions and reduce the two sides' force structures in Europe. Last December, Gorbachev had announced unilateral reductions of half a million troops worldwide, fifty thousand of them in Eastern Europe, and ten thousand tanks based in Eastern Europe—which a number of officials saw as a serious move, one that would significantly reduce the Warsaw Pact's ability to attack the West from a standing start. The Bush Administration, while saying that it didn't wish to compete with Gorbachev in a P.R. contest, in fact tried to do so. But it wasn't easy. When Baker went to Vienna, in March, he said in a speech that the United States would "explore ways" to accelerate the removal of existing chemical weapons from Germany; the Bush people had hoped to make a more dramatic proposal, but couldn't get one through the bureaucracy. Administration officials frequently cite the two different forms of government as a cause of the difficulty in competing with Gorbachev, saying that Gorbachev is virtually a dictator, while an American leader has to compromise with his own bureaucracy and also keep Congress in mind. They have something of a point, but it isn't the

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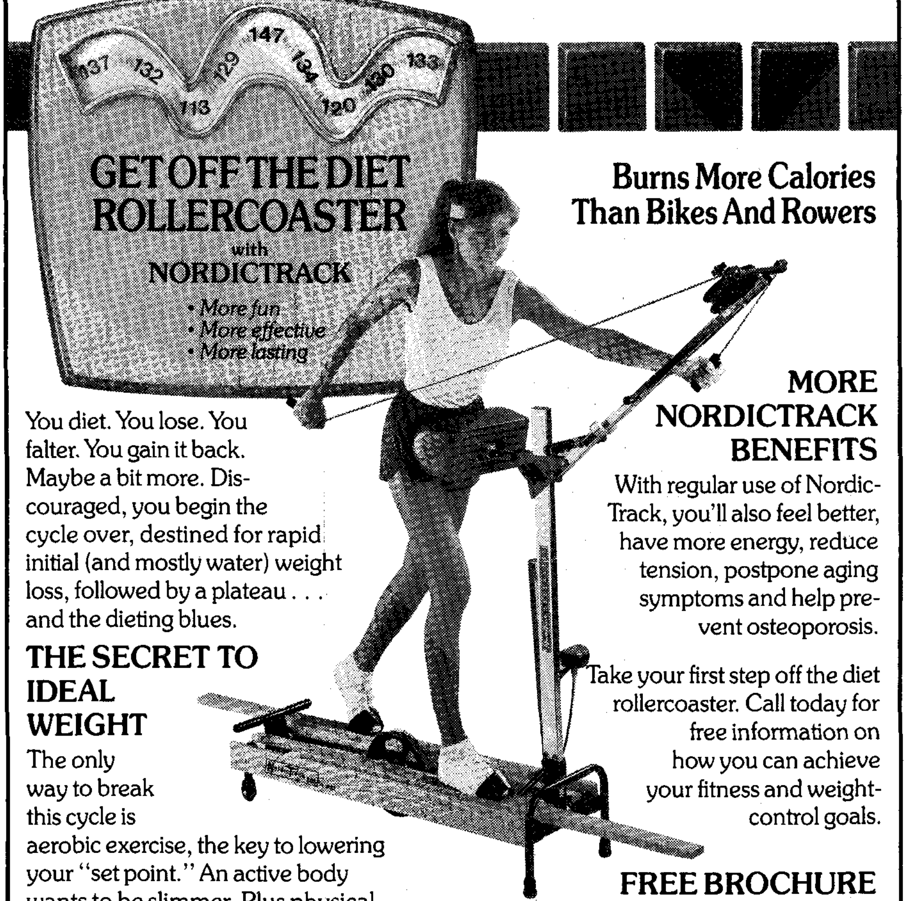

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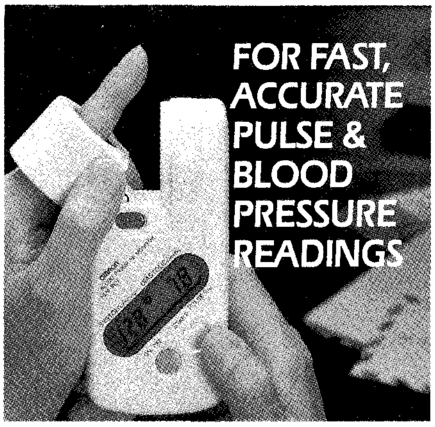

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full explanation. In fact, for a long time, the Bush Administration didn't have any particularly good ideas for how to deal with Gorbachev.

By late April, Baker aides were describing a strategy that they thought might put Gorbachev on the defensive by testing his so-called new thinking, and also broaden the agenda so as to reduce, if not eliminate, the focus on arms control. The idea was to challenge Gorbachev to demonstrate that he truly wanted a reduction of tensions by coöperating in resolving various regional disputes (Central America, the Middle East), and, by implication, show the world that he may be more talk than action. The Reagan Administration had laid out four areas for dealing with the Soviet Union: arms control, human rights, regional disputes, and bilateral matters (cultural exchanges and so on). The Baker group added a fifth, called transnational issues: matters such as drugs, terrorism, the environment, and natural disasters, in which the two superpowers had presumably mutual interests and could work together. But, try as it did, the Bush Administration wasn't very successful at broadening the agenda—at least in the public's mind. The other issues aren't as sexy as arms control, and aren't deemed as important, even though, as officials point out, the real tinderbox may be in the regional disputes, which could get out of hand; and the growing number of nations with chemical weapons, and the means of delivering them, gives some officials their greatest nightmares. But in the end Gorbachev defined the agenda.

In early May, just before his trip to Moscow, Baker delivered a speech in Washington laying out his new formulation for dealing with the Soviet Union, but the speech received little attention, coming as it did on the day that the verdict was rendered in the Oliver North trial. Further, while sound enough, the speech didn't seem to meet the political demands of the day. Gorbachev was offering the enticing prospect of a better world, and the Bush Administration was saying, "Prove it." Not only was Gorbachev commanding the spotlight, against the backdrop of what looked like real change in the Soviet Union and substantial ferment in Eastern Europe, but at the time Baker gave his speech the United States was involved in a serious dispute with West Germany over short-range nuclear missiles based in Germany. The West German government, faced with its own political problem in the form of pressure from peace groups, was resisting the modernization of the missiles and demanding that the United States negotiate with the Soviet Union on the removal of these weapons, which, because of their range, could only hit German soil.

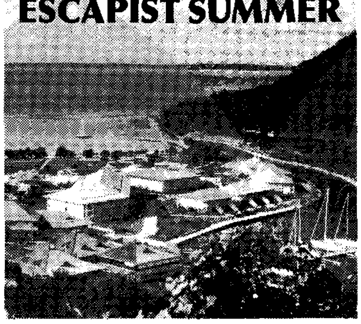
The Bush Administration, annoyed with the Germans for making such a public issue of the matter, and for not being content with the Administration's previous concession of postponing modernization of the missiles, was adamantly refusing to negotiate on their reduction. Its concerns were that if the short-range missiles were substantially reduced the Warsaw Pact would be left with its great advantage in conventional forces, and the allied powers would have nothing to offset that. Furthermore, the Administration worried that once negotiations on reducing the short-range missiles began there would be inexorable pressure to eliminate them. If this happened, the thinking went, the West would not only be at a disadvantage in conventional forces but would lose its leverage in negotiating with the Soviet Union over reductions in those forces. (The Warsaw Pact has far more short-range missiles on its side of Germany.) Further, the West would lose its capacity for waging any kind of nuclear war short of one that used strategic weapons. Finally, it was argued, if all the potential forms of nuclear war save strategic were eliminated the United States would lose an important link to its European allies, and a President would have to be concerned about how to protect his troops stationed in Europe.

So the Administration was concerned that the West avoid the so-called third zero—the others being the already agreed-upon elimination of two types of intermediate-range missiles. There is, of course, a fair amount of theology in these discussions, as there is in all discussions of nuclear weapons, and they rest on certain assumptions—in this case that at some point the Soviets may seek to overrun Europe. When one raises the question of the likelihood of such an event, the reply is, You never know. Even if such an attack is a remote possibility, the strategists say, it must be planned for. But even if the Administration had some valid reasons for not wanting to negotiate on short-range missiles, at least for a while, its position was politically untenable. The Administration didn't explain very well its concern about reducing (or eliminating) short-range missiles before the conventional-forces balance was changed. It seemed to be just flat out refusing to negotiate, a position with which a number of the NATO partners publicly disagreed.

Bush's foreign-policy speeches, which he began with one at Texas A & M on May 12th, fell flat. (A month before, he had made one in Hamtramck, Michigan, about Poland.) The speeches were somewhat better than their reviews would indicate, but they fell flat not just because the rhetoric was pallid but also because there was little of substance behind them. It was the search for something, almost anything, of substance that led him to propose, in the Texas A & M speech, the "Open Skies" idea, first broached by President Eisenhower in 1955, to allow unarmed surveillance flights by the United States and the Soviet Union over each other's territory. In the day of spy satellites, the proposal had an antique ring, even though it could be marginally useful in verifying such things as troop reductions. The problem was that the "Open Skies" proposal, standing virtually alone as Bush's response to Gorbachev, had to carry more weight than it could support. (It came from an interagency study of proposals that might be made at the forthcoming NATO summit.) There was, actually, a theme to Bush's speeches—the not insignificant one of moving "beyond containment." Scowcroft says that the current policy differs from détente. He explains, "Détente was peaceful coexistence; this is not that. We're talking about the Soviet Union being a useful member of the international community—it goes beyond peaceful coexistence." But with little behind this theme, and with Bush's and his speechwriters' usual failure to underscore a theme, it went virtually unnoticed and unappreciated. Also, officials were loath to oversell the policy, such as it was. At the same time, various Administration officials were criticizing Gorbachev's star turns as "P.R. gimmicks," and Marlin Fitzwater, the President's press secretary, called Gorbachev a "drugstore cowboy." (There was an attempt later by White House aides to retroactively make all this into a brilliant strategy for smoking out Gorbachev, but according to numerous sources it was no such thing.) Gorbachev's success at winning international applause—even though some of his proposals or announcements were gimmicks—had become very frustrating for our officials.

AT the same time that all this was going on, the interagency group that was trying to put together proposals for Bush to take to the NATO summit was coming up with precious little. (This process was separate from the interagency review of foreign policy, but not much more productive.) A policymaker says, "The President was more than prepared to remain apparently in neutral until the NATO summit despite the public criticism he got for that. But it was easy to remain apparently in neutral because we didn't have anything to put forward anyway." The NATO summit was the action-forcing mechanism that kicked the Administration into gear, but not until very late in the game. And an argument can be made that while the Administration landed on its feet, amid many accolades for being "bold," it was Gorbachev who had made the bold move that made Bush's summit success possible.

In March, at the talks on reducing conventional forces in Europe, or C.F.E. talks, in Vienna, the NATO allies tabled a proposal to have both sides reduce, by from five to ten per cent below NATO's existing levels, equipment—tanks, artillery, and armored troop carriers—that related to a possible standing-start, short-warning, ground-gaining attack. (The talks, which were initiated in the final weeks of the Reagan Administration, used to be called CAFE, for "conventional armed forces in Europe," but then it was decided that this seemed a bit frivolous.) The NATO proposal, which was the result of a great many meetings within the alliance, was the most comprehensive one yet made on conventional forces. It called for reductions in weaponry stationed in the nations from the Atlantic to the Urals (ATTU, in the new parlance), a much larger swath of territory than discussed in earlier, unsuccessful talks on reductions in con-



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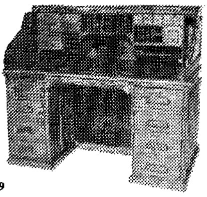

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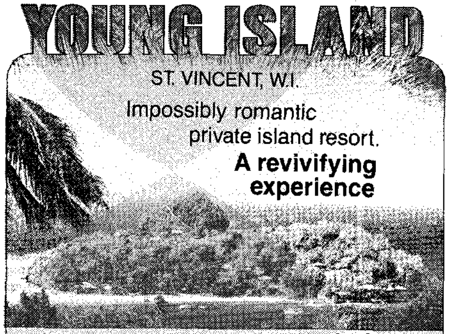

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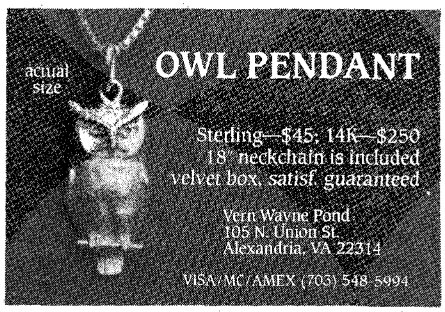

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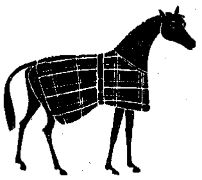
ventional forces. The most important part of the proposal was that it called for equal ceilings in the matériel held by the two sides, which meant far greater cuts for the Warsaw Pact than for NATO. At Vienna, the Soviets said that they agreed on the basic concept, but that other elements of the force structure—troops and aircraft—would have to be included in the talks. (For various reasons, the allies had decided not to include those two categories. The United States felt that troop cuts, which had been discussed at earlier negotiations on conventional-force reductions, which had foundered, would be too hard to verify.) Until then, no one had thought the Soviets would entertain the concept of equal ceilings, or parity.

Then, when Baker went to Moscow, in early May, the Soviets laid out their own proposals for conventional-force reductions, which, to the surprise of the American delegation, accepted the exact NATO numbers for reductions of tanks and armored troop carriers, and a number for artillery that was not far from NATO's. (American officials say the difference in this category is accounted for by the fact that the two sides count artillery differently.) The Soviets agreed to the idea of parity in both weapons and manpower. They said they wanted aircraft and troops included in any conventional-forces agreement, and Gorbachev proposed a ceiling of one million troops each for NATO and the Warsaw Pact. For the Americans, the Soviet proposals at the Moscow meeting were a very big development: in agreeing to disproportionate cuts and parity, the Soviet Union was proposing to do away with the military concept it had held to since the end of the Second World War. Between this and the fact that Gorbachev had already made unilateral cuts, United States policymakers became more convinced that he was serious about reductions in forces. (Cheney remained dubious.) This is what gave the Bush Administration a point of departure for making its own "bold" proposal to NATO. Scowcroft says that the Moscow meeting didn't lead to the proposals for troop reductions—that they had been under discussion for some time—but that Gorbachev's action there led to the "broadening" of the President's proposals and "gave us the confidence to go forward with what ten years ago we'd have been laughed at for—the asymmetrical troop reductions." But by most accounts the subject of troop reductions, which had been discussed as something Bush might propose in Brussels, was given its real impetus after the Moscow meeting. Up until then, the bureaucracy was resisting—as a negotiating matter—moving beyond the proposals made by NATO in Vienna. An official says Gorbachev's Moscow proposals were "something we could grab onto." The Soviets formally submitted their Moscow proposals in Vienna in late May. At the same time, the President's foreign-policy speeches were being greeted with catcalls.



This spring, as the date for the NATO summit approached, a very small group of top officials—Bush, Baker, Cheney, Scowcroft and, on occasions, Gates and Lawrence Eagleburger, the Deputy Secretary of State—began, in great secrecy, to zero in on what the President should do in Brussels. At that point, the argument with Germany over short-range missiles was still going on. (Scowcroft and Baker were pushing for troop reductions, only to meet objections from the Pentagon. There was also division within Scowcroft's own staff.) The officials queried the Joint Chiefs of Staff on various proposals to include troop cuts. The basic proposition that the policymakers finally settled upon was to "lock in" Gorbachev's agreement to make asymmetrical cuts in tanks, artillery, and armored troop carriers, and, taking their cue from Gorbachev, add asymmetrical cuts in troops and aircraft. For various reasons, the troop cuts were to cover only the United States and the Soviet Union, and the ceiling would be considerably lower than the one Gorbachev had proposed. The aircraft would be cut to fifteen per cent below the existing NATO levels. The latter category was added at a meeting of Bush and his top advisers at Kennebunkport, on the weekend of May 20th and 21st, where the various elements of the President's new proposal finally came together.

The inclusion of troop reductions came only after a long, difficult battle within the Administration. The ultimate proposal, that both sides reduce their manpower stationed in Europe to two hundred and seventy-five thousand on each side, meant that the United States would cut its troops by ten per cent, or thirty thousand troops, while the Soviets would have to cut theirs by three hundred and twenty-five thousand troops—ten times the United States cut—or by more than half. Actually, Bush, Baker, and Scowcroft had hoped to propose deeper manpower cuts, but were blocked by the Pentagon, on the ground that deeper cuts would undermine NATO strategy. Baker and Scowcroft at one stage were talking about reducing the American forces in Europe by as much as fifty per cent, but the Joint Chiefs balked at this and other proposals for very deep cuts.

The subject of troop reductions had been discussed in a general way with Bush early in the Administration, for a number of reasons—one being that Gorbachev was looking like the only leader interested in reducing troops in Europe, and another being that Congress was becoming increasingly vocal on the subject of reducing the commitment of American troops to Europe. (Reducing troops in Europe doesn't save money in the short run, because of the costs involved in bringing them home, but it does save money over time.) But the focus on troop reductions didn't occur until a few weeks before the NATO summit, and there was no breakthrough until after the Moscow meeting. (At that point, the Administration was at risk of appearing to stand in the way of a Gorbachev offer of asymmetrical troop reductions.) The Moscow meeting, one official says, "had some impact on the President's thinking," and, the official says, it was then that Bush "decided to force it [the idea of troop reductions] through the system." Another policymaker says that the Moscow meeting "drove home that Gorbachev was real." And the policymakers believed that the idea of parity would be something the public would understand. So, a week before the President was to leave for Brussels, the Administration finally had a policy. Though the reduction on the part of the United States would not be very large at first, some policymakers believe that over the long run there will be a greatly reduced United States military presence in Europe. (Few policymakers believe that Europe will fill the manpower gap left by the withdrawn U.S. forces.)

After Kennebunkport, the Administration had only a week to flesh out the proposals, and Gates and Eagleburger secretly carried out a fly-around to European capitals to inform them of the President's proposals. Moscow was also informed. The top policymakers were holding the decisions as tightly as possible, so as to, as one put it, "give the mattress mice as little chance to gnaw on it as possible." (He meant the bureaucracies both here and in the European capitals.) The allies weren't asked to approve the Administration's plan—only their coöperation was sought—but there could have been problems if they made objections. They did not. Though more officials were now brought into the policy to work out the details, the President's proposal did not leak until the day Bush left for Europe.

The package that the President took to Brussels resolved various political problems. The President was reborn a leader in national and international opinion, as he desperately needed to be. (When he met with the press after the meeting, he said, rather awkwardly, "Here we go now, on the offensive, with a proposal that is bold," and he was positively frisky, seemingly released, in the wake of the NATO meeting.) He had at the same time met Gorbachev on his own terms, and managed to look as if he was making a "bold" proposal, and made proposals that were quite advantageous to the United States. The United States would be taking no unilateral actions, making no cuts that were not more than offset by Soviet cuts. Further, by proposing to reduce United States troops in Europe, the President was moving to meet increasing domestic demands that our part of the "burden sharing" be reduced. The President's proposal also squarely fixed the subject of troop reductions in the context of bilateral agreements, making it more difficult for Congress to call for unilateral cuts, and also making sure the allies couldn't intervene and head them off. One of the intents of the proposal was to put the allies on notice that the United States would not continue to carry such a large load forever. And it had the potential bonus of having an important effect in Eastern Europe, from which Soviet troops would have

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to be withdrawn. (Bush is very interested in encouraging the independence of Eastern European nations, by rewarding those who liberalize, and will travel to Poland and Hungary following the economic summit meeting in Paris in mid-July.)

The President further proposed that the conventional-arms talks be completed within six to twelve months, a timetable much shorter than Gorbachev's and which, though almost no one believes it can be met, provided cover (at least for a while) for the Germans and the United States officials to agree to postpone any negotiations on short-range missiles until implementation of a conventional-force-reduction agreement had begun. After tense negotiations in Brussels, the United States and Germany agreed both on the timing of the negotiations and on the fact that the goal of such negotiations would be "partial" reductions of short-range missiles. (There already seems to be some difference between the two sides on what "partial" means, and over how long the agreement on only partial cuts would last.) The United States appeared to be giving up something in agreeing to negotiate at all on short-range missiles, but essentially it was making official what its real intent had been all along (even if it hadn't been made at all clear).

Many issues remain to be hammered out among the NATO partners before the conventional-force negotiations resume in Vienna in September, and the negotiations could prove quite difficult. Nonetheless, it now appears possible that we are moving toward military disengagement in Europe, and a diminishing division between Western and Eastern Europe. (In Germany this week, where he received a tumultuous welcome, Gorbachev called the United States proposals "a serious and specific response" to his proposals, but he added that all nuclear weapons should be removed from Europe and criticized as "old thinking" NATO's continuing reliance on nuclear deterrence.) We might, in fact, be headed toward concrete actions signifying that the Cold War is indeed over. This raises among other things the touchy question of the reunification of Germany. In a speech in Mainz, West Germany, following the NATO summit, Bush, seeming liberated, presented his most sweeping view of what might be happening. In the speech, Bush said that for forty years "the world has waited for the Cold War to end." He continued, "The world has waited long enough. The time is right. Let Europe be whole and free." And he added, "Let this be the new mission of NATO." In response to Gorbachev, who had spoken of a "common European home," Bush said, "There cannot be a common European home until all in it are free to move from room to room." Like Reagan, he called on the East Germans to remove the Berlin Wall (Gorbachev said in Germany it might come down some day), and he called for "self-determination for all of Germany and all of Eastern Europe." This was a delicate approach to a delicate subject, leaving as much as possible unsaid.

THE Administration has, of course, a large number of other foreign-policy issues to contend with. The Bush people have given strategic-arms reductions second place to conventional-force reductions (the START talks are to resume Monday, in Geneva). Even after five months, the Bush Administration, which felt that the Reagan Administration's position would not win Senate approval of a treaty, has as yet been unable to resolve internally some key issues. Also, there is a sense within the Administration that Gorbachev is the one who is the more eager for strategic-arms reductions, because the Soviets are in a hurry to improve their economy. (This is the kind of negotiating position Baker likes to be in.)

The Bush Administration, like the Reagan Administration before it, seems to have run aground in its efforts to get Manuel Noriega to give up power in Panama and leave the country. Sending additional troops, ostensibly to protect Americans there and also the Canal but actually to have a psychological effect—to demonstrate that Noriega's stealing the May 7th election, and then having the opposition leaders beat up, was not acceptable—doesn't seem to have had much of an impact on Panama. Efforts to work through the Organization of American States are about at a dead end. "We will try to figure out ways to get the right outcome," an official said to me earlier this week, and he added, "It's not easy."

The Bush Administration has recently decided to arm—"covertly" or overtly—one of the factions in Cambodia, this one containing both Prince Sihanouk (who has had an on-and-off relationship with us), whom we now look to to save Cambodia, and the Khmer Rouge, which slaughtered more than a million Cambodians. Officials have an explanation for getting involved in the game as the Vietnamese withdraw from Cambodia—essentially, to keep the Communist-backed factions from prevailing, and to arm Sihanouk (who may not wish to fight) against the Khmer Rouge—but the explanation leaves a number of questions.

The Administration has moved away from the Reagan Administration's policy on Third World debt (which had been launched by Baker, as Treasury Secretary, and emphasized new lending in exchange for economic reforms to stimulate growth so that debts could be repaid) to a new one which emphasizes a write-down of the debts, and renewed lending, on the part of the lending banks. But the new plan is still in need of fleshing out, and, meanwhile, austerity plans are causing serious unrest in several Latin-American countries. Officials say they have spent a fair amount of time on the debt problems of Mexico, which is of great importance to us, but are not sure they are going to be able to find a solution in time. Trade tensions between the United States and Japan are increasing.

The brutal suppression of the revolution in China has put Bush in a difficult situation. He has been trying to walk a line between identifying the United States with the student demonstrators (and large numbers of others who were sympathetic) and preserving what he still sees as valuable contact with China. Bush's attitude appears to be affected by the fact that, when he was the United States representative to China, he had come to know Deng Xiaoping and Premier Li Peng, and by the fact that Deng had brought economic reform to China. (His attempt to bring economic reform without political reform and the attendant corruption within the Chinese government were the proximate causes of the revolution.) Our chief policymakers still see China in geopolitical terms, as a counterbalance to the Soviet Union in South Asia. Further, the Administration still values the listening posts China let us install on its territory, after the Iranians threw us out, to monitor Soviet testing.

For a while, the Administration thought that Deng may be more the captive of the hard-liners than a controller of them (since what is happening is a repudiation of what he had stood for for a long time), but it remains unsure about what is actually going on. The Administration's policy has also been built on an assumption that the leadership of China will change within the next few years and the new leaders will recognize that they need to keep a relationship with us. Therefore, the thinking goes, we should not go too far in reacting to the crackdown, and we should try to avoid being used by the hard-liners in the internal power struggle that is believed to be going on; also, the Administration hoped to avoid setting off a revival of the Chinese anti-foreigner tradition. This explains Bush's limited actions (cutting off sales of military technology, suspending military joint visits, extending for one year the visas of Chinese students in the United States) and his restrained language, thus far. Even as the revolution built, and it was clear that a crackdown was possible (though almost no one expected one of the severity that took place), both Bush and Baker were cautious in their remarks (Baker said, "I don't think it would be in the best interests of the United States for us to see significant instability in China"; Bush said, "I think this perhaps is a time for caution," and "I would encourage restraint") and as the crackdown intensified they were temperate in what they said. At his press conference last week, Bush said that full relations with China could not be restored until there is "a recognition of the rights of individuals and respect for the rights of those who disagree." He said there had to be a recognition "of the validity of the students' aspirations, and I think that will happen." But he did not seem to speak with much feeling. The next day, as a grim roundup of participants in the demonstrations against the government began, Press Secretary Marlin Fitzwater upped the rhetoric, calling the massacre in Tiananmen Square "murder" and adding, "Reprisals are repugnant." Officials are concerned that, as the roundup proceeds, public opinion here will force the Administration to go further than it deems wise. This week, the Administration

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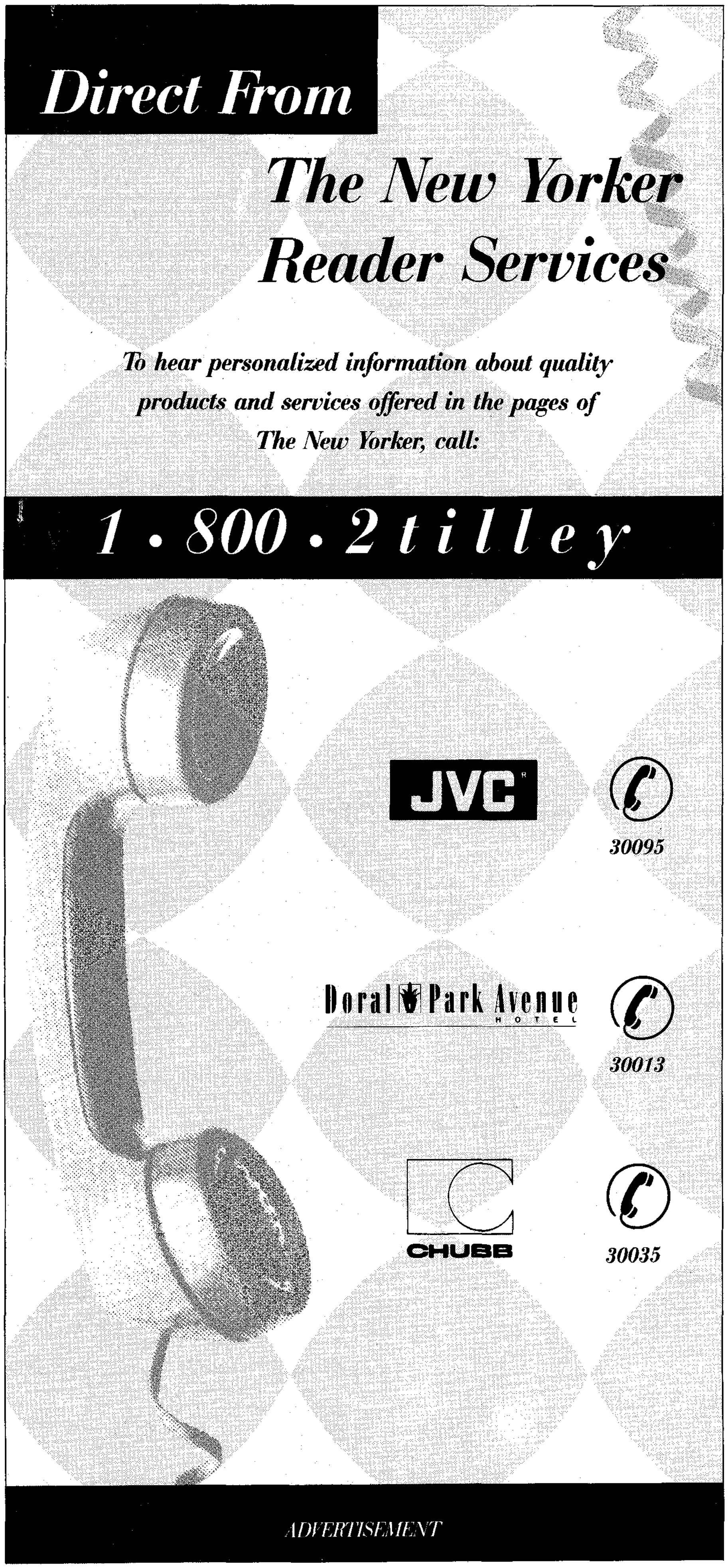
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has become more critical of Deng.

The developments in China interrupted the celebration of Bush's European success. The Administration trumpeted it as a major triumph, but one of the more sober officials calls it "important, but not dramatic." Hyping Presidential successes, especially those abroad, has become something of a tradition, though, and adding to the hosannas were the voices of European leaders, and political figures here, who were simply relieved that Bush had at last emerged from his passivity. (Though Europeans complain about our "domination," they do want us to lead.) Senator John McCain, Republican of Arizona, says, "They got a great spin on it, but the applause was because of the contrast with total inactivity." The Bush achievement was something of a trompe-l'oeil; the praise was not so much for what he did as it was for the fact that he did anything at all. Whether or not he intended to, Bush had done a marvellous job of lowering expectations. The Bush initiative may have been the beginning of something big (thanks also to Gorbachev), but it is only a beginning. I asked a Democratic senator who is not unfriendly to the Administration, and supports what the President did in Europe, whether he thought that the Administration had at last got vision, or had simply got smart about dealing with the political demands of the moment. He replied, "In this town, at this time, thinking six months ahead is vision." —ELIZABETH DREW

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THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*Letter to the editor of the London Times*]

Sir, When it rains in London a small corner of the South Carriage Way in Hyde Park becomes flooded. I have met this puddle, in its various widths and depths, ever since I was born, which is 78 years ago, first being pushed through it in a pram and now splashing through it in a car; and the encounter has always given me a delightful sense of the continuity of things British.

Whatever else may fail or falter, this blocked drain stays true to itself, and it does my heart good to think of the many future generations who will get their feet wet through its obstinate refusal to go away.

I also recall a piece of silver paper which remained stuck in an awkwardly placed grating in Connaught Square for several decades, this too reminding me of the immutability of our way of life.

Yours sincerely,
VIRGINIA THESIGER
93 Whitelands House,
Chelsea, SW3

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

ABIGAIL Y YO

I SUPPOSE you could say that Abigail was living out my fantasies, if you were the sort of person who liked to rub it in. Abigail, my older daughter, had decided to spend the semester studying in Madrid. In long letters and Sunday telephone calls, she filled us in on her life in Spain: sunny afternoons at the boat pond in El Retiro Gardens, a weekend spent at the annual fiesta of a tiny village in Galicia, long discussions in the dormitory of a Spanish friend she had met in the subway and sometimes referred to as *la amiga del Metro*.

"It sounds absolutely terrific," my wife said one Sunday on the telephone, just after Abigail told us how exciting it was to be able to understand lectures in Spanish.

There was a pause in the conversation—a pause that I, in playing the role fathers have traditionally played in expensive long-distance conversations with college-age children, might have been expected to fill with "Well, O.K. Fine. Goodbye." Instead, I said, "I'd like to tell you how I feel about all this, Abigail, but I don't know the Spanish word for 'envy.' "

I might have known that word. I might have known a lot of Spanish words. When I was in Spain just after college, I had the opportunity to remain in Madrid for a year to study, and I didn't take it—a decision I think about often, in the way a businessman might reflect on his decision to pass up that patch of scrubland that is now occupied by the third-largest-grossing shopping center west of the Mississippi.

I was serious about Spanish. I was never serious about French. Sure, I still exchange sour remarks with a Paris taxi-driver now and then, but my public announcement that, more or less as a matter of policy, I do not use verbs in French was widely taken as an acknowledgment that I could no longer be considered a diligent student of the language. I never made a systematic attempt at Italian, and I have simply ignored German. Spanish is my foreign language.

More to the point, Spanish is not my foreign language. In my good moments, I've been able to say what I need to say in Spanish, although not in a way that is likely to attract compliments on my grammar and syntax. In my bad moments, my attempts to speak Spanish have a lot in common with my attempts to speak Italian, which is to say that they lean heavily on gestures. I have always had trouble understanding Spanish; there have been times when a paragraph of Spanish sounded to me like one long word.

Even when I seem to be doing pretty well in speaking Spanish, I can run out of it, the way someone might run out of flour or eggs. A few years after I passed up the chance to stay in Madrid, some friends and I went to Baja California to mark an occasion I can no longer remember, and I became the group's spokesman to the owner of our motel, a Mrs. Gonzales, who spoke no English. Toward the end of a very long evening, as I listened to her complain about some excess of celebration on our part, I suddenly realized that I had run out of Spanish. It wasn't merely that I couldn't think of the Spanish words for what I wanted to say. ("I am mortified, Mrs. Gonzales, to learn that someone in our group might have behaved in a manner so inappropriate, not to say disgusting.") I couldn't think of any Spanish words at all. Desperately rummaging around in the small bin of Spanish in my mind, I could come up with nothing but the title of a Calderón play I had once read, to no lasting effect, in a Spanish-literature course.

"Mrs. Gonzales," I said, "life is a dream."

She looked impressed and, I must say, surprised. She told me that I had said something really quite profound. I shrugged. It seemed the appropriately modest response; even if it hadn't been, it would have been all I could do until I managed to borrow a cup of Spanish from a neighbor. Eventually, I came to look back on the experience as just about the only time I had been tru-

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ly impressive in a foreign language.

Every few years, I work up the energy to hurl myself again at the Spanish language, in the hope of making the breakthrough that people who learn foreign languages are always talking about. The evidence of my failures clutters the house—the Spanish-language tapes jammed in the back of a drawer, the absolutely guaranteed three-volume teach-yourself-Spanish course that falls from the highest shelf in the closet as I fumble for a suitcase I thought I might have stashed up there some years ago. It has often occurred to me that I'll never speak Spanish. People who spend a lot of time around newspapers are afflicted with the ability to imagine what is sometimes called the drop head of their obituary—an obituary large enough to call for a drop head as well as the main headline has traditionally been the principal side benefit of the trade—and the drop head I have sometimes imagined for me is "Monolingual Reporter Succumbs."

Sometimes, though, I think my Spanish breakthrough is somewhere on the next cassette. When I decided to visit Abigail in Spain this spring, I decided at the same time to give Spanish one more try. For a few weeks, I spent an hour a day speaking Spanish with a young woman from Spain who was teaching at New York University. In Spanish, I told her a lot of things about America—how the wheat got to Kansas in the nineteenth century, for instance, which is probably something that nobody in her town in Spain speaks about very often—and she told me that I did not appear to know the difference between *por* and *para*. I think I learned a lot about Spanish from her, although I continue to believe that no one truly understands the difference between *por* and *para*. I bought a new Spanish dictionary. I also bought one of those pocket computers that translate from Spanish to English and back. On the plane to Madrid, I was carrying my Spanish-English dictionary, my translating computer, a copy of "The Old Gringo" in English and of "Gringo Viejo" in Spanish, an issue of a Madrid newspaper called *El País*, and a volume that I would have to name if I happened to be among those asked by some literary journal to list their favorite books of the year—"301 Spanish Verbs." In the interests of moderation, I had passed up "501

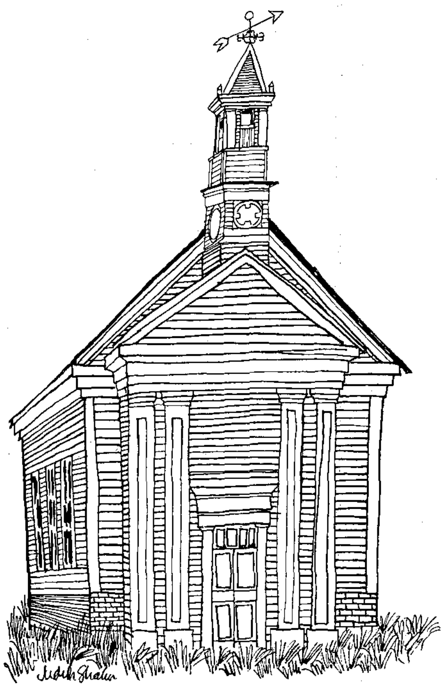
Spanish Verbs," by the same author, but I felt overequipped anyway. I felt like some Wall Street hobbyist who, upon deciding he might like to do some biking around the city, immediately buys a fourteen-hundred-dollar Italian racing bike, a pair of imported leather biking gloves, three kinds of pumps, and the sort of clothing that might be seen on a competitor in the Tour de France. I was prepared. When I arrived in Spain, I intended to speak Spanish. I intended to understand Spanish. I had a fallback position, of course: Abigail speaks very good English.

"JUST give me a little hint of what it's about," I said to Ginny. Abigail and I and Ginny, a fellow-student of Abigail's at the Instituto Internaçional, were in a *tapas* bar off the Plaza Mayor, eating a sort of seafood salad and a pile of tiny fried fish. We were discussing a Cervantes play called "El Retablo de las Maravillas," which Ginny and some other American students were going to put on at the Instituto the following week. I was hoping that by having Ginny give me some idea of the plot I could avoid getting off on the wrong foot when I saw the actual performance. What I dreaded was finding myself, just before the final curtain, suddenly disabused of the notion that I had been watching a play about the early days of major-league baseball.

Abigail didn't seem concerned about being able to understand the play. Basically, Abigail could understand Spanish. It hadn't come in any blinding flash, she said. At some point, she simply realized that she had been taking in what was said by the contestants on a television game show that the family she lived with watched every Monday night—"El Precio Justo," a two-hour Spanish version of "The Price Is Right."

My record in attempting to understand Spanish theatrical works was not encouraging. As far as I could remember, I had last sat in the audience of a Spanish production, game but bewildered, in Vermont, where, many years ago, I spent several weeks in the summer Spanish program at Middlebury College. The Middlebury summer language programs are renowned in the field; I must be one of their rare failure stories. The summer I was there, Middlebury had half a dozen programs—each of them using a language not simply as the language of instruction but as the language that students were expected to speak in the dining hall and the dormitories and on the playing fields. The students were virtually all Americans, many of them high-school language teachers working on their master's degrees, but within days most of them had fallen into the stereotypes then identified with the countries whose languages they were studying. It was common to refer to, say, those studying French as "the French"—and to take it for granted that they would spend a lot of time criticizing one another's accents. "The Russians" were stiff-necked and basically impossible to deal with when it came to assigning hours and tables in a shared dining hall. If a great horde of people, all of them looking perfectly capable of singing loud drinking songs, burst into the local tavern together, one of the regulars was bound to mutter, in English, "Jesus, it's the Germans." I can't actually remember what "the Spanish" were noted for, but if my own experience is any guide I'm afraid it may have been indolence.

This time, though, I was serious—which was why I wanted Ginny to give me a little head start on "El Retablo de las Maravillas." She seemed willing. "It's about some gypsies who come to a village and scare the villagers," she told me. "The villagers are kind of conformists, and the gypsies say, for instance, that all smart people can see rats on this screen. So all the villagers say they can see rats."



Ginny fell silent and began poking around in the seafood salad for one of the less suspicious-looking creatures.

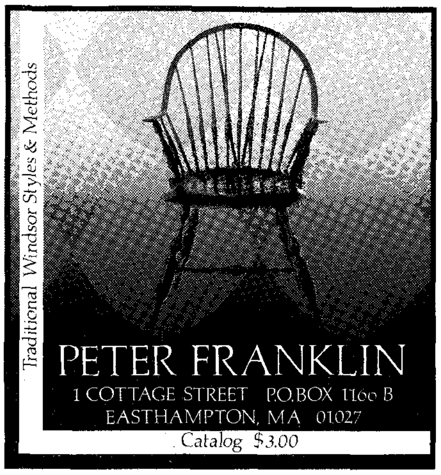
"That's it?" I asked.

"Well, I don't want to give away the whole plot," she said.

I was somewhat comforted by the knowledge that when I saw "El Retablo de las Maravillas" I would have more stage Spanish under my belt. Abigail and I had decided to spend the weekend in Barcelona, and a young friend of ours who was living there, Anya Schiffrin, had promised to take us around to some of her favorite attractions—none of which, I suspect, would have made a list compiled by the bureau of tourism. I knew that on Anya's tour we'd be seeing the show at an old music hall and at the sort of night club where the entertainment is provided by the waitresses and the barman and, now and then, an inspired amateur from among the evening's clientele.

By the time we took our seats that Friday night at the music hall, a place called El Molino, I was feeling that the first two days of my latest attempt at speaking Spanish had gone pretty well. In both Madrid and Barcelona, I had used only Spanish at the hotel—I knew that virtually everyone involved spoke English, but I pretended that I was at Middlebury—and I hadn't ended up in the broom closet. I had chatted fairly easily, if briefly, with some of the venders at La Boquería, Barcelona's stupendous public market, where Abigail and I exhausted our Spanish adjectives expressing appreciation of a sandwich made by rubbing tomatoes on the inside of a toasted baguette and then loading it up with fresh anchovies. The unfortunate episode at lunch—when I spoke to the waiter, he replied to Anya—was something I had decided to accept as a small but temporary setback.

El Molino turned out to be an appropriately rococo old vaudeville house with two tiers of ornate boxes overlooking the orchestra seats. It was painted almost entirely red—what seemed to be dozens of coats, resulting in the kind of shiny finish that certain expensive decorators put on the dining-room walls of rich people in Manhattan. Although the audience sat in conventional rows of theatre seats, drinks were served, and the price of admission was folded into the price of the first



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drink. To accommodate the drinks, there was a narrow counter running along the backs of the seats in front of you—a menace as well as a convenience, Anya warned us, because if the man in front of you absent-mindedly put his arm around his wife's shoulders he'd be likely to put your beer right in your lap.

The show at El Molino featured chorus girls wearing a staggering array of costumes that I would describe, in general, as having too many feathers in some places and not enough in others. There were also chorus boys, although that term probably reflects insufficient respect for their age. Most of the production numbers had people in feathers moving in unison on the stage—dancing in the sense that Rex Harrison in "My Fair Lady" was singing. During feather changes, pairs of comics came out to do sketches that required nearly constant leering. The themes of the production numbers were established by ever-changing backdrops. Anya apparently noticed a puzzled look on my face when, in front of a backdrop that was difficult to identify except for a street sign that said "Via Veneto," a woman sang a song to a man while being accompanied, more or less, by eight or ten chorus girls who were dressed in something suggesting Latin-American peasant women—although I can't say I've ever actually seen a Latin-American peasant woman wearing a rug on her head. "Every day, she's heard the voice of a man, and she fell in love with him through the voice, and that's him," Anya whispered. "Why the costumes I don't know."

The audience at El Molino—certainly including our party—was enthusiastic, but I wouldn't claim that I actually followed what was being said onstage. I had the same problem the next night at the Bodega Bohemia, where the only entertainer who didn't carry drinks or wipe down the bar during the other acts was the piano player—a gray-haired old gentleman in a business suit who looked like a retired high-school principal returning to accompany the senior boys' choir, just to keep his hand in. In both places, people spoke rapidly and used a lot of slang and double-entendres. I explained to Anya that I was working, at best, with single-entendre Spanish.

Anya told us that it had taken her two or three trips to catch on to the patter at El Molino herself. Abigail reminded me that in Barcelona I had enjoyed a triumph or two in comprehending ordinary, non-leering Spanish. At lunch one day at a little seafood place in Barceloneta, the dock area, the proprietress, a jolly friend of Anya's, had told us why she avoids long trips on boats or airplanes: she believes that an accident could easily put her in the water, she can't swim, and she therefore assumes that she would be eaten by sharks. As I was telling Abigail that those precautions sounded sensible enough to me, I realized that they had been presented to us in Spanish.

I didn't feel that my Spanish had been tested on some of our stops. That had certainly been true at a dance hall Anya took us to after Bodega Bohemia—a vast place where a number of the most lavishly dressed ballroom dancers seemed to get along just as well without partners. At the event we attended on Sunday, a Sevillana festival at the Barcelona bullring, I don't think anyone could have made out all the lyrics blaring from the huge loudspeakers on the stage. In the ring, thousands of Andalusians, most of them people who had come to Catalonia for factory jobs, danced and sang and waved green-and-white Andalusian flags for seven or eight hours. Some of the participants were in the sort of clothing that Americans associate with flamenco dancers, but some of them had got into costume by wearing green jackets or green hats; looking out on the crowd, I had to shake off the impression that I had come across a horde of Boston Irish who had been taken suddenly and implausibly with a passion for melodramatic dancing.

As we drove from the Sevillana festival to our final meal in Barcelona, I told Anya how much we had enjoyed the tour.

"Oh, no!" she said. "I forgot to take you to the museum of the dead, where they let you sit in the hearses."

"Not to worry," I said. "It's always nice to save one treat for the next visit."

I UNDERSTOOD the taxi-driver who drove us in from the Madrid airport when we returned from Barcelona. We talked about Americans and Russians. He said that Americans were more open than Russians. I thought about telling him how the Russians had behaved when they had to share the dining hall at Middlebury, even though I was quite aware that those Russians were not real Russians. When you're uncertain in a language, there's a temptation to use what you've got. The taxi-driver told me not to worry about not understanding the comics at El Molino; he said Catalans didn't talk right. The taxi-driver spoke excellent Spanish himself. It occurred to me that if I were put in charge of the government broadcasting system in Spain the first two announcers I'd try to hire would be the taxi-driver and the proprietress of the seafood restaurant in Barceloneta. She might even be willing to come to Madrid for the broadcasts, since you don't have to fly over any water to get there from Barcelona.

The conversations at the restaurant and in the taxi had been brief, of course. The real test was whether I could understand a lecture given by one of Abigail's professors. Abigail told me that the lecture in her politics class would be about the period in the late fifties when Franco's regime gradually began to change—a period that happened to coincide with my first visit to Spain. She was, I later realized, giving me a little head start. In class the next morning, I sat next to Abigail. I thought I was ready. I had spent some of the previous evening thumbing through "301 Spanish Verbs." The professor began. He spoke beautifully clear Spanish—better, even, than the taxi-driver's. He spoke about the technocrats coming into government and about the role of Opus Dei and about the mystery that persists as to why Franco permitted the sort of economic development that he must have known would lead to an expanded middle class and demands for more freedom. I took notes.

"I understood everything," I said to Abigail at the end of the lecture.

Abigail said that she was proud of me. "I knew you could do it," she said. "Maybe you ought to come to my history class tomorrow. You could be on a roll."

I understood history, too. I was gaining confidence. I did pretty well in conversation with Abigail's *amiga del Metro* and at dinner with the family Abigail was living with. I was beginning to think that if I were staying on until the next Monday I might be ready for a crack at "El Precio Justo." The dramatic piece at hand, though,

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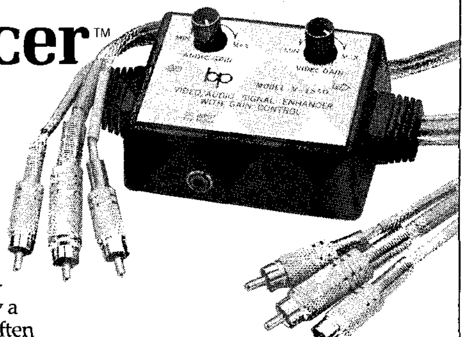

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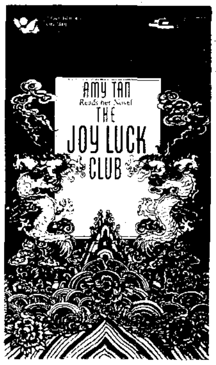

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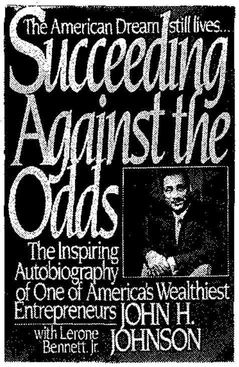
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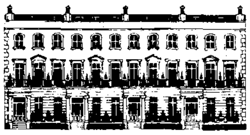

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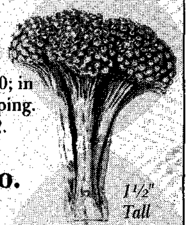

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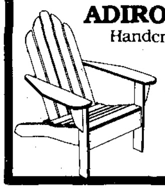

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was not "El Precio Justo" but "El Retablo de las Maravillas." On the night before I left Spain, we took our seats in the Instituto's auditorium for the performance.

I couldn't understand it. I couldn't understand it at all. For one awful moment, I was convinced that it was being done in a language other than Spanish. When it was over, all I knew about it was that some gypsies came to a village where the peasants were rather conformist, and told the peasants that smart people would be able to see the rats on a screen.

"What was that about?" I said to Abigail at the end of the play.

"I don't know," Abigail said. "I couldn't understand it."

At first, I thought Abigail was just trying to make me feel better, but then it turned out that her friends hadn't understood it, either. Later in the evening, I talked to Abigail's history teacher—a native of Majorca who had appeared in the same play in high school—and she said she'd had some trouble understanding the play herself. That did make me feel better, although I was pretty sure that the history teacher had never been in doubt as to what language was being spoken.

The history teacher and I were speaking Spanish, of course. I decided that "El Retablo de las Maravillas" had been a special case. So was El Molino. Of course, you could argue that a lecture at the Instituto Internaçional on politics or history would also amount to a special case—if you were that sort of person. The professor, after all, has organized the material systematically, and is accustomed to speaking to foreigners, and is dealing with a subject rich in cognates. That's not the way I look at it. When I think of those lectures, what I remember is an encounter I had with a couple of American students after Abigail's history class. Abigail had suggested that I not accompany her to her history-of-art lecture ("Don't press your luck"), and I was on my way to the Metro.

"You're Abigail's father, aren't you?" one of the students said.

"We saw you in history," the other one explained. "We thought you must be really bored sitting there, unless—Do you understand Spanish?"

I hesitated for only a second. "Yes," I said. "Yes, I do."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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BOOKS

Pink Roses

> Then die—that she
> The common fate of all things rare
> May read in thee;
> How small a part of time they share
> That are so wondrous sweet and fair!
> —*"Go, Lovely Rose," by Edmund Waller.*

WHAT gives the color photographs in "Bonnettstown: A House in Ireland," by Andrew Bush (Abrams; $37.50), their special lustre—and sets the book off from any other collection of pictures of domestic interiors—is the frank avowal they make of their voyeurism. Most photographs of rooms (whether taken to illustrate the canon of current taste or to document social wrong) simply skirt the question of whether the photographer has the right to be there; in "Bonnettstown" the question hovers over each photograph. Bush's images have a kind of tentativeness, almost a furtiveness, like that of a child who is somewhere he shouldn't be, seeing things he shouldn't be seeing, touching objects he shouldn't be touching, and struggling with the conflict between his impulse to beat it out of there and his desire to stay and see and touch.

In his preface, Bush, who is a young American, tells of hitchhiking in Ireland in 1978 and of being given a ride by a retired naval commander named Geoffrey Marescaux de Saubruit, who lived in an eighteenth-century house called Bonnettstown Hall, in the country outside Kilkenny, together with three other elderly aristocrats: his brother, Laurence; a Mme. Lubov Glebov; and a Miss Daphne Knox. The commander invited him to come and stay at the house if he should ever be in the neighborhood again, and a few months later Bush took him up on his invitation. Thus began a series of "many visits I would make over the next three years," which culminated in the book of photographs. Bush's friendship with the quartet of aristocrats was evidently one of those magical friendships with other people's parents that many of us form in early adulthood—attachments that seem to offer a kind of second chance for the fulfillment of impossible Oedipal wishes and, of course, offer only variants of the old dialectic of illusion and disillusion. Bush's photographs are a remarkable record of youthful ambivalence. Taken to preserve the house in memory as the sound of the axes in the cherry orchard grew more insistent (the house had been sold to a young family, and the aristocrats were soon to depart), they render a striking self-portrait. "I realized I had found a great subject in the remnants of a European aristocratic lifestyle, in four elderly people living together in the deteriorating splendor of a glorious estate," Bush writes, but (as the quotation itself telegraphs) his photographs reveal more about young, classless America than about old, aristocratic Europe.

Photography is the unconscious of visual reality, pouncing on what the eye cannot see or chooses not to, and breaking down the hierarchies of significance and insignificance by which we order our perception of the visible. In her essay "Melancholy Objects" Susan Sontag acutely notes how much more surrealistic any and every photograph is than all the productions of official Surrealism. "It is photography that has best shown how to juxtapose the sewing machine and the umbrella, whose fortuitous encounter was hailed by a great Surrealist poet as the epitome of the beautiful," she writes. However, among professionals the built-in surrealism of photography is generally regarded as a curse rather than a blessing, and the magazine or advertising photographer counts himself successful according to the degree that he is able to neutralize it. The photographer of the rooms that appear in decorating magazines de-surrealizes his pictures by tampering with actuality, in anticipation of the camera's perverse noticingness, which promotes to center stage objects that the eye normally relegates to the background—the cords of lamps, say, or the dials of thermostats, or a few petals that have fallen off a flower. His ambition is to re-create the world of normal vision (in which sight is mediated by preconception), and if he never entirely escapes the world of photography (in which sight is unmediated) his Potemkin-village interventions help him achieve a kind of "realism" that is simply unavailable to

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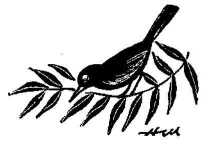
the photographer who does not meddle with the subject-scene.

Bush's photographs of rooms that have evidently been in no way altered for the camera give us a feeling of strangeness coupled with familiarity which is like the atmosphere of our most vivid dreams. They show rooms where handsome antique furniture, old family portraits, Persian carpets, marble fireplaces, and elegant moldings form the background for disorderly tangles of lamp cords, stains and rents in carpets, mildew on walls, rust on door hinges, peeling paint on woodwork, and stuffing coming out of upholstery. "I had always had the privilege of roaming through the house," Bush writes, and goes on to speak of

> how the house disclosed varying degrees of intimacy and privacy in its different levels. On the first floor there was the entrance hallway, the dining room, the living room, library, and the studio kitchen or butler's pantry—these were the public places for living and entertaining. I considered the next floor to be the heart of the perfectly proportioned Georgian house. Here were their private quarters, the linen closets, and the bathrooms.

But the distinction between public and private space is obliterated by the camera's democratic gaze. Bush's photographs of the entrance hall and the living room of Bonnettstown Hall prove to be no less intimate than those of the bedrooms and bathrooms. He shares our national infatuation with the timeworn, and his photographs reflect his awe of the aristocrats' rightful claim to the look of faded gentility that, over here, we have to buy from the ingenious Ralph Lauren. But they ultimately tell a story more personal and painful (and universal) than the narrative of the "European aristocratic lifestyle" at bay. With a precocity resembling that of Muriel Spark, who wrote her masterpiece "Memento Mori" when she was half the age of her characters, Bush delicately but with devastating accuracy probes the world of old age. Led by the camera's bland inquisitiveness, the young visitor penetrates to the heart of the matter of being at the end of one's life and getting through the day as best one can. Although the old aristocrats—they are in their eighties, Bush tells us—never appear in the photographs (with one exception: in a picture of the entrance hall taken from above, the commander is distantly and dimly seen napping in a chair with a newspaper over his knees), their presence is everywhere felt; their slow, overdeliberate footsteps can almost be heard—as can the quick, light tread of the photographer, padding about the house with his camera, and his admiration and aversion, his awe and his dread.

If Bush's mordant laissez-faireism removes his photographs from the static, idealized world of the decorating magazine, his aestheticism places them equally far from the dishevelled realism of the snapshot. They are animated no less by his memory of works of painting and sculpture (and of photographs that have been influenced by painting and sculpture) than by his understanding of the camera's overexpressive capacities. No camera has looked at art, but few photographers have not, and every work of what we call art photography explicitly or covertly draws on and alludes to paintings and sculptures and other photographs. It has become increasingly clear, as more and more art photographs are thrust into the world, that the average art photograph is an exercise in futility, and that unless one is sublimely gifted one would do better to take snapshots, which are unfailingly interesting. In the tour de force that is the achievement of the master practitioners, photography's two visions—the dumb gaze of the camera and the (art-) educated gaze of the photographer—are momentarily, mysteriously fused. In many of the photographs in "Bonnettstown" Bush achieves this improbable union, and perhaps nowhere so commandingly as in a photograph called "Pink Roses." In this view of a room opening out into another room through a doorway—showing an armchair to which a faded slipcover of red roses on a white background has been lashed with rope, a marble fireplace, a standing lamp, a gold-framed picture of a woman in a light-blue ball gown, and a bookcase—such art influences as Vermeer and Degas, and Cartier-Bresson and Kertesz, and such photographic topoi as wrinkles, rents, stained and scarred surfaces, and wildly coiling lamp cords are woven into a seamless composition of transfixing *thereness:* a sort of reality beyond surreality. The photograph derives its title—and its irony—from a vase of freshly picked pink roses that



sits on a table next to the swathed armchair. Among all the blurred and faded emblems of age and decay that surround it, it looks a little too sharp-edged, bright, and new.

—JANET MALCOLM

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

STIRRINGS STILL, by Samuel Beckett, illustrated by Louis le Brocquy (Blue Moon Books/John Calder; $1700). Is Beckett selling out? The price of this latest of his minuscule later works suggests he's angling for the big bucks, but its less than two thousand words of baleful text should repel any considerable excess over the two hundred purchasers that this joint British-American limited edition can provide for. One more of those nameless heroes sits around in a characteristically underfurnished universe and manages to make a move or two while longing for the end. The lulling bare-bones prose almost begs to be set to music: "Such and much more such the hubbub in his mind so-called till nothing left from deep within but only ever fainter oh to end. No matter how no matter where. Time and grief and self so-called. Oh all to end." There is an ashen beauty here, and a heroic willingness to dwell upon the minimal, upon life's spark at its dimmest. More expansive than "Lessness," less boisterous than "Worstward Ho," and more easily followed than the segments of "Fizzles," "Stirrings Still" will not disappoint hard-core acedia fans. It contains two proper names (Darly, Walther), nine very inky lithographs by Louis le Brocquy, and not a single comma. If time is money, and shelf space precious, this volume is the bargain of the year.

THE JOY LUCK CLUB, by Amy Tan (Putnam; $18.95). A few months before her unexpected death, Suyuan Woo gives her grownup, American-born daughter a jade pendant —her "life's importance." But it isn't until after Suyuan dies that June Woo begins to wear the pendant, puzzling over its strange markings and grieving that her mother is not there to explain them. She then notices other Chinese around San Francisco wearing similar pendants: "It's as though we

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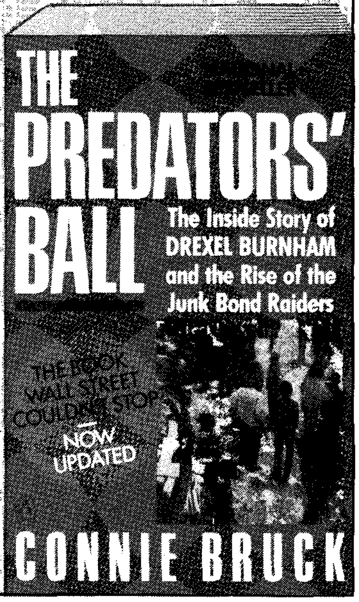
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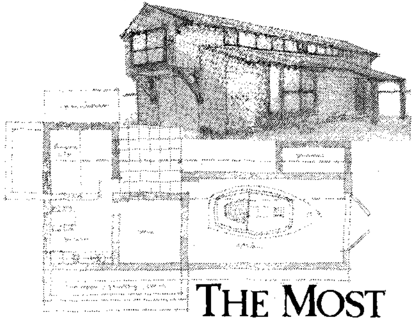

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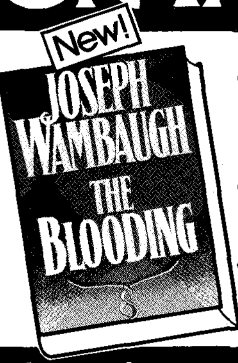

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were all sworn to the same secret covenant, so secret we don't even know what we belong to." This is the tragicomic confusion shared by all four daughters of the mah-jongg-playing immigrant women who form the Joy Luck Club, and this impressive first novel describes the morass of fierce love and misunderstanding which lies between the two generations. The mothers mortify their children by sniffing food in grocery stores, and frighten them with elliptical Chinese sayings: "If the lips are gone, the teeth will be cold." The mothers, in turn, are mystified and frustrated by their daughters' peculiar American notions and lack of respect. Amy Tan has gathered together the stories these eight women tell about themselves and one another; in so doing, she reveals the urgent need for such stories to be shared even as she begins to answer it.

GENERAL

THE PRICE OF ADMIRALTY: THE EVOLUTION OF NAVAL WARFARE, by John Keegan (Viking; $21.95). Mr. Keegan translates the language of nautical specialists and organizes history's accumulation of details into four exciting battle narratives that illuminate changing technologies and strategies of war at sea. Trafalgar illustrates the age of wooden fighting ships, and Jutland the epoch of the iron dreadnought; Midway exemplifies naval air power, and a set-to between Allied convoys and German wolf packs in the North Atlantic in March of 1943 shows the capabilities of the submarine. Mr. Keegan, by the way, prophesies that submarines will become the naval vessels of the future; they are the least vulnerable and the most lethal craft so far conceived. Whatever will be, it is Mr. Keegan's resurrection of the past that holds the reader: he thinks of everything that goes into telling what it was really like to sail with Nelson or, for that matter, Yamamoto; and his discussion of a particular naval policy or tactic invariably includes the cost in human effort and human suffering.

THE ROAD FROM COORAIN, by Jill Ker Conway (Knopf; $18.95). Jill Ker Conway is a historian, and it is as such that she has written the history of her childhood, education, and family. She grew up on an Australian sheep farm. Her father drowned, probably a suicide, when the farm was ravaged by drought. The remainder of the family eventually removed to Sydney, where her elder brother was killed in a car accident at twenty-one. As her other brother ranged from home, the girl found herself the prop of an increasingly irrational, dependent, and possessive mother. Then the fat, ungainly adolescent discovered that she was not only a brilliant scholar but pretty enough to be a professional model, while an understanding lover finally gave her the emotional strength to escape her mother for good. It is to the historian's credit that the mother does not come off as a villain. Throughout, the story is shaped by an explicit sensitivity to the forces at work on these individuals, political and psychological. "As a historian I knew how few free choices ever face us in life," the author writes. The intimate experience of personalities as they are ground fine by circumstance, and make choices nonetheless, is the stuff of the best fiction and, more rarely, of memoirs like this.

NOTE: "Observing the Nixon Years," a collection of Jonathan Schell's Notes and Comment pieces for *The New Yorker*, has been published by Pantheon ($19.95).... Garrison Keillor's "We Are Still Married: Stories & Letters" has been published by Viking ($18.95). Some of the contents originally appeared here. . . . "Life Sketches," a collection of essays by John Hersey, has been published by Knopf ($19.95). Some of the contents first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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The car you're driving now may have some of the features pioneered by Saab: front-wheel drive, turbocharging, aerodynamic styling, roll-cage construction with crumple zones, astonishing roominess, heated front seats, human-engineered ergonomics.

The list goes on and on.

But a Saab is much more than a list. You should know that absolutely nothing else drives like a Saab. And you should know this before you buy the wrong car.

But of course, if you never drive a Saab you'll never know.

Car and Driver drove a Saab. And found out something you can find out for yourself at your local Saab dealer.

Driving a Saab is "Bliss on wheels."

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If you think people might think you order Chivas to show off, maybe you're thinking too much.

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What are you saving the Chivas for?